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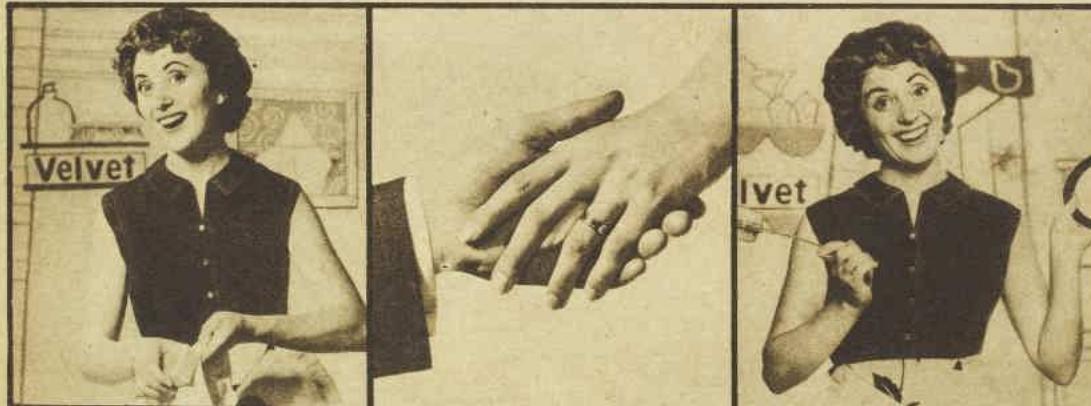
# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE  
9·





## be the lady with the "Velvet Touch"



### SAVE life of clothes.

For daily washing and to get grubby marks really clean use gentle Velvet soap.

### SAVE hands showing housework

...use good, pure Velvet soap. Velvet is gentle...keeps your busy hands beautiful.

### SAVE money on dishwashing

...do a whole day's dishes for about a ha'penny! Good, pure Velvet is economical to use.

## be the lady who can save so much!

The "Velvet Touch" is the happy knack of good housekeeping. Saves the life of your family's clothes! Saves your hands from showing housework! Saves on the cost of dishwashing! Right through your busy days you can save so much when you're the lady with the "Velvet Touch"!

100% pure...  
that's guaranteed

**Velvet**  
PURE SOAP

# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4986 WW, G.P.O. Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O. Brisbane: 11 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 499P, G.P.O. Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O. Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O. Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

FEBRUARY 24, 1960

Vol. 27, No. 3

### Our cover

• This magnificent picture of Queen Elizabeth is by Court photographer Cecil Beaton. The beautiful diamond-and-pearl diadem the Queen is wearing was reset for Queen Victoria, the last reigning British Queen to have a child — Princess Beatrice, born in 1857.

### CONTENTS

#### Fiction

For Love of Daisy, William Saroyan	17
A Castle in Spain, Joan Dennis	18, 19
The Night of the Good Children (serial, part 2), Marjorie Carleton	21
A Message to Heaven, Charles Van Deuseen	23

#### Home and Family

Birthday Parties Can Spoil Little Girls	49
Experts Write On Parents' Problems	50, 51
£2000 Mothers' Contest	53
Chocolate Flavor Cookery	54

£1235 Mustard Contest	55
Prize Recipes	55
Australian Homes, 56, 57, 59	59
Home Plans	58
Grow Mushrooms	73

Dress Sense, Betty Kepp	31
Fashion Frocks	61
Fashion Patterns	77

#### Regular Features

It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain	10
Social	13
Letter Box	26
Ross Campbell	26
Worth Reporting	29
Book Reviews	31
Entertainment	65 to 68
Stars	77
Jacky's Diary	78
Mandrake, Crossword	79

#### Special Features

Our Model Contest	7
New Ballet, "Journey To The Moon"	8
New Zealand Holidays, 16-page supplement	33 to 48

### THE WEEKLY ROUND

• Ronald McKie, who toured New Zealand for the 16-page all-color New Zealand Holidays supplement (pages 33 to 48), says that the greatest character he met was "Popeye" Lucas, one of the Dominion's most famous World War II pilots.

ONE afternoon during the war, "Popeye" was watching a 4000-pound bomb being loaded on his aircraft when Prince Paul (now the King of Greece) arrived at the airfield.

After "Popeye" had been presented, Prince Paul discussed the coming raid over Germany, patted the bomb, wished it good luck, and said: "I'd like to see you, 'Popeye,' when you get back."

"Popeye" took off on yet another of his 82 raids over Europe, dropped his big bomb, got away safely, and returned to his base — without giving the Prince another thought.

To his astonishment Prince Paul was waiting when he landed the bomber.

In the mess later the future King shook "Popeye's" hand and said: "And don't forget, if you ever come to Athens pop into the palace and look me up."

But, as "Popeye" says, he has never popped.

WHILE Ronald McKie was writing about a New Zealand holiday it was interesting to hear a New Zealander's comments on a holiday at Surfers' Paradise, on Queensland's Gold Coast.

Mr. L. Campbell, of Takapuna, Auckland, sent us extracts from a letter he received from his sister.

She wrote:

"At Surfers' Paradise we heard the Maori Troubadours Fancy having to cross the Tasman to see them, but they were good."

"What a wonderful place! There is so much to see — porpoises, koalas, whales, clams, pelicans, snakes, butterflies, pineapples, galore, banana trees, the strange black-boy palm, the place where Princess Alexandra stayed, the Rolls Royce used by Queen Elizabeth."

"Brisbane is a kind of cross between Dunedin and Auckland — sort of bursting at the seams."

Mr. Campbell wrote:

"My sister's letter made my mouth water. I want to go there, too."

### NEXT WEEK

• Eight high-fashion handknits to make in autumn's new off-beat colors are featured in a four-page knitting section in our next issue. Glowing color pictures show the new wool shades, from bronze-green to copper-glow.

# Anne Baxter's romance



● Film star Anne Baxter was enthusiastic about Australia which she "discovered" when making a film here a year ago. With her marriage to Randolph Galt, grazier, of Gloucester, N.S.W., she will be able to call it home.

"NO romance . . . no marriage," said Anne Baxter on arrival in Sydney last September for a holiday in Australia. Her first visit had been the previous February for filming "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll."

Not six months later she announced plans to marry 30-year-old American Randolph Galt, grazier, of Gloucester, N.S.W.

There were plenty of clues that an Australian romance was in the wind, but the charming, chestnut-haired film star evaded all detection.

Miss Baxter knew Randolph Galt before she ever visited Australia.

They met in San Francisco in April, 1958. Randolph was handsome and young—he's just turned 30.

Honolulu-born, he's described as an "average young American."

He was about to take off in his new £40,000 Cessna aircraft for a flight to his property in Australia.

So Miss Baxter and Mr. Galt must have had each other in mind when the film star was offered the "Olive" role in "The Doll," to be part-filmed in Australia.

Just as the spirited Randolph would have appealed to Anne Baxter, she, equally certainly, must have attracted Randolph.

He likes attractive women, and in Australia had been escorting Miss June Finlayson, a former Miss Australia.

Anne knew his background. He'd graduated from Yale University in 1953 with a B.A. His family lived in Honolulu; his uncle was head of two large oil firms in California.

Randolph, who is rich, had been to Australia for the

Melbourne Olympic Games and had liked the look of it so much that he'd bought a 42,000-acre cattle station near Gloucester.

At the time Anne Baxter had just built a new house outside Hollywood—a settled home for her daughter, Katina (now eight).

She probably had no thoughts of marriage, and may even have been marriage-shy after the sad break-up of her marriage to actor John Hodiak.

Maybe Randolph was marriage-shy, too.

Rumor has it that he used to court a girl heavily, then suddenly go "into smoke" in his plane.

He had the reputation of a "flying cowboy," a man who would appear in Sydney society gatherings and then "disappear" to his property

and become a social recluse for a while.

This attitude ties in with Miss Baxter's. She has gone on record as a vital, energetic "character" who finds night life and parties "just too boring for words."

She seems happiest when she's trying something new, whether it's learning how to

pump beer for her Australian barmaid role in "The Doll" or buying exotic Japanese screens.

She likes to live fully, and she enjoys "roughing" it outback.

She emerged from her ten-day holiday on Mr. Galt's property bursting with stories of shooting snakes, the wonder of herding cattle and not falling off, her prowess at making the "smokiest" billy tea in Australia.

When she was in Australia she listed the qualities she would want in a husband.

"He would have to put up with me, first of all," she said.

"He would have to be curious about life."

"He would want to travel and be interested in life."

"He would have to put up with my wanting to go on acting."

Randolph Galt seems to fit this bill.

And Miss Baxter would make a mighty charming grazier's wife in Gloucester.

As a granddaughter of the famous American architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, Miss Baxter has definite ideas about house-planning.

In Sydney she described her then new house:

"I suppose you'd call it modern. There's an open room in the middle with a pool in it and a lot of ferns and plants."



ACTOR John Hodiak was Anne Baxter's first husband. This picture was taken in 1952 when they attended a premiere in Hollywood. They were divorced in 1953 and he died in 1955.



SISTER HELEN ROWE, the Royal midwife, holding Prince Charles as a baby.

## How Sister Rowe treats a patient

By JOYCE JESMOND in London

• The Queen is extremely lucky in her choice of her Royal midwife, according to Sister Helen Rowe's last patient, the wife of an English politician. But she thinks the Queen's pet corgi is likely to be getting pretty short shrift from Sister Rowe since she went to the Palace.

FOR Sister Rowe's first order—it was not a request—at her last patient's home was: "Get that dog out of Mrs. Ramsden's room."

"That dog" was a fat and ageing terrier.

Mrs. Ramsden is the 37-year-old wife of Mr. James Ramsden, M.P.

Sister Rowe recently helped to deliver Mrs. Ramsden's fifth child, Charlotte.

And here is what Mrs. Ramsden said about her:

"I think I can safely say I know exactly what the Queen is going through since Sister Rowe was called to the Palace.

"I first met the Royal midwife six years ago. She looked after me when I gave birth to Gordie, my second-eldest son.

"From the point of view of a mother—from the Queen's point of view—Sister Rowe is a treasure. She's sturdy and confident and doesn't allow you to have any responsibility—no matter who you are!"

"Sister Rowe moved to my home on New Year's Day. Thank goodness she did. Five days before my baby was born, Dick—aged five—fell over the banister and fractured his skull. It wasn't really part of her job, but Sister Rowe took over—as she always does—and nursed him."

"I must say I felt like royalty, the way she looked after me."

"A typical day went like this: 7 a.m., feed and bath baby; 9 a.m., bring up the breakfast tray.

"After that she would take my temperature, see my bed-jacket and nightdress were spotlessly clean, then make my bed—without a wrinkle.

"After bringing up my lunch tray she used to snatch a catnap, but rarely went to bed before 11 p.m.

"She would keep an eagle eye on visitors. Woe betide them—even the children—if they stayed past their time.

"She changed completely when I was giving birth.

"She softened her exterior of the stern disciplinarian, was more motherly and relaxed. I felt lonely when she went.

"We didn't discuss the Queen or her new baby. I had the impression Sister Rowe wouldn't think it proper.

"But she did say once she was extremely proud to have been chosen again from all the midwives in Britain.

"You have to book a Royal midwife well in advance—although at the time I didn't know, nor did she, that the Queen would ask for her again."

"The Queen is a very lucky mother to have Sister Rowe looking after her."

## THROUGHOUT WEEKS OF WAITING

# Bobo has been the Queen's 'right hand'

• The names of all the people attending the Queen for her third baby are well known, but the most important person of all is scarcely—if ever—mentioned.

NEVERTHELESS, she's the link between the Queen, her doctors, her nurses, and certainly—until the Queen is up and about again—her Royal Household.

This V.I.P. is Miss Margaret MacDonald, the Queen's personal maid, who has been with her since she was six weeks old.

She's better known as "Bobo"—the nickname that has stuck with her since the baby Princess Elizabeth lisped her first syllables.

Today the Queen calls Bobo "my right hand."

She has been with the Queen on every great occasion—dressing her for her wedding, attending her on her honeymoon, clothing the Queen for her coronation.

The extra work a new baby entails in any household is many times magnified at Buckingham Palace, so that the Queen's ladies-in-waiting are inundated with letters and streams of telephone inquiries.



BOBO MacDONALD, the Queen's "right hand."

All these are dealt with in their businesslike offices.

Upstairs in the Queen's suite it is Bobo who attends the Queen, making personal telephone calls and last-minute appointments, ushering in visitors, and sifting suggestions such as new make-up ideas.

In fact, Bobo today has to some extent taken over the functions which in earlier reigns were the realm of the

Ladies and the Women of the Bedchamber.

Bobo, to those who are close to the Queen, is a woman of the utmost importance.

Not only is she with the Queen more hours of the day than any other person, but on the frequent visits the Queen pays to the West End and round London the unidentified person in the car is Bobo.

Her soft, cultivated voice,

which is almost identical with the Queen's, and could easily be mistaken for it, telephone hairdresser Joerin the day the Queen met her Privy Council and said: "Can you come to the Palace right away?"

Joerin, who now has a salon just round the corner from Buckingham Palace, was there in minutes. Using a hand dryer, he had the Queen's hair perfectly dressed to meet her Councillors.

Though Bobo's only a servant, and therefore not officially in existence, there is not one person around the Queen who is not thankful for her existence.

She's the one who keeps everyday affairs running with unruffled calm.

Before the Queen resumes her public duties, Bobo will make an appointment for her to see dietitian Dr. Goller.

Elizabeth and Bobo will drive together to his Harley Street consulting rooms.

There the abrupt Yorkshire doctor, who has successfully dieted 65,000 women—and none more successfully than the Queen—will run a tape-measure over his Royal patient before weighing her.

Dr. Goller will not give the Queen exercises—he will merely decide if it is necessary to balance her diet so she can enjoy good food yet regain the slim figure which she achieved under his care.

—Anne Matheson

## Science aids Royal baby

• During the Queen's confinement doctors used a new electronic stethoscope to listen to her baby's heartbeats. The machine is described in this story.

FOR centuries doctors and midwives have listened with foetal stethoscopes to the hearts of unborn babies.

These stethoscopes look like toy trumpets, and are in use all over the world.

They are efficient and have given good service, but they can't amplify sounds sufficiently.

They miss sounds which the new sonoscope hears clearly—and that's important.

This English-invented gadget, which was demonstrated for the first time at Cardiff towards the end of last year, is a most valuable addition to hospital equipment.

During the whole process of labor and birth, doctors and nurses listen carefully to a baby's heartbeats. The rhythm of those beats gives them a picture of baby's general condition.

They can tell if baby's umbilical cord has become twisted or knotted, reducing or cutting off his oxygen supply. They can tell if he has a physical heart defect, or whether pressure on him during labor is too great or too prolonged. They also know if there is more than one baby.

For the first time, with the new sonoscope, they get all this information clearly amplified, and without interference from other noises outside or inside the body, and get it well ahead of any approaching danger to the baby.

An honorary at the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, explained: "The real importance of the new machine is that it will warn doctors early of anything abnormal in a baby's condition."

The new sonoscope is not unlike a small transistor radio. It is fitted with a plug-in clinical stethoscope and a powerful little microphone that can



• Sister Heather Champness, of Sydney's Crown Street Hospital, uses the sonoscope.

be tuned to a specific sound among a group or area of sound.

Before a doctor (or nurse) can use the sonoscope, the exact position of the unborn baby must be known. Then the microphone can be placed on the mother at the nearest point over the baby's heart.

The doctor can then clearly hear the baby's heart—it is a rather weak, almost hushed,

sound—and can tune the sonoscope to any particular sound in the heart he thinks is abnormal.

While in use the sonoscope can be connected to a three-way unit—a loud-speaker, a radar-type screen for visual recording, and a tape-recorder—so that when amplified the baby's heartbeats can be heard, seen as light blips on the screen, and recorded on tape.

Mountbatten-  
Windsor . . .

# Happy marriage

● While the Queen awaited the birth of her third baby, she paid her husband the greatest possible compliment by linking his surname with that of the Royal House of Windsor.



PRINCE PHILIP, who adopted the Mountbatten surname when he married Elizabeth, now has his name perpetuated despite criticism of the influence Lord Mountbatten has in Palace affairs.

THIS was her way of saying thank you to the man she loves — the man who not only has brought her great happiness in family life, but who also has done so much to help lessen her burden as monarch.

For the Queen's decision to change the surname and so perpetuate her husband's name was made purely for sentimental reasons.

It stems from her extremely happy marriage, and was made after reflection during her hours of relaxation in Buckingham Palace as she waited for the baby.

During this time the Queen showed a change of heart in the matter.

For when she first came to the throne in 1952 she confirmed the decree made by her grandfather, King George V, who in 1917 relinquished all his German titles and proclaimed for himself and descendents that the Royal family be known as the House of Windsor.

But for this declaration by the Queen that the House of Windsor would be continued, it would have been the dynasty of Mountbatten.

#### State secret

When the Queen made her recent decision to change the surname, Prince Charles was given an opportunity to prove he can keep a State secret.

For he was told the news before he returned to school after his Christmas holidays. And apparently it was no burden to the young Prince, for no inkling of what the Queen had decided leaked out until she made a decree to her Privy Council.

The decree means that the grandchildren of any sons other than Charles will have the name of Mountbatten hyphenated before her own name of Windsor.

This doesn't affect Prince Charles.

He is a Prince and doesn't have a surname. Neither does Princess Anne.

Princess Anne would take the name of her husband, so her descendants would not be affected.

For these reasons it's unlikely the new name will be used this century.

The most authoritative man on this intricate subject — Cyril F. J. Hankinson, editor of Debrett — says it is most unlikely there will ever be a

Mountbatten-Windsor dynasty.

It could happen only if:

- The Queen's second son married and had two sons.
- The Prince of Wales' line became extinct, and
- The first Mountbatten-Windsor's elder brother died without issue.

Only in this complicated fashion could a Mountbatten-Windsor ever succeed to the throne.

It's all very remote.

However, it's the name that matters to the Queen. As her Press secretary said: "It is close to her heart."

The Mountbatten-Windsor name is also a tribute by the Queen to "Uncle Dickie" — Lord Mountbatten — who smoothed the path of the couple in the early days of their marriage, and who has won the Queen's deep affection and respect.

Whenever the Mountbattens move in on the Royal scene there seems to be criticism. Now there is more than usual. But the Mountbattens are her kinfolk.

Elizabeth was brought up in a close-knit family circle. Lord Mountbatten — descendant of the Battenbergs who changed their name to Mountbatten during World War I — is her cousin. To her, as well as to Philip, Mountbatten's nephew, he has been "Uncle Dickie."

It has not always been easy for Elizabeth to face up to strenuous public life.

She has always been helped by the Mountbattens.

I remember Lady Pamela Mountbatten telling me years ago: "The Queen had butterflies in her tummy before the Paris visit and came to us for the weekend."

There, in the affection of the Mountbatten family circle and in the peace and seclusion of "Broadlands," the Mountbatten country home where Elizabeth and Philip spent their honeymoon, the Queen regained the confidence that later made her State visit to Paris an outstanding success.

Years before, when she was still Princess Elizabeth, she wanted to join her husband in Malta where he was on Navy duty. Her father, King George VI, was against the visit.

Uncle Dickie won the King round with assurances that they would look after her.

The Mountbattens are criticised by many, and called a "sinister" influence by some. To the Queen, they are her family and her friends.



QUEEN ELIZABETH, who decided to change the Royal surname as she awaited the birth of her third child. Her decision was one of a woman who is completely happy in her marriage.

So soft to handle, so easy to care for-

# NYLON

## KNITWEAR



PHOTOGRAPHED AT KURING-GAI CHASE STATE RESERVE, N.S.W.

BAN-LON BLOUSE BY HEATHERMOOR BAN-LON TWIN-SET BY LEEDALL

This year, fashion news in autumn and winter knitwear again centres around Nylon. New superbly-soft Nylon textured yarns such as "Ban-Lon" bring you luxurious garments that are both practical and beautiful. Thanks to Nylon, knitwear can now be easily and safely washed without fear of it shrinking or losing its shape in any way. It is also exceptionally quick-drying and completely mothproof. Leading knitwear manufacturers are all featuring their latest styles in these new yarns — so be sure to ask for Nylon knitwear !



British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. supply the nylon yarn used by Australia's textile trade to make this merchandise.

# You may win a Paris holiday

- Every fashion-conscious girl dreams of owning a Paris-designed dress. For our Color Queen, that wish will come true.

TOP Paris couturier Maggy Rouff is sending a collection to Australia next May—to be shown in the L'Oréal of Paris Festival presented by The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with Marigny.

To celebrate the event, we have added an exciting new prize for the winner of the model quest that is an important part of the Fashion Festival.

The winner, our Color Queen, will spend two weeks in Paris (all expenses paid). And in Paris, she will be able to select a dress from Maggy Rouff's latest collection.

The L'Oréal of Paris Fashion Festival will be a glamorous combination of beauty and fashion.

Overseas experts will demonstrate the latest "look" from overseas: matched color from head to toe.

M. René Luzic, one of the world's most famous hairdressers, will show the newest Paris hairstyles and techniques in hair grooming.

He is bringing two of his leading model girls to Australia for the tour.

## Gala dinners

The hairdressing demonstrations—held at a gala dinner in each capital city—will be presented with a couture fashion parade of 25 Maggy Rouff ensembles, worn by three French mannequins.

The best in Australian fashion will be represented, too, in a collection from the Australian Wool Bureau.

Our Color Queen and the two runners-up in the model quest—the Color Princesses—will tour Australia with M. Luzic.

He will create special styles and colors for their hair.

At all their public appearances the Queen and Prin-



M. René Luzic

- Tour of all Australian capital cities with the L'Oréal of Paris Fashion Festival, all expenses paid.
- £220 spending money.
- Fashion wardrobe of clothes for evening and daytime, supplied by Prestige.
- Lingerie wardrobe, supplied by Prestige.
- Foundation garment wardrobe, supplied by Berlei.
- Shoe wardrobe, supplied by Rayne.
- £12/12/- bottle of D'Orsay Fantastique perfume.

## For the two Color Princesses

- Ten days' holiday in Hong-kong, travelling by Cathay Pacific Jet Flight, all expenses paid.

- Tour of all Australian capital cities with the L'Oréal of Paris Fashion Festival, all expenses paid.

- £150 spending money.
- Fashion wardrobe of clothes for evening and daytime, supplied by Prestige.

- Lingerie wardrobe, supplied by Prestige.
- Foundation garment wardrobe, supplied by Berlei.
- Shoe wardrobe, supplied by Rayne.
- £7/7/- bottle of D'Orsay Fantastique perfume.

## For the Color Queen

- Two weeks' holiday in Paris, all expenses paid.
- A dress from the latest collection of top Paris couturier Maggy Rouff.

## HOW TO ENTER

- Quest entrants must be single Australian citizens and available to travel from April 1 to June 30 inclusive.

The coupon on this page should be completed (please use block letters) and sent to: The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Coupons must be accompanied by a recent full-length photograph of the entrant.

No responsibility can be taken for the photographs. They become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., and will be destroyed when the quest ends.

The quest will close on March 14.

The Color Queen and the Color Princesses will be chosen by a panel of beauty and fashion experts. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decision.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., Marigny (A'sia) Pty. Ltd., and of allied companies or their families are not eligible to enter the quest.

## OUR MODEL QUEST

• I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

NAME ..... AGE .....

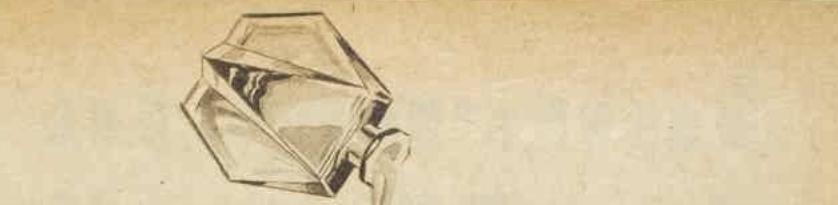
ADDRESS .....

HEIGHT ..... STATE ..... WEIGHT .....

MEASUREMENTS: Bust ..... Waist ..... Hips .....

COLOR OF HAIR .....

Note: This coupon must be accompanied by a recent full-length photograph of the Quest entrant.



Scented with rare, costly French perfumes

... rich with beauty-giving creams



lavish, luxurious

## Cashmere Bouquet

the gentlest Beauty Soap in the world



The unique creamy formula with its exquisite fragrance pampers your skin with a gentle beauty treatment every time you use Cashmere

Bouquet soap. The rich deep cleansing lather brings to your skin a youthful glow, a satin smoothness that lasts all day. Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap is so long-lasting, so economical. Let your whole family enjoy it—now in the colours you love...

PINK • SKY BLUE

PRIMROSE • WHITE

Kept fresh and fragrant in gleaming foil



So lavish.

luxurious, yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!

# "Journey to the Moon"

WITH imaginative costumes and decor by Sydney artist Elaine Haxton, the Borovansky company's "Journey to the Moon" is a spectacular new ballet.

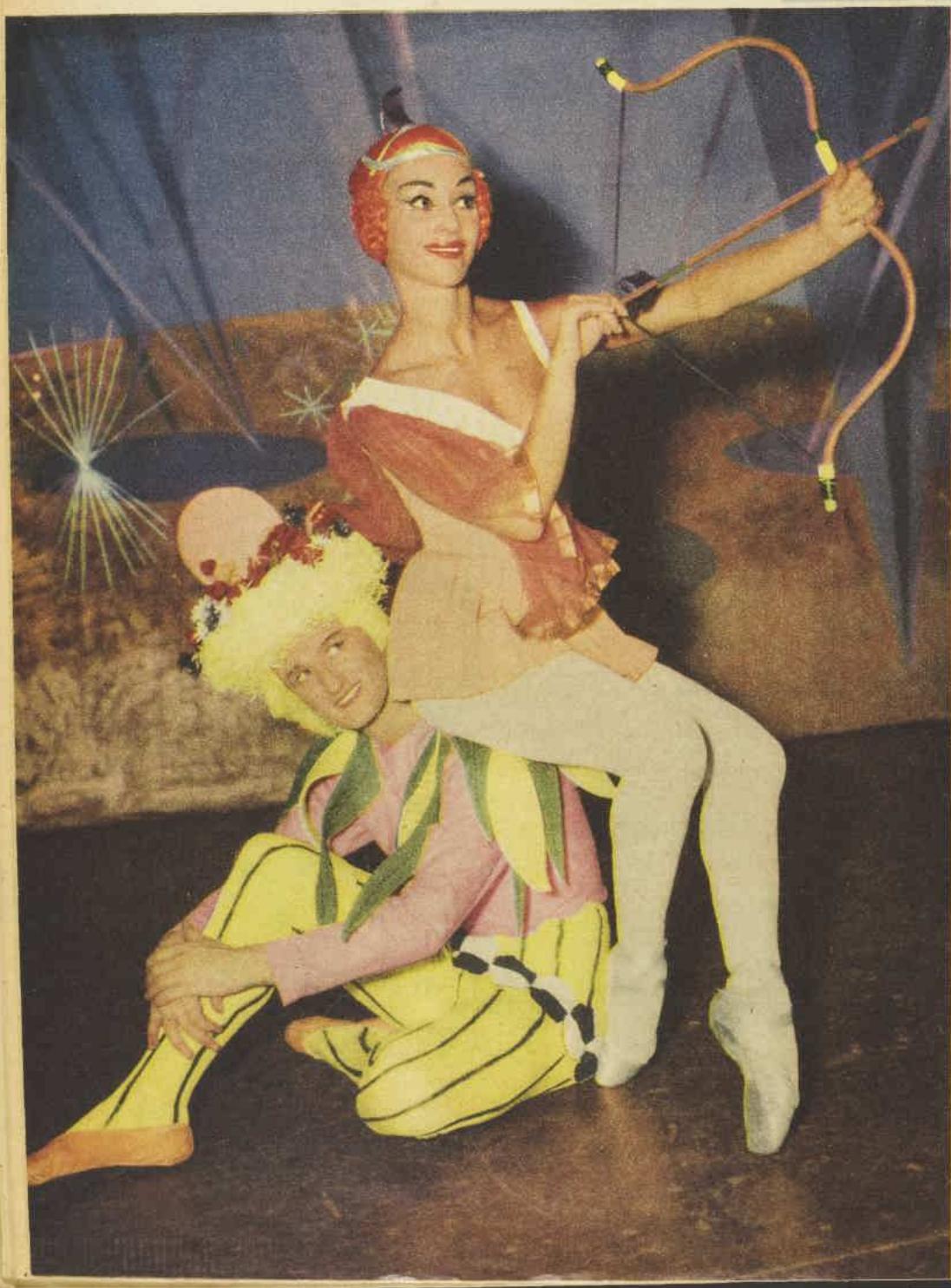
"Journey to the Moon" is set to music from the works of Donizetti, with story and choreography by Dutch-born Paul Grinwis.

A comedy-romance in four acts, it is about a young and awkward astronomy student who escapes the disappointments of the world

in his dreams. He goes to China, floats in the stratosphere, flies to the moon.

And in the dreams he meets the people from his "real" world: the astronomy professor, the other students, and the girl he loves.

After its world-premiere season in Sydney, the ballet will be presented in Brisbane at the end of March. Then the company will tour New Zealand and will appear later in Adelaide, Perth, and Melbourne.



ASTRONOMY STUDENT Clumsy Flupnick (Paul Grinwis) floating alone in space uses his umbrella as a parachute. In his dreams he has travelled to China and now is on his way through the stratosphere on an incredible flight to the moon.

CLUMSY meets all the different "moons" at the Palace of Moon-rays, including the colorful Hunter's Moon (Estella Nova) and the Corn Moon (William Gill).

# Glamor slimming salon opens in Australia



● Slenderella—a new and revolutionary method of figure control—has arrived in Australia.

THE first Slenderella salon will open on February 22 at 181 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

There the salon has replaced a motor showroom which was familiar to most Sydney people, who have admired the elegant lines of the cars on display.

They'll still be able to admire "elegant lines"—of the slender or soon-to-be-slimmer patrons as they enter and leave the salon.

"Slenderella is not a name, it's a programme," explained the salon's manager, Miss Beverley Orchard, who has just returned from America, where she studied the Slenderella operation and techniques.

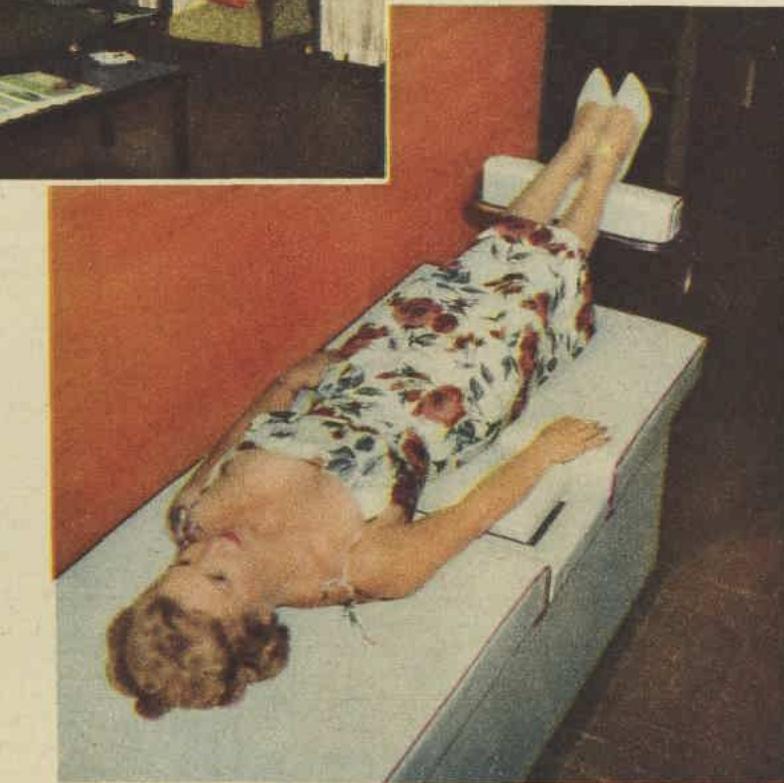
"It was developed about 10 years ago by an American, Lawrence Mack," she said.

"With a group of scientists at a leading U.S. university, he spent nine months working to produce a revolutionary weight control method."

"Finally, the Slenderella table was evolved.

## A magic table

"It's a mechanically operated table with two small movable platforms. They are scientifically designed to exercise every muscle in the body, to correct the posture, to stimulate the circulation, and to relax and relieve muscular strain and fatigue.



**SLENDERELLA TABLE** is demonstrated by senior salon technician Beryl Oders. This is the hip position; it makes hips, thighs narrower, and proportions knees, calves, ankles.

"Our patrons just come in and relax completely. It isn't necessary for them to remove any clothes.

"They spend 45 minutes on the Slenderella table. There is no physical effort, no exertion.

"It's passive exercise. And the extra, unwanted inches fall away like magic."

The transformation of the old motor showroom into the exotic Slenderella salon is also like magic.

Oriental-style decor, designed by Mrs. Keith Martin, follows the current fashion for autumn colors: burnt-apricot, avocado, lime, and gold.



RECEPTION-ROOM at Australia's first Slenderella salon has Oriental decor. Its relaxed elegance is characteristic of the figure-control programme.

**SALON MANAGER** Beverley Orchard in the Slenderella salon, to be open weekdays from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Saturdays from 8 a.m. till noon.

"But we give a written guarantee of steady results on the recommended course.

"Although it's impossible to generalise—everyone is treated individually—the more frequently patrons come, the better those results will be.

"A treatment every day is ideal, with a minimum of three a week. Each treatment costs 12/6.

## Figure analysis

"Every patron is given a one-and-a-half hour figure analysis before she's told what her treatment will be.

"And we guarantee that the loss of inches we recommend will take place, as long as you complete the course.

"If you are not overweight, and just want to lose a few inches—off the hips, for example—then the Slenderella programme will take the inches off.

"But you have to be careful not to increase your food intake, so your weight itself stays steady. Don't deviate from normal eating.

"If you want to lose weight as well as inches, our treatment is combined with a meal plan.

"The meal plan was scientifically designed by Dr. William I. Fishbein, who is a famous American authority on weight control and diet."

Apart from this diet plan, which may or may not be necessary, the Slenderella treatment consists of two positions on the table.

"In the shoulder position—that is, with the movable platforms under the shoulders—it restores the line of beauty to the entire upper portion of the body," said Miss Orchard.

## Salons round world

"It straightens the shoulders, raises and firms the bustline; removes any bulge from the midriff, slims the waistline, tones and firms face, neck, shoulders, and upper arms, flattens the stomach.

"In the hip position, the posture correction is completed.

"The Slenderella programme tones and tightens all the sagging muscles and prevents the wrinkles usually associated with loss of weight.

"We're delighted to be establishing a Slenderella salon in Australia.

"There are now 140 salons throughout the United States, with 35,000 patrons every day, and others are in London, Paris, Switzerland, South America, and Havana."



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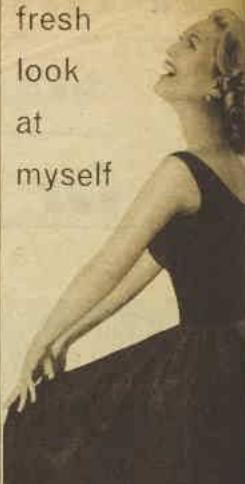


"I ran out of clean dishes yesterday — had to go out and buy a couple of dozen."



"Do you mean 'What do I hope he'll be when he grows up' or 'What am I afraid he'll be'?"

I took  
a  
fresh  
look  
at  
myself



## It seems to me

WHEN a man in Staffordshire, England, offered to write love-letters for people at 2/6 each he had no takers.

He lost the £200 that he had spent on advertising and was distressed to find that village locals took a poor view of the enterprise, snubbing him in the pub.

Yet there could be a demand for this kind of service. I know, because years ago I worked in an office beside a girl who needed regular help in answering her love-letters.

One of her admirers wrote verses to her a couple of times a week.

"Here," she would say, throwing a letter over to me, "write an answer, will you?"

Meekly, I used to oblige.

Flatteringly enough, she believed that writing verse was no trouble to me. This was not true. It is hard to work up an ardor for an unknown man and translate it into rhyme and metre. (Free verse didn't satisfy her.)

But as she often did my hair and fixed my face when I was going out on a date I couldn't grumble.

"He liked that last one," she would say sometimes. "Whatever you do, if you should meet him, don't give me away."

Sometimes I would say sulkily that I was busy, but she would answer cheerfully, "Oh well, tomorrow will do. Toss one off tonight, will you?"

I forgot what brought the affair to an end, but eventually I got off the treadmill. They both married other people.

Maybe secondhand love-verses aren't convincing.

NOT being able to knit, I find it hard to think of useful jobs to do while watching TV.

It is not quite accurate to say that I can't knit. I can, with three distinct moves for each stitch.

This technique frayed the nerves of onlookers so badly that I was forced to give it up.

Getting back to TV tasks, the other night I suddenly thought of shelling peas. This may seem obvious but, owing to frozen peas, I had forgotten they had pods.

Sure enough, there they were, still on sale at the greengrocer's.

I have heard of city children who were surprised to learn that milk came from cows as well as bottles.

In another ten years they will be astonished to be told that vegetables grow any other way but in freezing plants.

A NOTHER useful tip for introducing a variety to TV:

If you turn on the news at the same time as the radio news, keeping a silent picture on the screen, you can get some interesting effects.

THE other day I heard on the A.B.C. for the second time a B.B.C. transcription of Peter Finch reading Australian poetry in a programme called "Personal Choice."

If the A.B.C. cares to put it on a few more times that will be all right by me. I doubt that I ever heard anyone read Australian poetry better.

His choice: Paterson's "Clancy of the Overflow," Lawson's "Andy's Gone With Cattle," Kenneth Slessor's

"William Street" and "Cannibal Street," John Quinn's war poem, "Argument," and the piece about Romeo and Juliet from C. J. Dennis' "The Sentimental Bloke."

Something for everybody in that lot, and I'll bet the session made a few Australians homesick when they heard it on the B.B.C.

Incidentally, hearing the Dennis extract made me wonder when we will see Albert Arlen's musical based on "The Sentimental Bloke."

ONE can't help feeling sorry for men at times. It is very difficult for them to grasp the finer points of fashion.

A wife I know was ready to go out the other night, her hair done in that casual wind-tossed style which is the triumph of smart hairdressers.

"Are you joining the Beats, dear?" asked her husband.

Cold silence.

"I mean," said the foolish fellow, "your hair just seems to have gone a bit lank and straight lately."

"Listen," she snapped. "It costs me a lot of time to look like this. And it costs YOU a lot of money."

LEADING U.S. space scientist Dr. Thomas C. Hesley told reporters that one woman and two men would be the ideal team for the first landing on the moon. Asked whether beauty would be a disadvantage in the female, Dr. Hesley said: "If two women had equal scientific qualifications and one was better looking than the other I think we would choose the less attractive."

Science-wise they know what's what. But they talk some awful rot.

Picture them, in solemn frame,  
Singling out the plainer dame.

Planting, maybe fairly soon,  
Triangles upon the moon,

Using judgments based on earth,  
(Kindly please excuse our mirth.)

Ladies not so fair of face  
Will pass as fair enough in space.

... and decided to switch Tampax. All at once just like that I knew Tampax internal sanitary protection had all the advantages I'd been looking for: discreetness, comfort, prevention of odour, ease of disposal. But for some reason, just hung back from trying it.

One day, however, I took a good hard look at those big, bulky external pads and that clumsy belt-contraption—and the next thing you know, I was buying a pack of Tampax. And believe me, it's as easy as anything to use.

Now I'm buttonholing all my friends and urging them to switch to Tampax, too. Take a fresh look at the things you want, the way you want to be—even on difficult days—and you'll turn to Tampax. That just isn't anything quite like it.

Available in two absorbencies—Regular and Super—to meet personal needs. Ask for Tampax at any chemist or store.



Invented by a doctor  
now used by millions of women

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O. Sydney.

## terrified by RHEUMATISM

For years I was terrified by rheumatism—steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended I try Mackenzie's Mentholated Mentholoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Mentholoids were recommendation enough. I tried Mentholoids as a last hope. Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Mentholoids and he replied, "They certainly seem to be doing you good!"

(Original letter in Head Office.)  
That woman's success story could be yours. If you suffer rheumatism, fibrosis, backache or muscular aches and pains, Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Mentholoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 6/-.

**MACKENZIE'S  
MENTHOLOIDS**

M25A



## He must have an absorbent powder...

A MAJOR CAUSE OF SKIN IRRITATIONS IS PERSPIRATION. Johnson's

Baby Powder completely absorbs and neutralises this and other harmful moisture.

Johnson's never clogs the skin; always leaves it free to breathe naturally. Ordinary powders that are not absorbent tend to seal in perspiration, so causing rashes and chafes.

So take care—complete care—of Baby's and your skin with gentle, absorbent

Johnson's Baby Powder . . . product of *Johnson & Johnson*

BEST FOR BABY . . . BEST FOR YOU!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 24, 1960



Page 11



## Angel Touch

by POND'S.

Capture and hold today's smooth, dewy finish with this longer-lasting liquid make-up

Angel Touch is the complete liquid make-up that captures light, and gives a woman's complexion breathtaking radiance — without any shine. You can wear it alone, or with face powder. And Angel Touch contains special natural moisture . . . suits any type of skin. Give your complexion the lively, radiant look of today — with Angel Touch, by Pond's.

Angel Touch — in the exquisite squeeze bottle. Can't break, can't leak. Six heavenly shades: Natural, Blushing, Honey, Tawny, Golden, Bronze.

4/-

Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's

# Little boy lost



THE WALLS HOME on the property of Steven's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Walls. Steven's parents moved there a few years ago from the homestead on their own farm — "Fernbrook" — six miles away. This was because it was closer to town, over a less treacherous road.

## The entire district turned out for family in distress

● Steven Walls — four-year-old hero of perhaps Australia's biggest boy hunt — will soon be back on the job helping Dad with the sheep.

JUST as soon as Steven, a "wonder boy" to the thousands who searched for him, "Mate" to his family, is really strong again.

Steven had disappeared from his parents' 800-acre farm, roughly 20 miles from Guyra on the crest of the New England Tableland in northern New South Wales.

His father had left him to go round a granite knoll and drive two runaway sheep back into the mob. Steven climbed through a fence, and went looking for his father.

That was 9 a.m. Friday, February 5. Later that day the long, arduous search began.

Hope of finding him had almost gone on the fourth day when he was found, half naked, on a log about seven miles from where he'd set out.

So the little boy is the toast of New England. Searchers are still marvelling at his courage and endurance. Strangers send him parcels of sweets, books, toys.

Meantime Matron Joyce Mulligan and her staff at the Guyra War Memorial Hospital have been building him up.

When his lonely adventure ended, Steven was weak from exposure and starvation. Instinct and familiarity with the bush prompted him to drink

from running streams when he was thirsty — and saved his life.

"His legs and arms are thin. But he's wiry," said his

By a staff reporter

young mother, Dorrie, who will be 23 next Monday.

Steven is the eldest of her four children. She never gave up hope for him.

On that Monday, the last day of the hunt, she was sure her boy would be found.

"Ollie," she told her aunt, "Steven will be home today."

She scarcely slept in those terrible 78 hours that he was missing. She prayed. She looked after her baby. And she kept on hoping.

Steven's father said: "I didn't ever actually give up altogether. But by Monday morning I wasn't too happy."

Aged 30, he's square-faced and fair, wears farmer's rugged hobnail boots, has pouches on his belt for his watch and matches, rolls his own or smokes a pipe.

He and Dorrie — she's brown-haired, blue-eyed, stocky — were boy-and-girl friends, married when she was 17.

They're easy-going, friendly people. The farm has its ups and downs, but they get along.

The babies who have come every year don't trouble either of them.

Steven and 8-month-old Paul share a bedroom. The pantry has been cut in two with a curtain to give 3-year-old Julie a room to herself. Malcolm, 2, has a cot in his parents' room.

The house itself stands on Norman's father's farm, close to Tubbamurra, where Norman and Dorrie went to the one-teacher school, where Steven and Julie will go in a year or two.

"It's a case of five men a day here," said Mrs. Walls as she made tea with boiling water from a cast-iron fountain on an open grate.

"I'm so used to cooking on the open fire I hardly ever light the stove except to make a cake."

She makes nearly all the children's clothes, most of her own. "I cut out a dress one day, sew it up the next."

She takes a great pride in her dressmaking, her knitting and her gardening. There's a brilliant patch of zinnias and marigolds beside the little house.

Dorrie has never been to Sydney or Brisbane, does her shopping at Guyra or Llangothlin, a tiny town a few miles away.

When she and Norman have friends in at night it's usually

# And found

*"He's a very knowing little kid"*

a game of euchre or five hundred.

All day Mrs. Walls has the two younger children for company. "Mate" goes off with his father.

"He's always gone with his daddy, ever since he could walk," she said.

Back at the hospital, Steven, sitting up in bed, asked, "Daddy, will you take me in the big truck to Brisbane with the sheep?"

Norman Walls nodded only.

Steven went back to sucking his fizzy orange "drink-beer" he calls it — through straw.

To a photographer who told him he saw cows and bulls on the farm, he said, "We've got no bulls. Only sheep."

Nobody knows how Steven spent his lost weekend in the bush. Occasionally he opens shutters on it.

"I saw a kangaroo," he said. "And I saw a fox. It was sitting up."

"I was asleep," he said, "and ants got me. A bulldog bit me. See!"

"Grannie," he said, "has a black sheep . . ."

He told his father that when he saw aeroplanes coming he sheltered under trees — the reason, perhaps, the searching planes didn't spot him.



Fair-skinned, blue-eyed Steven is so lightly sunburned that it seems certain, too, that he found shelter in the heat of the day.

For days afterwards his little legs were scarred with small cuts and scratches from the scrub and insect bites. And he was wearing a lint dressing on one ankle, where he had an intravenous injection of glucose soon after his rescue.

He is getting strong quickly. All that worries Norman and Dorrie Walls now is how they can ever thank the thousands of men and women who spared neither themselves nor the cost to find him.

"He's alive. That's all that matters" is the typical after-search comment round Guyra. Or it's a tribute to Steven's toughness.

"Look," said Guyra cafe proprietor Len Lyes, limping about behind the counter, "ninety-eight per cent. of us are score-footed. The kid's probably the fittest of all of us!"

Lyes turned his cafe into a cookhouse that sent soup, curry, steak-and-kidney out to the field to the first day-and-night search party of up to 100.

By Saturday the searchers had mounted to 500, to 3000 on the Sunday. More than 2000 were there on the Monday.

As the searchers multiplied, so did the women. They left their homes to make thousands of sandwiches, brew copper boilers full of tea, butter scones, cut up cake.

They worked at canteens set up at the old house on the Walls' farm from which Steven disappeared, at Mr. and Mrs. Owen Curtis' lovely home, "Abbey Green," a few miles away, at mobile canteens on trucks and Landrovers.

The Salvation Army brought its tea-tent from Inverell. The Country Women's Association arrived in full force from Glen Innes on the Monday.

Police Sergeant Fred Wil-

**STEVEN in his bed at the Guyra hospital, where his mother spent long hours watching and waiting for him to regain his strength. He was often tired and sometimes tearful in the first few days after his rescue.**

son, of Guyra, one of the search organisers and directors, reckons the searchers used 400 loaves of bread a day.

"We were cutting 300 loaves a day at Mrs. Curtis' place alone," said young Mrs. John Beesley, of Guyra. She and her two sisters were on the job every day while their mother, Mrs. Harry O'Donnell, did the baby-sitting.

That was the way men and women all over the New England district organised their lives to lend a hand.

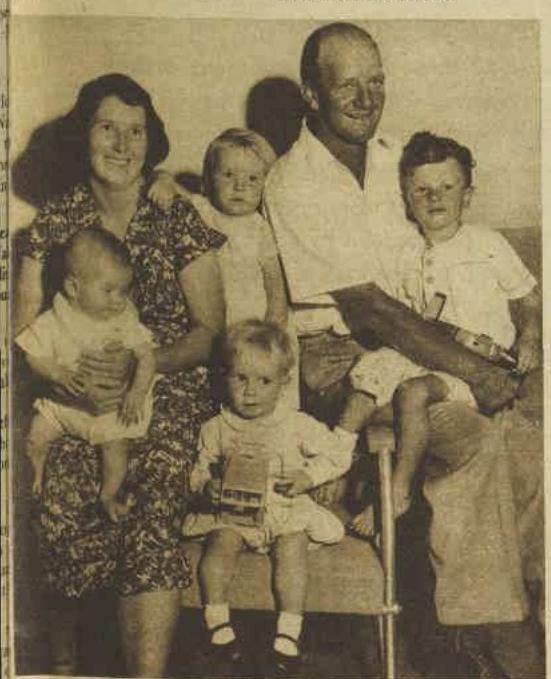
One woman in Guyra, though, missed it all—in a way. She is Mrs. Wilson, the sergeant's wife.

She took over the police station because all the men were wanted in the field. Like the searchers, she was still catching up on sleep at the weekend.

Up there men and women alike are still wondering how on earth Steven came through it all.

His aunt and uncle, the Gordon Williamsons, of Liangotholin, who worked on the search from the very beginning, say the last word on that.

"He's a very knowing little kid," they say.



**THE WALLS FAMILY**, together again for the first time since Steven was lost. They are Mrs. Norman Walls with the baby, 8-month-old Paul, Malcolm, 2, Julie, 3, and Mr. Walls and Steven.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 24, 1960

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Invaluable in the home, use 'Savlon' Antiseptic Cream for cuts, sores, abrasions, minor burns, etc.

No home should be without 'Savlon'.

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Science is proving that the intake of gelatine each day greatly improves some of those nails that have a tendency towards brittleness and breaking. Add 1 to 2 teaspoons of gelatine to cold water or fruit juice (or mixture), stir quickly and drink at once.

This treatment should be continued for at least one month or until improvement has registered.

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Davis Gelatine sold by Grocers; available in 4 oz., 8 oz. and 16 oz. packets.



A proud mother praises Curlypet. Baby's hair used to be straight but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls.

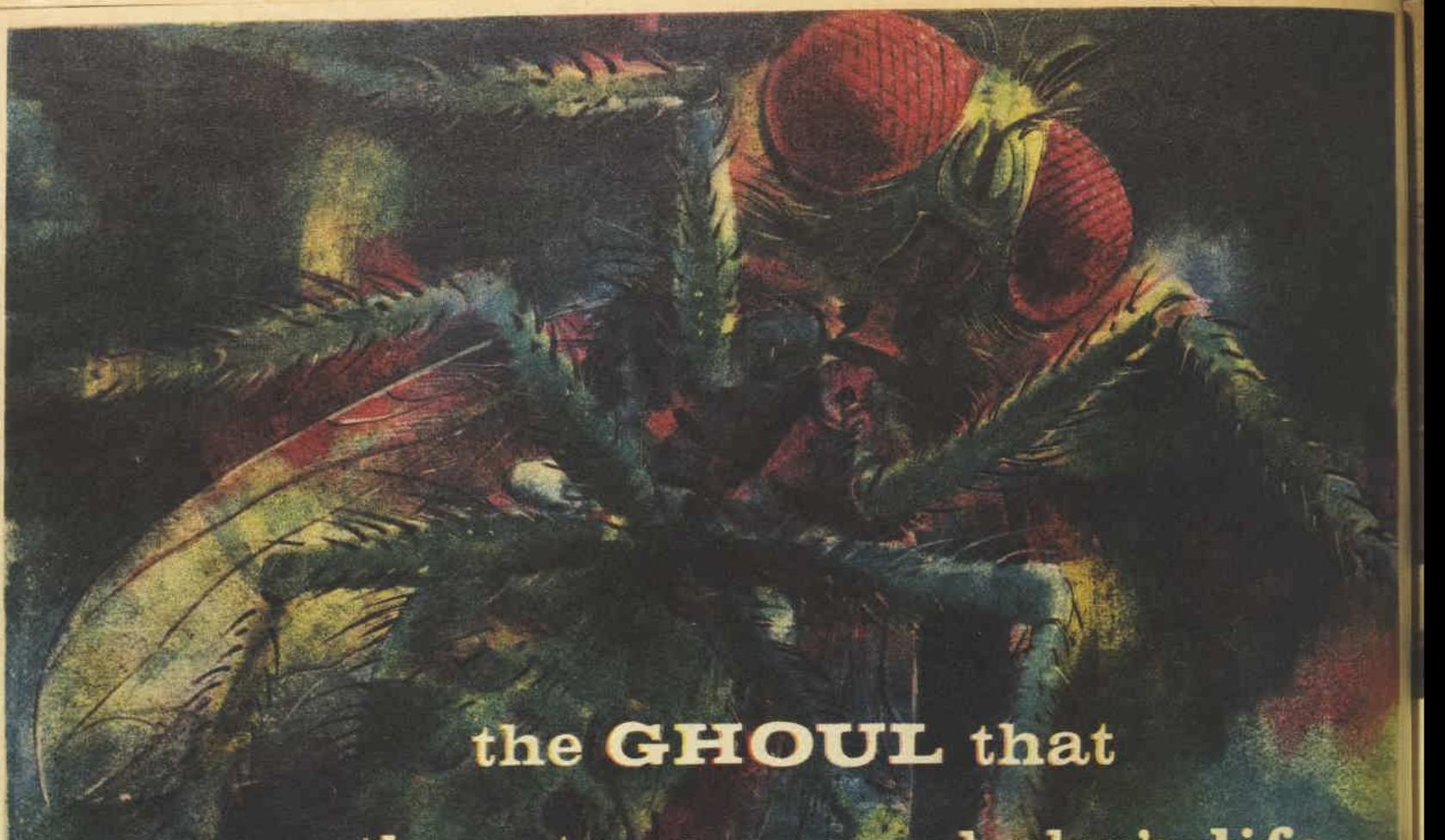
Curlypet is good for cradlecap too. Soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

4 weeks' treatment 4/10.

**Curlypet**

Start the Weekend well with **Weekend**

1/-  
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## the GHOUL that threatens every baby's life



Babies have no greater enemy than the common fly. Each year he takes his toll of infant lives. Each summer-time especially his campaign of infantile and other serious diseases flares. Gastro-Enteritis, Infantile Diarrhoea, Hepatitis, Dysentery, Poliomyelitis, Ophthalmia, TB and Typhoid—all these diseases, and many, many others, are fly-borne. Their germs can be deposited anywhere a fly alights.

So whenever you see a fly indoors deal him the one blow he can't survive: Spray the room at once with MORTEIN—the greatest fly killer ever invented . . . and the one that's completely safe for humans.

Three or four seconds' spraying with MORTEIN PRESSURE\*PAK is all you need. Soon every fly and other insect pest in the room will be STONE DEAD.

**PROTECT YOUR FAMILY WITH**

# Mortein

WHEN YOU'RE ON A GOOD THING—

**STICK TO IT!**



# TUMUT GOLD CUP



RAIN came down in torrents at Tumut's Centenary Gold Cup meeting, and the horses weren't clearly visible until they were in the home stretch. This picture of the first race and others on this page are by staff photographer Ron Berg.



CLERK OF THE COURSE Widdy Ballard stops his horse to talk to Mrs. Geoff Brown, of Bombolee, and Patricia Millar, of Tumut. Both Mrs. Brown and Miss Millar chose frocks of green printed silk.



VISITORS to Tumut were Jenny Moutague (left), of The Rock, and Julia Ryan, of Hay. Both girls chose small head-hugging hats. Jenny's cocoon petal hat was worn with a gay striped cotton frock, and Julia's ivory-and-bone straw was teamed with a simple check dress.



PICKING WINNERS before the first race were Mr. and Mrs. H. Hardy (couple right), of Tumbarumba, with, from left, Anne Evans, their son Colin and daughter Lorraine. Mrs. Hardy wore a frock of olive-green, Lorraine chose emerald-green, and Anne wore white.

RIGHT: The gold cup was on display and Mrs. Clem Roddy (left) and Mrs. Jack McCormick, both of Tumut, were pictured admiring it. Mrs. McCormick's horse, Asmeay, came third in the Talbingo Maiden Plate, but Mrs. Roddy's horse, Michaely, was unplaced.



FOUR SMART racegoers were, from left, Mrs. J. Duncan in green and white, Mrs. Jim Webb in white with red accessories, Phyllis Stokes in pale lemon cotton, and Patricia Morris in a color scheme of pink and white. All are from Tumut.



# FLAVOUR IN A NUTSHELL

Make this delicious  
**MONOGRAM CAKE**



Discover a whole new world  
of delicious recipes with peanuts

Kingaroy peanuts with a fresh sunny flavour all their own are the

tastiest peanuts you can buy. And to help you enjoy them even more, we've published a book of peanut recipes, each one kitchen tested by Ruby Borrowdale

to show you how quick and easy it is to cook with Kingaroy peanuts.

YOU CAN DO SO MUCH WITH KINGAROY



## PEANUTS

LOOK FOR THIS SYMBOL . . . it's your guarantee of Kingaroy quality peanuts

### MONOGRAM CAKE

2 tablespoons peanut butter, 4 ozs. butter,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup castor sugar, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  cups self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk. Preheat oven to moderate (375 degs. F.). Grease and dust with flour two 8-inch sandwich pans. Blend peanut butter with butter then gradually beat in sugar. Beat in eggs and vanilla. Add sifted flour and salt, alternately with milk. Beat till smooth after each addition. Spread into prepared pans. Bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes. Cool cakes. Sandwich together and ice sides and top edge with this COCOA FLAVOURED ICING: Place 2 tablespoons cocoa in basin; and 4 tablespoons hot milk, 1 tablespoon peanut butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla and 1 tablespoon butter; stir to blend. Add sufficient sifted icing sugar to make smooth spreading consistency. Beat well. Spread on to cake. Fill centre of cake with a vanilla-flavoured glace icing and when set outline monogram in centre with halves and quarters of chocolate-coated Kingaroy peanuts.

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# For love of Daisy

A complete short story

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

**D**AISY HAMILCAR was quite definite as she told her mother, "One thing about cats—they don't go jumping up on your new dress with muddy paws the minute they see you again."

"No, they don't," Daisy's mother said. "But they do go sneaking around. Fido loves you."

"Well, I hate him," Daisy said. "This isn't the first new dress he's muddied up with his stupid love. It's the second. I don't want Fido any more. I want a cat."

"Look at the poor fellow," Daisy's mother said. "He's all crushed by your rudeness."

"My rudeness?" Daisy said. "Mother, I don't believe I've ever known such a stupid dog."

"Fido's breed is famous for its intelligence," Mrs. Hamilcar said.

"They're notorious, I'd say, for barking when there isn't a thief for miles around, for muddying people's dresses, and for whimpering with all their hearts and souls when they think everybody they know isn't madly in love with them. I am looking at the silly fellow, and I may say the silly fellow's looking at me."

"As he has been ever since you rejected his pure, steadfast, indestructible love," Mrs. Hamilcar said. "They broke the mould when they made Fido. He's a big dog with a soft heart. Red hair. A man's head, rather than a dog's. Eyes that any calf would be proud to look at wildflowers with. Ears as alert as any hare's. Tail as long as a pony's, as vibrant as a lion's. A posture like a lord's. A stance like a statue's. A walk like a boulevardier's."

"What the devil's a boulevardier?"

"Did you pick up that kind of language at camp?"

"Oh, no. They'd never let us speak intelligently there. I got it from father, of course. What is a boulevardier?"

"A boulevardier is a man who wears spats, carries a stick, and always has a rosebud in his lapel. If he has a moustache, he waxes it and keeps the ends twisted up."

"I don't believe I've ever seen one of those."

"Most likely not. They do the better part of their boulevardiering in Paris."

"France?"

"Well, not Paris, Texas."

"But I was born there."

"Yes, but you were moved to New York, and then to California, when you were still very little."

"How little?"

"One year."

"That's not so little."

"Too little to enjoy watching a boulevardier walk down the Rue de la Paix."

"Why there?"

"Well, we lived on the Rue de la Paix while your father worked for the 'Herald Tribune,' and you and I often sat at the window and watched the people in the street, including the boulevardiers."

"And you think Fido walks the way they do?"

"Exactly. I've never seen anything like it. I think you ought to know, Daisy, that you picked a great entity from the Pacific Palisades Pound when you picked Fido."

"What's an entity?"

"A whole being."

To page 61

*Fido looked a picture of misery as he lay beside Mrs. Hamilcar's chair listening to what they were saying about him.*

**Deirdre was bewildered and frightened of life. She thought she had found a refuge, but discovered she couldn't escape from love in this glorious Mediterranean setting.**

# A CASTLE IN SPAIN

**A romantic short story By JOAN DENNIS**

**G**AZING out of her bedroom window Deirdre brushed her dark hair till it shone as brightly as the waters of the Mediterranean sparkling below her in the clear autumn sunshine.

"I'm a very lucky girl," she said firmly, so firmly that even to her the words lacked conviction, "I simply must stop feeling sorry for myself."

And, after all, in spite of everything she was lucky. She was living in a first-class hotel rising from the ruins of an old Moorish castle in a popular tourist resort in the south of Spain. She had three good meals a day (four, counting the lavish tea), plenty of swimming, attentive servants to wait on her—and, what's more, she was being paid for it.

"You're our little liaison officer," Mr. Jones, the fat and genial hotel manager, had told her when she arrived.

So many of Mr. Jones' guests at El Castillo were retired Army officers and their wives that a little of their military gloss had rubbed itself on to his conversation. He referred to the white-washed kitchen as the "cook-house," the dark-eyed waiters as "messmen," and he supervised the simplest domestic operation as if it were a military manoeuvre.

But in spite of this, Deirdre's duties as "liaison officer" were not arduous. She had to see that the American tourists had someone to talk to and that the British were left alone. She matched wool, posted letters, and found lost magazines under cushions in the lounge. She interpreted the guests' complaints to the staff and tactfully misinterpreted the staff's pungent replies.

Her Spanish had become more fluent and colloquial in a month at El Castillo than in a whole year at a London night school. But Deirdre did not regret those long hours of concentrated study, for what would she have been doing with her evenings if she hadn't learnt Spanish? Sitting by the phone in her lonely flat, wondering if Dick would ring?

Deirdre shivered in the warm sunshine and laid down her brush. Even now, so long afterwards, she could remember that first shock of incredulous bewilderment as Dick had explained to her quite unexpectedly one night that he wasn't a marrying man and that he wanted to call off their engagement.

Deirdre had been engaged to him for so long that it had almost become a habit—that, she reflected now, had probably been the trouble—and habits are hard to break. But she'd managed it eventually with the help of a threatened nervous collapse and her family doctor. It was he who had suggested taking up a language and trying for a job abroad.

"Who knows?" he'd said, "you might meet someone else."

Deirdre smiled ruefully as she sped downstairs to the sound of the breakfast gong. Most of the hotel guests were fifty at least, for El Castillo, in spite of its romantic situation, was a quiet place and held few attractions for the young.

"Miss Collins," called Mr. Jones from the desk in the hall, "we have a distinguished novelist arriving this morning—a Mr. Robert Burton. He may stay on through the winter if the hotel suits his work, so I want you to make a special effort to see that he's comfortable and happy."

Deirdre, though she nodded politely, was not unduly excited by the news. Mr. Jones, she had learnt, liked to regard all his guests as distinguished in their particular line.

So, with a fleeting mental picture of the last writer they'd had staying, a stout and pompous gentleman with white hair who had been disturbed by the slightest sound, Deirdre opened the dining-room door and steeled herself to deal with the first complaints of the day.

"Honey, this coffee's undrinkable," called Mrs. Brixton by way of a cheerful morning greeting, jangling an armory of silver bangles which even at breakfast time reached from her wrist to her elbow. "How is it that we Americans are the only people in the world who know how to make good coffee?"

"And my toast's all wrong again, Deirdre," came Miss Bentley-Hedges' precise British voice from the corner, "yesterday it was crisp enough but stone cold—and now today it's warm but quite soggy. I do wish you'd speak to the waiter about it."

When Deirdre escaped at last from the dining-room she felt as tired as if she had been on duty all day, and the old familiar waves of loneliness and depression swept over her.

"I mustn't indulge in self-pity," she told herself firmly. "The doctor warned me against it. But all these rich, spoilt

old ladies make it worse with their trivial worries. If they'd ever had troubles like mine . . ."

And for a moment Deirdre almost wished that she could transfer her broken heart to the unfeeling breasts of Mrs. Brixton or Miss Bentley-Hedges, just so that they would know what real suffering was like.

It was while she was indulging in these un-Christian thoughts that Deirdre became aware of someone watching her. She looked up quickly to see a tall young man with tousled fair hair, an open-necked shirt, and a brief pair of shorts leaning against the desk. His blue eyes were fixed on her with interest and some concern.

"Good morning," said Deirdre uncertainly, for he did not look in the least like one of El Castillo's regular patrons, "can I help you?"

"I don't think so," he said, "but perhaps I can help you—you look as if you need it."

Deirdre gulped at this unexpected approach.

"Who— who are you?" she asked.

"Burton's my name," he told her, "I've come to stay."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Deirdre, remembering, "you're the distinguished novelist!"

The young man threw back his head and laughed.

"That's right," he said when he had recovered a little, "but don't tell anyone—it's a secret between you and me. Of course, we might have to share it when I've finished the novel I'm working on now. Someone might publish it."

Deirdre laughed, too. Evidently Mr. Jones had been exaggerating again, but the young man's good humor was infectious.

"Well, we've given you a nice, quiet room where you won't be disturbed," said Deirdre.

Robert Burton leant across the desk and pulled one of Deirdre's dark curls gently.

"Nothing disturbs me," he said, "except perhaps hair like yours. How nice it smells. What is your name?"

"I'm Deirdre Collins," said Deirdre.

"Deirdre!" he exclaimed, "that explains everything."

"Explains what?" asked Deirdre.

"Your expression when you first came through that door," he answered, "Deirdre—Deirdre of the Sorrows. Yeats wrote a play about her. Do you live here?"

"I work here," said Deirdre firmly, "I look after the guests and translate for them—things like that."

As she spoke, two grinning boys appeared in the doorway with several cases and a typewriter. As Robert Burton took delivery of his luggage he addressed them in a stream of vivid Spanish, speaking so quickly that Deirdre couldn't understand one word.

He and the boys laughed together, argued amicably about the tip, laughed some more, and shook hands all round.

Watching the scene, Deirdre was conscious of an unreasonable feeling of annoyance. For the past month she had been irritated by people who couldn't, or wouldn't, try to speak the language of the country they were staying in. Now, when a guest appeared who spoke it perfectly, she found herself wishing that he didn't.

"Apparently you won't be needing my services as an interpreter," she commented.

"I shan't be needing anything," he assured her cheerfully, "I just want to be left alone to get on with my work."

"Certainly, Mr. Burton," said Deirdre in her most professional voice, "I shan't distract you."

"Call me Bob," said the unexpected young man, regarding her thoughtfully at the door of his room, "and I doubt that—you're distracting me already. Besides, I don't like to be left alone quite all the time, do you?"

"Yes—no—I don't know," stammered Deirdre.

And as she hurried back along the corridor she was furious to find that she was blushing.

Deirdre blushed a good deal in the weeks that followed. It was the price she had to pay for the pleasure of Bob's conversation. He was always saying such unexpected things.

Bob never noticed the weather—he was just as happy walking in a driving rainstorm as in the brilliant autumn sunshine—and he approached every meal with gusto.

In fact, it occurred to Deirdre that the other guests were complaining far less frequently than usual—perhaps it was

the effect of Bob's enthusiastic presence in the dining-room. The old ladies had become quite kittenish.

Mrs. Brixton's earrings grew longer every day till they were all but resting on her plump shoulders, while her jangling array of silver bangles marched right on up her arm to meet them. And Miss Bentley-Hedges astonished them all by appearing at dinner in a bottle-green lace evening gown smelling strongly of mothballs, with two bright spots of rouge like half-crown pieces perched on her hitherto pallid cheekbones.

Bob, meanwhile, was working hard at his novel, or so he told Deirdre. But for a hard-working young man he seemed to have a lot of time to waste—particularly if there was a chance of wasting it with her.

Whenever she slipped away to post a letter for a guest Bob managed to join her casually, if panting a little, by the time she'd reached the bottom of the old stone steps which led down through the ruins of the castle.

"Going to the post office?" he'd inquire, "what a coincidence! I'm just off to get some stamps."

"Then you can post this letter and save me a trip," Deirdre had replied unkindly the first time it happened, but Bob had clutched his brow.

"Don't trust me with it," he begged her, "I'm a demon with letters. I'd lose it or a gust of wind would blow it in the sea or I'd forget and work out the next chapter of my novel on the back of it—and you would probably get the sack. So let's go together for the sake of your future."

The same thing happened with her daily swim. Deirdre usually went in before lunch, and Bob decided this was the best time for him to take a dip, too.

But although Deirdre enjoyed cutting through the waves with Bob and lying on the warm sand afterwards talking seriously about his novel and joking about everything else under the sun, she was always conscious of the familiar little warning voice inside her.

"Don't get too interested in him, Deirdre," she told herself, "don't, for heaven's sake, fall in love with him. You'll only be hurt again, and it's too soon. You couldn't bear it."

She almost forgot her own warning the day Bob took her to the nightclub. She probably wouldn't have trusted herself to go at all if he hadn't asked her cunningly in front of Mr. Jones.

"Could you possibly spare Miss Collins for an hour or two tonight?" he'd asked in his most winning voice, "I'm so anxious to see some real flamenco dancing."

And Mr. Jones, of course, had patted her paternally on the shoulder and assured Mr. Burton that Miss Collins was always at the disposal of his guests. She could think of no reasonable excuse for refusing.

"It's been over a year since I went dancing," she thought as Bob guided her expertly through the holiday couples, "not since I last went with Dick."

And the floor was so good and the music so pleasant and it was so exciting to be dancing again that just for a moment Deirdre forgot to be cautious.

She closed her eyes, relaxed in Bob's strong young arms and glided blissfully. Then she felt his arms tighten round her and she stiffened.

"Blast!" said Bob above her, and she saw that his blue eyes were hurt. "Deirdre, my darling, when are you going to stop wearing that broken heart of yours on your sleeve?"

Deirdre found herself blushing again.

"I—I don't know what you mean," she said unconvincingly. "What do you know about my broken heart?"

"Nothing whatever," said Bob in his blunt way, "except that it's ruining our chances of a few weeks' fun together. It may even be ruining our chances of a lifetime of happiness—only you won't let it give us a chance to find out. Why don't you tell me about it?"

Then, in the unreal atmosphere of the nightclub and under the influence of the dim lights, the music, and Bob's hand warm on hers across the table, she did tell him—all about Dick and his jilting her, about her breakdown and her loss of confidence in men and in herself.

Bob listened patiently to the end and then smiled.

"Is that all?" he said, and as she opened her mouth to



Deirdre enjoyed swimming with Bob and lying on the warm sand afterwards talking seriously about his novel.

protest, he added. "Oh, I know I hurt a lot at the time, Deirdre, and I'm sorry. But, honestly, my heart's been broken that way at least three times already. Nobody's life is without complications—nobody's life should be. It's all part of experience, of growing up. But you mustn't let it beat you."

Deirdre didn't feel like a big girl late that night when the taxi dropped them at the hotel door and Bob pulled her over to the edge of the cliff in the moonlight to look at the waves breaking on the beach below. She felt like a schoolgirl, shy and awkward and uncertain of what to do.

"I am going to fall in love with him," she told herself, "and I don't want to. I mustn't."

"Isn't it wonderful?" Bob was saying softly beside her. "Look, Deirdre, darling, it's all been arranged for us, even to the full moon."

He turned to smile down at her and take her in his arms. Deirdre hesitated for a moment, fighting against her longing to be taken—and then she pulled away from him with a little sob and ran inside.

She took with her a fleeting impression of the shocked expression in his kind blue eyes, an impression which made her cry into the pillow until the sun came up.

"What a fool I am," she murmured over and over again, "what a stupid, cowardly little fool. Now he'll never speak to me again and I don't blame him."

Somehow Deirdre got through the next morning, although she felt worse, oddly enough, than she had the day after Dick had jilted her. Bob nodded to her politely at breakfast and at lunch, but escaped to his room to work afterwards.

For once the guests neither complained nor asked any favors—and time hung heavily on her hands. It was almost a relief when Miss Bentley-Hedges asked Deirdre to join her in the lounge for tea.

"I get lonely sometimes, dear, and it's nice to have a pretty young girl like yourself to talk to. You're rather like I was at your age," said the old lady surprisingly when they were settled with the tray between them. "Oh, you're prettier, perhaps, though in those days I was the toast of the regiment. And you certainly wouldn't be so foolish. You see, dear, I was afraid of life."

"There was a young subaltern once who asked for my hand. But I wouldn't take it—I was afraid, you see—I thought I'd rather wait—it seemed too soon. Very foolish of me. He got tired of waiting and went away, and then my mother died and I had to look after father. He was a fine man, of course, but very exacting. And when he died I was nearly sixty. When you're afraid of life, it's apt to pass you by."

Deirdre felt ashamed and a little tearful and she leant over impulsively to kiss the old lady's dry cheek.

But the day's surprises were not over, for Mrs. Brixton, not to be outdone, invited her to have a drink before dinner.

"Don't think I'm prying, honey," she began briskly. "Well, I am, of course, but old hags like us have nothing in the world to do but pry. And I can see you're making the same mistake I did through pride."

"But I'm not proud," said Deirdre in amazement.

"I think you are, honey—too proud to admit when you're wrong. I was married to a fine man once," she went on irrelevantly, "but I thought my life was dull and I wanted to travel. Then a relative left me some money and my husband couldn't, or wouldn't, leave his business, so I went alone."

"It took me only a week or two to realise I'd been wrong, but it took me more than a year to swallow my pride enough to go back to him. I thought he'd come after me, you see."

"But I didn't write—I wanted to surprise him—and on the ship going home I got a cable from my lawyer saying he'd been killed. I've been travelling ever since, all over the world, from one hotel to another—and from that day to this I've never forgiven myself."

For the second time in one afternoon Deirdre felt ashamed—ashamed that she'd ever been annoyed by the two old ladies' trivial complaints, ashamed that she'd regarded her own brief disappointment as more important than the long-drawn-out tragedy of their lives.

When Bob pushed back his chair at the end of the meal, Deirdre rose and followed him out of the dining-room.

"Bob!" called Deirdre. "Bob, please wait for me!" "Yes?" he said shortly.

"Bob," said Deirdre, and hesitated, but he wouldn't help her yet, "Bob, my heart's on my sleeve again, but it's not broken now. I think I've grown up, darling. Could we go and look at waves tonight if the moon's still full for us?"

Bob took her cold hands in his strong, warm ones, and smiled at her, his eyes shining with happiness.

"It's full enough, my Deirdre," he murmured, "in fact, it's full to overflowing. Come on!"

And hand in hand they ran together down the old stone steps of the castle to the sea.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 24, 1960

# The night of the good children

Concluding instalment of our  
two-part suspense serial

By MARJORIE  
CARLETON

THE Harris kidnapping case was still unsolved, but the gang knew it had been botched by FINGEL, who had turned killer and was on the run. Desperately in need of money, he planned another kidnapping—this time on his own. After changing his appearance, he stole a car and made his way to Riverdale, where rich young architect FOSS BENTON lives with his wife, PEGGY, and their two-year-old son, DAVID.

The night Fingel goes to the house happens to be one when Foss and Peggy are attending a progressive dinner party and have left young SALLY GOULD babysitting with her teenage friends TOM, DOROTHY, and JEFF for company. During the evening gas begins to leak and the gas company advise them to leave the house until it is fixed. Sally leaves a note on the door saying they have gone to a roadhouse.

Fingel finds this, and, thinking it will be easy to snatch the baby, follows them there, where he helps them gain admittance by pretending to MARTY, the proprietor, that he is the child's father.

The teenagers are wary of Fingel, or DARTH, as he has called himself, but for one unguarded moment Sally leaves David with the drummer from the band. About this time, Peggy begins to worry as she has not been able to raise Sally on the phone. NOW READ ON.

M R. FREMONT had gallantly squirmed five young matrons whose faces were already merging into a single cosmetic entity in his mind's eye. Now he saw that Mrs. Benton was comfortable, gave his chauffeur a final direction, and settled back in the car. He wished he could smoke, he wished he were looking forward to a glass of fine old port instead of the inevitable liqueur. At least the next house was the final port of call—he chuckled at the pun—and a man of seventy-eight was entitled to make his departure any time after midnight. Even so, it would be the latest evening for some years.

But the occasion was unique; the seven million he had contributed towards the Municipal Centre was a final bow to his home city. That sum had sparked the whole project—and the committee seemed to feel that his name had been of some assistance, too.

The familiar motion of the car, the familiar interior of the tonneau relaxed him. The Rolls was twelve years old; it was good for another twelve. It would last his lifetime.

Though his thoughts roamed, he was making desultory small talk, and only after several minutes was he aware that he was being answered in monosyllables. Mrs. Benton was not at ease. He fell silent himself.

She was very pretty, he acknowledged, like most of her contemporaries; and like them, somehow—brittle and not very capable.

He strongly suspected that tonight's "progressive" affair was due to the inability of any of his hostesses to provide a leisurely, properly served dinner.

He stole a look at Mrs. Benton's profile, as charming as a cameo and as chilly. "Icily regular, splendidly null," he thought, and chuckled aloud. She turned to him.

"I'm sorry, I didn't quite hear what you said, Mr. Fremont."

"Talking to myself, I'm afraid. I was thinking of Tennyson."

"Come into the garden, Maud, for the black bat, night, has flown," she quoted unexpectedly. He was amused, surprised.

"You like Tennyson?"

"I don't know exactly. But I read quite a bit of poetry before David was born. I thought I should. Tennyson, Browning, Shakespeare. And Wordsworth and Longfellow. Foss doesn't go in for poetry. And those were the only ones in the library my father left me." She said it so simply that he was abashed by his own amusement.

"If you're interested, you must let me send you some of the moderns: Thomas, Eliot, Frost—"

"Oh, I'm not on poetry any more," she protested. "Mostly



ILLUSTRATED BY  
BOOTHROYD

Peggy listened anxiously, as Foss said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Gould, we'll keep in touch with you."

child psychology these days, and very soon I'll have to be studying animals and plants and birds. David will be asking questions." She turned and looked at him directly. "I'm not brilliant like Foss, you see, so I have to work at things very hard. Davy's only twenty months old now, and I'm hoping he won't find me out before he's ten or twelve."

To his alarm, two large tears filled her eyes.

"Now, now! I'll let you in on a secret," he said gently. "Brilliance is not what a boy looks for in his mother."

"It isn't that," she admitted. "To tell the truth I've been worried this evening, terribly worried."

He was silent a moment. Foss Benton had not been his own choice of architect for the Centre, though he had nothing against the chap except his youth. But he knew that the majority of the committee favored Benton, and even before this evening he had felt he should bow to their wishes.

"I don't think you need worry, Mrs. Benton. Of course, it is not for me to anticipate the committee's final decision, but I can assure you that your husband is still in the running. Decidedly."

"And it isn't even that—" she dabbed at her eyes, "though I suppose I should be putting it first of all. It's—well, I called up our baby-sitter at the time we agreed on and there wasn't any answer! I keep imagining things, awful things. I don't want to bother Foss by saying anything about it."

"Oh." A domestic crisis again; his sympathy ebbed.

Perhaps she felt that, for she accused, "You think I'm silly. When one's own children are grown up, it's hard to remember how it was when they were very little."

"I haven't any children, young or grown up, but I have some idea of how you feel," he said quietly.

His only child, a son, had been gone over half a century. It was an old pain, so old that there was no longer any visible scar; only a reluctance to share others' parental anxieties. He found himself softening to Mrs. Benton. It was simplicity behind the cool planes of her face, not shallowness.

"You'll be able to phone again in a very few minutes," he comforted. "Tell you what, the late news should be on now.

Let's agonise about the world, shall we? It's a good antidote for private worries."

They listened to national and international news, to the usual horrid recital of traffic accidents, armed hold-ups, fires, and burglaries. There was the inevitable unknown body found in the inevitable vacant lot. There was the inevitable special bulletin:

"Police and citizens are requested to be on the look-out for a yellow Eldorado, licence XL30111. The car is registered to Jefferson Ramsey, nineteen, of Riverdale. At about ten-thirty this evening, Mr. Ramsey informed his parents that he and a group of young friends were en route to his home. Though he said they would be there in ten minutes, he has not yet arrived and his parents fear some traffic accident may have occurred.

"Mrs. Ramsey has suffered a mild heart attack—we repeat, a mild heart attack—and her son is urgently requested to be in immediate touch with his home. Even if the group has left the car, they should be easily recognised. The young people are all in their teens and they will have with them a small child, three or four years old. We repeat: watch for a yellow Eldorado, licence XL30111. Report to your nearest police station. Please do not telephone the Ramsey residence or this station—which will shortly go off the air."

Mr. Fremont shut off the radio. "H'm, the Ramseys. They live in your town, don't they? Do you know them, Mrs. Benton?"

"Only a nodding acquaintance." She added indignantly, "What an awful hour for a child that age to be racketing around!"

Mr. Fremont was anxious to get off the subject of small children. "I run into Ramsey, Senior, off and on," he said easily. "Good chap, fine businessman, but a bit irresponsible. I can well imagine that his son might be—impulsive. Tonight, for instance: tells his folks he's coming right home, is seized with another idea, and goes racing off without stopping to let them know. He and his friends are probably dancing somewhere right now—or gobbling hot dogs, without the slightest notion that they're worrying anyone."

To page 63



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 24, 1960

# A message to Heaven

A short short story By CHARLES VAN DEUSEN

WHEN Giuseppe Sala was five years old he learned for the first time that he was poor. Giuseppe's mother had sent him to the baker's for a loaf of bread. Standing outside the shop was the most beautiful little girl he had ever seen. Giuseppe was carrying a piece of cord.

"I can tie a knot," he said proudly. "My grandfather taught me."

For the sake of the little girl he tied a knot. She was impressed, so Giuseppe informed her he also owned a rabbit.

"Would you like to see him?"

She would, but her mother had told her to wait here.

"It's only a little way," he protested. "That is my house you can see it."

The little girl took Giuseppe's hand, and together they skipped off down the street in Arcole, Italy.

Giuseppe was showing the little girl how to feed the rabbit when two women descended on them. One of the women was his own mother, and she looked the way she did in church sometimes. The other was the little girl's mother. She was frightening.

She slapped her daughter and she glared at Giuseppe, and she said that if anything like this ever happened again she would talk to the police. With that she dragged the little girl away.

"We are poor," Giuseppe's mother explained. "She is too proud to let her daughter play with you."

It was some time before Giuseppe understood what this meant. When he did understand, his eyes were opened to a new world.

He did not like this world; it made him shiver and run away and hide; it made him wake up in the night sometimes, crying. The only persons whom he felt he really could trust any more were his mother and father and the priest—and God, of course, although God was not so much in the world as above it, a King in Heaven.

At the age of eight, Giuseppe Sala learned another thing. He learned that in a little while he was going to have a baby brother. One night, when he was supposed to be asleep, he heard his mother and father talking about it.

"How can we support another child?" his mother asked, weeping.

His father, a man with rough, tender hands and shadowy eyes, tried to reassure her. They would make out somehow, he kept saying; they always had; he would find more work (which made his mother weep all the harder).

Puzzled and depressed, Giuseppe finally had a good thought. He would talk to the priest about this thing.

Next afternoon he sought out Father Pietro in the little house beside the church. He explained that he was going to be given a brother, but that there would not be money enough to make it possible to care for him.

The old priest stared at the boy; then his face lighted.

"Giuseppe," he said, "you must pray to Our Father. It is He Who is giving you your little brother, or perhaps He will decide to make it a little sister—who knows? But He will surely see that the little one is cared for."

On his way home Giuseppe stopped in the church and offered up a strong, formal prayer; that night he bolstered this first effort with informal ones.

Days passed and nothing happened.

God was busy, Giuseppe decided; the small matter of the little brother had escaped His notice. But some method of attracting His attention—without offending Him, of course—must be found.

Giuseppe pondered the problem until his head swam. Finally, he had an idea. It was a scary one; he never had heard of anyone doing a thing of this kind before. He was so awed by what he was doing that he could scarcely begin.

First he got his red balloon. It was the thing he loved most in all the world. His father had brought it home a few days ago, and it was so eager to escape that it always had to be tied down.

Holding it tightly in one hand, his school notebook and pencil in the other, Giuseppe trudged off to a private place he had discovered in a field outside the town. There he

sat down and laboriously wrote some words on a page of the notebook.

After tearing out the page, he folded it carefully, and, using one of the knots his grandfather had taught him, fastened it to the string. Then he stood up, gave the balloon a last caressing touch and let it go.

It soared upwards and became a speck in the blue sky, carrying Giuseppe's note to Heaven, where God lives.

Two weeks passed. Then one day a few weeks ago the postman delivered a package, addressed plainly to Giuseppe Sala in the town of Arcole. It was the first package that had ever been delivered either to him or his parents. It came from Rovigo, almost seventy miles away.

"There must be a mistake," said Signora Sala, "we know no one in Rovigo." But when she opened the package she saw that she was wrong.

There was a note to Giuseppe. "Dear Giuseppe," it said. "This is for your little brother. Good luck." And, in splendor under the note, lay the most beautiful tiny dress either Giuseppe or his mother ever had seen, all of blue silk, with lace at the neck and hem.

During the following days more baby clothes arrived, not to mention a crib, a carriage, toys, blankets, and letters containing hundreds of lire, all addressed to Giuseppe from friends he'd never known he had, in Rovigo.

The Salas, their neighbors, the priest, and the postman were dazzled. Giuseppe had to tell again and again what he had said in the note on the red balloon.

"Dear God," he had written. "I am going to have a little brother. Papa and Mama are very poor. Please send us the things we will need for my little brother. I live in Arcole, near Verona. Thank you."

Some people insisted that the balloon merely had drifted away and landed in Rovigo, but Giuseppe knew better. He knew it had gone straight to God, Who then had spoken to the people of Rovigo, because that must have been the town He was nearest to at the time.

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Giuseppe held the vivid red balloon tightly in his hand.



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The new "SWAN LINE." Reproduced by courtesy M. Claude, Member of the Internationale des Coiffeurs de Dames.

## To recondition summer-damaged hair

The scorching rays of the sun and drying and bleaching effects of salt water create very special hair problems at this time of the year.

From Paris comes this wonderful new hair dressing and conditioning cream — Vitapointe — which never fails to impart new life and lustre to hair that is dull, dry, brittle and lifeless. Brushing with Vitapointe restores health and vitality to the hair in minutes, bringing shining, sparkling beauty. Only Vitapointe can give your hair that wonderful look of perfection.

A 7/6 tube  
lasts a good  
two months.

Vitapointe  
OF PARIS

The Perfect HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONING CREAM

Page 23

# Paint colours never seen before....



## Every colour ready-to-use....

Inside! Taubmans Spectrocolor

looks clearer, cleaner on your walls,  
springs to life under electric light!

- Spectrocolor has no "haze" . . . Gloss colours look clearer and clearer on your walls and ceilings. This is because Spectrocolor is the first and only process to perfect paint colour through electronics.

- Spectrocolor gives greater purity and cover than ever before. Colours maintain that freshly painted look **years longer**.

- Spectrocolor whites are the whitest whites ever made. Spectrocolor "Glistening White" Revelite and "Brilliant White" Butex stay whiter longer . . . won't "yellow".

- Spectrocolor has high reflection properties. Walls and ceilings won't "die" at night. They will "spring to life" under electric light.

- Spectrocolor is ready-to-use, straight from the can. No need for intermixing or tinting.

- Spectrocolor never varies. All colours are carefully controlled. This guarantees that there is not the slightest variation in one colour from can to can.

### Spectrocolor Cards

You will appreciate the full beauty of Spectrocolor — paint colour with a new dimension — only when you see it on your own walls.

Choose your colours from Taubmans brilliant Spectrocolor cards — the most glamorous cards ever seen in Australia. They show you the widest range of ready-to-use colours ever produced in Australia . . . made possible only by Taubmans Spectrocolor process.

See the new Spectrocolor range, take a colour chart from the brilliant Spectrocolor unit in your Taubmans paint store — today!



**New Revelite Flat**  
Australia's most beautiful flat finish, now easier to apply. Coverage: Approx. 850 sq. ft. per gallon.

**Revelite Full-Gloss and Semi-Gloss** — diamond-hard finishes for matching woodwork, etc. Coverage: 800 sq. ft. per gal. approx.

**Duo-Plastic Gaydec** — most advanced plastic paint in Australia. Brushes wash out in water. Coverage: Approx. 700 sq. ft. per gal. approx.

**Thix** — the thixotropic paint that covers problem surfaces with one trouble-free coat. Coverage: Approx. 600 sq. ft. per gal.



## All Taubmans paints are in Spectrocolor

Paint colours never before possible!

# TAUBMANS SPECTROCOLOR®

Registration applied for in Australia and overseas.

## widest range in Australia

Outside! Taubmans Spectrocolor

survived the toughest tests ever inflicted  
on any house-paint in Australia!



Each colour was tested for durability against these major attacks:

- The sun breaks down its pigments. Some colours become lighter, others darker.
- Salt-Air erodes a paint, cuts through to the surface it protects.
- Temperature variations cause expansion and contraction of your home's metal and wood surfaces. Result: Paint cracks, peels, flakes.

Taubmans Butex Full-Gloss is specially formulated to meet **all three** of these hazards.

**Stretching:** Butex and other competitive paints were stretched to breaking point on a flexibility meter. Result: Butex outlasted the rest. Its breaking point was found to be higher than any other paint.

**Demonstration of durability**  
**Sun and salt:** Panels, painted with Butex and three competitive house

paints, were exposed to sun and salt-air for the equivalent of three years, then compared with freshly painted ones under Taubmans electronic colour meter. Result: Spectrocolor lost least colour of all!

### Duo-Plastic Gaydec

Three years' exhaustive testing has proved that Taubmans Duo-Plastic Gaydec gives complete plastic protection and unequalled exterior durability and beauty.

Ordinary gloss paints have "haze".

Spectrocolor, perfected by electronics, is free from "haze".



**Butex Full-Gloss:** Specially recommended for timber and ironwork. Coverage: Up to 800 sq. ft. per gal.

**Duo-Plastic Gaydec:** Specially recommended for fibro and masonry. Coverage: Approx. 700 sq. ft. per gal. according to surface.

**Butex Roof Paint:** For years more protection against roof rust. Coverage: Approx. 800 sq. ft. per gal.

The Spectrocolor unit in your paint store gives you the widest selection of ready-to-use colours in Australia.

TS 400 R

Page 25

# Meltonian



IT'S A SPECIAL SPIRIT WHITE . . .

- ★ Gives a flawless, frost-white finish
- ★ Protects shoes against drying and cracking
- ★ Easier to use — can't streak or cake . . . and NEVER flakes
- ★ Dries in a flash
- ★ Can be left matt or polished to a soft lustre



**MELTONIAN** Creams  
FOR EVERY SHADE OF SHOE

*Smooth creams that take special care of good shoes . . . impart a lovely lasting lustre*

*Nourishing! Protective! Beautifying!*

**lightweight**

**TRANSISTOR 6**  
portable radio



You get astonishing performance from this miracle portable. It's easy to carry — easy to tune. Washable leather-covered case and weighs only 3 lbs.

Also available  
The Transistor 7  
Extra power for  
distant or  
difficult areas



**YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S  
WESTINGHOUSE**

Page 26

## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

### Home for those who like it

THE answer to the shortage of women scientists in Australia is in the hands of women. Many girls are happiest doing housework and caring for children. If only people would grow up in their attitude to domestic work and "servants" it would be possible for the woman with, say, mathematical ability to make her contribution to the nation's progress and be happy in the knowledge that her house and children were being cared for by a woman whose tastes and ability made her happy in such work, without loss of prestige for either.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Margaret Harrison, Earlwood, N.S.W.

### Too pampered?

A DIVERSITY was a spur to the pioneers of this country, but now, at the first sign of any setback, the majority of people cry to local, State, and Federal Governments for guidance and help. To less fortunate countries we must appear like spoiled children—grasping, selfish, and wanting more and more, while needing nothing.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Leila Watson, Bendigo, Vic.

### A curly one

CAN anyone explain why jumpers and cardigans made from lambs' wool are more expensive to buy? Lambs' wool is sold for far less than fleece from full-grown sheep at the wool sales.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Page, Lakemba, N.S.W.

### Biters bitten!

OUR postman is apparently tired of being savaged by dogs. Now, when he does his rounds, he is accompanied by a large black mongrel. If anyone gets hurt it won't be the postman!

£1/1/- to J. Geerligs, Tamworth, N.S.W.

### What's her secret?

A FRIEND of mine, more than 70 years old, has naturally glossy black hair. She has never used a dye or tint, and has never had a perm. Surely this is a record in one so elderly?

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. McElroy, Benalla, Vic.

### Reluctant grannies

I HAVE just told my mother I am expecting our third baby. Our eldest is five, and the baby is two years old. My mother was almost horrified, saying, "You'll be old before your time." Her attitude quite spoilt the joy of telling her. Next time the joyful news will be kept a secret long. Are all mothers like this or only mine? £1/1/- to "Happy Mother" (name supplied), Leongatha, Vic.

### What does she read?

EVERY day when I wake I have a headache. Rain or shine, it is always there. Pills and powders will not relieve it. But I have a cure, and that is reading. Some people say reading gives you a headache. But not with me. No, don't laugh! It works every time.

£1/1/- to Miss Lesley Baikie, Ryde, N.S.W.

### Fresh and sparkling

ONE of my most pleasing impressions since coming to Australia 18 months ago has been the wonderful freshness and cleanliness of the girls and women everywhere. In no other country I have visited has such sparkle and freshness been so apparent.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Davies, Mt. Pleasant, W.A.

### Changed his life

HOW I agree with Mrs. B. Norman, who asked, "Why 'booz' a baby?" I know a 17-year-old, pale, thin, and sickly youth whose mother told me he had been a bonny, pink-cheeked baby until a neighbor "boozed" him. Taken by surprise in his pram, he howled with fright for 24 hours and was never the same again.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Dale, South Moree, N.S.W.

## Ross Campbell writes...

THE McGOOSES were having dinner with us on Sunday night.

Cec McGoon was loudly appreciative of the food.

"By gosh, this corned beef is good! I haven't tasted corned beef like this for years," he said.

I knew he had put his foot in it. Myrtle McGoon, glaring at him, said: "And, pray, what's the matter with my corned beef?"

Cec floundered for a reply. "Your corned beef is fine, dear; it's just that it's different from this. I think this corned beef is — er — boiled with onions or something."

"My corned beef is boiled with onions," said Myrtle grimly.

Cec had fallen into the old trap for diners-out. In trying to be nice to his hostess he had gone too far and annoyed his wife.

The same kind of blunder was made in the younger age groups over the Christmas holidays.

Marilyn Potluck, who is 10, was staying with our neighbors the Fertiles. She liked the food there and compared it favorably with her mother's catering.

### HOW DELICIOUS!

"We don't have jelly with bananas in it at home," she would say. "Mummy doesn't let us have toasted cheese." And so on.

No harm would have been done if it hadn't got back to Marilyn's mother. I think Marilyn, when she



returned home, kept asking for toasted cheese. Anyway, Mrs. Potluck is very chilly now to Mrs. Fertile.

An indiscreet habit of visiting children is to eat with zest things they won't touch at home.

Mungo Pimrott, 8, a notoriously

shy feeder, was an overnight guest at our place.

His mother, when she called to pick him up, said: "I suppose Mungo just nibbled at his food."

"No. He ate a fair dinner," my wife replied. "He seems quite fond of parsnips."

"Parsnips!" said Mrs. Pimrott, amazed. "Do you mean to say he ate parsnips?"

She could scarcely conceal her resentment.

In case I seem to be giving too much of a build-up to our cuisine, I must add that some guests do not show enthusiasm for it.

The day Gloria Jones, 6, came to lunch we had cold meat and salad.

After taking a look at the dishes offered, Gloria said: "I hate every single thing on this table."

The tactful guest should steer a course between the two extremes of behaviour exemplified by Gloria Jones and Marilyn Potluck.

Don't say your hostess' food is hateful. On the other hand, don't praise it so much that you offend your home cook. Remember, she is the one who can get you into a stew.



A reproduction of this R. Malcolm Warner painting, suitable for framing, is available free of charge from Shell Service Stations throughout Australia.

## TASMANIA . . . THE VERDANT ISLAND STATE

The "Apple Isle" is often likened to England because of its rich verdant green countryside. It is a land of neat farms, orchards, English flowers, berries and hawthorn. In contrast to the closer settled areas the sparsely populated wild mountainous regions blanketed in native trees and plants paint a background of unique beauty. Tasmania is always beautiful; but an Autumn visit with its colourful contrasts will reward the tourist with unsurpassable scenic delights. Australia is richly endowed with such tourist attractions and people planning holidays or long-service leave will be well advised to seriously consider a motoring holiday in this interesting island continent in which we live.

FREE TOURING SERVICE. Shell offers you Australia's most complete range of touring literature to assist you in your motoring travels. This comprises clear, accurate road maps, general touring information such as road conditions, location of motels, camping and caravan sites, as well as tips on what to take, how to pack and even suggestions on how to keep the children amused. In addition, you will receive a personal introduction card to all Shell Dealers along the way. All you need do is apply to a Shell Dealer, telling him where you want to go. And remember, wherever you go throughout Australia . . . You can be sure of SHELL.

DISCOVER AUSTRALIA WITH SHELL



1. River Buttercup. 2. Field Daisy. 3. Camomile Sun Ray. 4. Richea. 5. Dicapsora. 6. Yellow Bottle Brush. 7. Mountain Daisy Bush. 8. Cluster Snow Berry. 9. Crimson Berry. 10. Common Hovea. 11. Native Arbutus. 12. Blunt-tongued Greenhood. 13. Red Currant Bush. 14. Native Raspberry.

# Is your family ACTIVE & VITAL or only 'JUST WELL'?

The wonder of vitamins and the tremendous contributions they make to real health . . . an Australian achievement in nutrition . . . what thousands of mothers have found 'AKTA-VITE' will do for their husbands, children and themselves . . . what it will do for convalescents, the elderly and those under severe strain of work.

MOST of us who think ourselves in good health are, in fact, not always "a hundred per cent". It is common to hear people say, "Oh yes, I feel well enough", but they add "I only get a bit tired now and then and sometimes can't sleep", or "I seem to be off my food".

Through lack of knowledge these people speak of such troubles as being only natural — just a part of modern living.

Actually they are a part of modern living, but modern living is not altogether natural living in the true sense of the word and some assistance is often needed. The difference between being "just well" and "right on top" is, in many cases, a matter of good nutrition.

## What is good nutrition?

It is not necessarily the taking of a lot of food — it is largely the result of proper balance in the various components of the food and is absolutely essential for maximum health.

A balanced diet provides adequate amounts of vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates, fats and proteins in the correct proportions of one to another.

## What vitamins do

Of recent years, much has been learned of the vitamins and the part they play. The subject is rather complex and could be dealt with at great length, but a good general understanding can be gained from the following:

Vitamins are substances which occur in minute amounts in the food we eat. They are essential for the proper functioning of the bodily processes and in enabling us to get full value from the food we eat. About twenty vitamins have been identified by animal experiment, but only a few have been shown to be of practical importance in human nutrition. In this class are vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C and D.

VITAMIN A is necessary for clear skin and good eyesight.

VITAMIN B<sub>1</sub> is needed for proper nerve function and to ensure you get the value from energy producing foods. Insufficient vitamin B<sub>1</sub> is a cause of neuritis and kindred complaints.

VITAMIN C is essential, as well as vitamin A, for a good skin and is especially important for healthy gums and teeth.

VITAMIN D is essential for proper bone formation.

## Do we get enough vitamins?

Following are some common, everyday reasons why, we may not:

- Cooking causes a substantial loss of vitamins in some foods.
- Vitamins are often lost through exposure of the food to light and air in the shop.
- The modern practice of taking quick "snack" meals — pie or

toast, etc. — of little or no vitamin value.

- The natural inclination for most people to eat "what they fancy" rather than what they need.
- The worry and strain of modern times which affect digestion.
- The present high cost of food which is causing many to omit certain essential foods from the daily diet.
- Scarcity of some foods at times.
- The need of certain individuals for more than normal amounts of vitamins — expectant and nursing mothers, convalescents, growing children, tense, nervy types of people.

Due to such factors as these it can be seen that vitamin-deficiency is more common than is generally realised and that most of us could well benefit by giving attention to vitamin requirements.

## 'AKTA-VITE' gives you the vitamins

'AKTA-VITE' has been specially designed to provide a "cover" of those four important vitamins already mentioned — A, B<sub>1</sub>, C and D. It contains each of these vitamins in a highly concentrated form so that only small amounts are needed to bring the average diet right up to full requirements. Anyone taking 'AKTA-VITE', if they have been even slightly deficient in any of these vitamins, will soon

feel the benefit in better appetite, more restful sleep and zest for living. By restoring the lacking vitamins, 'AKTA-VITE' acts as a tonic of the most natural kind — a food tonic.

'AKTA-VITE' makes an excellent hot or cold milk drink — but it can be taken in a number of other enjoyable ways — sprinkled on ice-cream, fruit dishes or breakfast cereals, sweets, junkets, etc., or in bread and butter sandwiches.

One important point to be realised about 'AKTA-VITE' is that its pleasant taste should not lead to the belief that it is just another ordinary "milk addition" product. 'AKTA-VITE' is a supplier of large amounts of essential vitamins in a pleasant-to-take form.

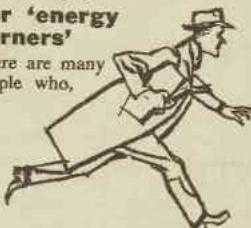
## Everyone in your family can benefit from delicious 'AKTA-VITE'

### For strenuous sports

Athletes have every reason to give attention to their vitamin requirements. 'AKTA-VITE' helps the body to use the food efficiently; without adequate vitamin intake energy-giving foods can be largely wasted.

### For 'energy burners'

There are many people who,



lating the appetite which may be dulled through lack of proper exercise, soothing the nerves and aiding the mental condition by promoting sleep.

### For convalescents

The further one is from normal health the more the need to build up. The 'AKTA-VITE' way to rebuild is a sure and natural way, because it ensures full amounts of vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C and D. Moreover, the pleasant taste of 'AKTA-VITE' has a particular appeal at any time when many are inclined to be more "finicky" than usual.

### For striving students and adolescents

Rapid growth and long hours of study may take heavy toll of health if allowed to go on too long. At such times the body needs more nourishment. In



ALL cases a sure intake of vitamins is, to say the least, a very wise precaution. A course of 'AKTA-VITE' is highly recommended at such times.

### For the housewife

The housewife nowadays bears a heavy burden and often feels far from well, though not actually ill. It is in these vague conditions that 'AKTA-VITE' can be of great value.

### For expectant mothers

The expectant or nursing mother needs more vitamins than normally. 'AKTA-VITE' is the surest way she can get them. Also

'AKTA-VITE' milk drinks have been found to be invaluable in helping mothers breast-feed their babies by improving the milk supply.



### For early growth

Toddlers and children need greater amounts of vitamins during periods of rapid growth. During such times 'AKTA-VITE' will be found a boon, giving them their vitamins in acceptable form. Children who dislike milk love it when 'AKTA-VITE' is added.

EPO/5218

DELICIOUS  
**'AKTA-VITE'**  
TRADE MARK



a power for health Daily 'AKTA-VITE' costs only 2½d. a day.

ASK YOUR  
FAMILY  
CHEMIST —  
HE KNOWS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 24, 1960

# WORTH REPORTING

GERMANY is the best place in the world for opera singers, according to Melbourne-born singer Robert Allman.

Mr. Allman, who arrived here recently after having spent five years overseas, said he knew of 43 German opera houses running (profitably) throughout the year.

More than that, German opera singers received an "adequate" pension at 55.

While in Australia, the 31-year-old baritone will sing in Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane with the Elizabethan Trust Opera Company,



Baritone Robert Allman

and (in Melbourne) with the National Theatre Movement.

And then, because he says it is impossible to make a living as an opera singer in Australia, he will return to Germany at the end of the year with his wife and two-year-old daughter, Margaret.

Mr. Allman's career began with a scholarship to study in Paris with Professor Dominique Modessi (whose wife was the Australian singer Norma Gadsden).

"One of the most interesting things about Paris was our flat," he told us.

"It was in the Latin Quarter, and the landlady claimed it had been the home of Madame Pompadour."

## "I want to be an artist . . ."

A TRAVEL poster by Sydney artist Eileen Mayo has been selected from 12,000 entries as one of the best designed in 1959.

The poster shows a striped, spiky-nosed Barrier Reef fish above the boldly lettered word "AUSTRALIA."

Small, silver-haired Miss Mayo says she remembers exactly when she first wanted to be an artist.

"I was four, and staying with an aunt. She took me for a walk, and we stopped to look at a painting.



Artist Eileen Mayo

"It was a deer, probably by Landseer. Not the 'Stag at Bay,' but something simply frightful. I was enchanted."

"When I grow up I'm going to be an artist," I announced. I've never wanted to do anything else."

When she did grow up, English-born Miss Mayo went to Paris, where, at the Academie Montmartre, she studied with the famous French artist Fernand Leger.

"He had a great, big, dirty studio. He had no formal lessons. We would spend a whole week drawing from life, and on Friday afternoons Leger came in and criticised.

"I remember one surrealistic grouping very well. There were four models: A girl with a long piece of rope, a boy on a bicycle, a girl seated, and a negress with a jar on her head. All nude."

MORE incidental information: a hare can leap over a seven-foot fence . . . Probably clears it by a hair's breadth.

## This donkey is a honey

HER name is Ambrosia. She is the ideal pet. She is clean and friendly, and she "cuts the lawn" where the mower won't reach.

Ambrosia is a donkey. She belongs to Lieut.-Col. Patrick Britten, who commanded the first battalion of the Grenadier Guards for two and a half years in Cyprus.

When the colonel and his family returned home to England, the donkey went, too.

Ambrosia does have a few drawbacks. She is particularly fond of cigarettes, and prefers filtertips.

That's why the colonel often has to apologise to guests for an empty cigarette-box.

"Unfortunately," he says, "my donkey has just eaten my last . . ."

WE'LL be tactfully vague—but one Australian young-man-about-town wears a yellow-and-white-striped nightcap.

If he didn't, he says his hair would be absolutely unmanageable in the mornings.



Donkey Ambrosia—"Make mine filtertips, please."

## Melbourne's music man

TED SCOTT and Carolyn

Maye, American stars of Melbourne's new musical, "Music Man," were rehearsing a romantic scene when we met them in the garden of a Sydney hotel.

There they were, standing under a weeping-willow tree, whispering sweet nothings—but her hair was in pins, and he was wearing a striped sports jacket.

Ted—who looks a little like Bob Hope—has an unusual and exacting role in the play.

He is, of course, the Music Man himself — "Professor" Harold Hill, an attractive confidence-man who sets out to swindle the people of a small mid-Western U.S. town.

But the Professor reforms (or almost). He falls in love



Carolyn and Ted

with a pretty librarian, Marian (Carolyn Maye).

Ted and Carolyn began their acting careers at school. "We were too lazy to study for anything else," Ted said.

When "Music Man" opens in Melbourne next month, they'll be working together for the first time since they both appeared in "Kismet" on Broadway.

## Now's the time to change to HOOVER CONSTELLATION

Reg. Trade Mark

### the cleaner that 'walks on air'

ONLY HOOVER CONSTELLATION HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

- Floats on its own air stream. Canister glides behind you a fraction of an inch above floor. No pulling and tugging!
- Suction power YOU control. At a flick of a finger, super power cuts to right strength for curtains and furnishings. Wide nozzle gives full suction on floor.
- Double s-t-r-e-t-c-h hose and swivel-top canister give easy round-the-room cleaning from floor to ceiling. Plastic-covered tools can't damage furniture.
- Large capacity throw-away dustbag. No need to touch dirt! Just lift bag out and throw it away or empty and use again.

"Retire-your-old-cleaner" Month means top trade-in values.

PRICE 42 guineas  
complete with cleaning tools and spray gun.



HC.49.WW749

Page 29



Get top trade-in value  
for your tired old  
cleaner at your  
Hoover retailer this  
month

# Butter

is the secret of this magic minute pastry

Have you ever wished you could make wonderful pastry — light, tender, flaky, every time? Then cut out this page and keep it — it can make your wish come true!

This pastry is made in a very quick and special way but — most important — it must be made with butter. Butter is the secret of its faster blending, crisp yet melting texture and that delicate "home-made" taste.

Even if you've never imagined you had a light hand for pastry, try this special butter recipe and see! (You'll be proud of the difference butter makes to *all* your cooking. Whatever recipe you use, butter makes it better.)

**MAGIC MINUTE PASTRY** Chop or slice 4 ozs. of butter into a bowl. Add 2 tablespoons boiling water. Beat with a fork about 30 seconds, then stir in 6 ozs. (1½ measuring cups) plain flour. Roll out and fold in three. Repeat several times. Wrap and refrigerate for at least an hour (or up to a fortnight if you wish).

**PARTY PASTRIES** Recipes for all the tempting desserts on this page, made from Magic Minute Butter Pastry appear on the opposite page. They have been prepared as a special service from Australian Dairy Produce Board.



AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCE BOARD

# Save these wonderful BUTTER RECIPES for Pastries



## GLAZED APPLE PIE

Everyone likes apple pie — especially this apple pie. Try it and see! Peel, core and slice 5 or 6 apples into a saucepan. Add 1-1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind several cloves and a tablespoon of butter. Do not add water. Cook with the lid off — slowly at first until the juice begins to come, then rapidly to reduce the liquid. This will prevent the apples from bubbling out of the pie. When they are just tender, remove from the heat and leave till cold. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon flour. Line a pie plate with Magic Minute Pastry rolled 1/8" thick. Fill with the apples, cover with more pastry and tuck the top pastry well in under the bottom pastry, crimping the edges to seal securely. Sprinkle with sugar, cut several gashes in the top and bake about 30 minutes in a moderate oven. TO GLAZE: Dissolve 1 tablespoon sugar in 1 tablespoon water in a small saucepan. When pie is nearly cooked, brush with this syrup and return to oven.

## STAR TURN TARTS

Crisp, dainty, delicious! Vary the fillings and trimmings to suit the occasion. Use fancy tartlet tins — star-shaped, if you have them. Roll Magic Minute Pastry 1/8" thick. Cut into circles a little larger than the tins. Press over the backs of inverted tins, covering each with another tin, so that the tartlet will be fluted both inside and out. Bake right-side-up in a moderately hot oven, carefully lifting out the inner tin when the shells are nearly cooked. They will take approximately 10-12 minutes. When cold, brush with jam and fill with packaged dessert in your favourite flavour... or fruit and whipped cream... or bananas glazed with apricot jam... or — at the last minute — big scoops of ice cream topped with warmed raspberry jam.

## STRAWBERRY BUTTERHORNS

These are real party pastries — but no trouble at all to make! Roll Magic Minute Pastry 1/8" thick and cut it in long strips 1" - 1" wide. Using cream horn moulds (or wedge shaped pieces of very stale bread) start winding strips from the bottom to the top. Let the pastry overlap slightly all the way — or do not wind it tightly or it will break when you try to remove the mould. Bake on ungreased trays in a moderately hot oven until just tinted. Remove moulds carefully. When cold, fill with strawberry jelly and sweetened whipped cream and top with a strawberry. Dredge with icing sugar.

## FRENCH PASTRIES

Elegant, easy — and a sure-fire success in any company. Roll Magic Minute Pastry 1/8" thick. Cut into rounds, bars and fancy shapes, allowing for the fact that pastry always shrinks a little as it rises. Bake 10-12 minutes, or till golden-brown in a hot oven. When cold, put together in twos or threes with French cream and raspberry jam, or with lemon butter and whipped cream, or with thick custard stiffened with a little gelatine. Ice the tops with vanilla or chocolate icing and decorate as you wish. French Cream. Combine 2 level tablespoons of soft butter, 1 level dessertspoon icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, one tablespoon hot water, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla and 4 1/2 level tablespoons powdered milk. Beat well with a rotary beater or electric mixer. If not quite thick enough, allow to stand several minutes before using.

## STUFFED PEACH DUMPLINGS

Year-round favourites because you make them with canned peaches and rich surprise — you stuff them with cream cheese. Combine 4 ozs. cream or cottage cheese with 2 level tablespoons of brown sugar and a few scrapes of lemon rind. Drain canned peach halves thoroughly, allowing two for each dumpling. Roll Magic Minute Pastry 1/8" thick. Cut into 6" squares. Place a peach half, cut side up, in the middle of each. Fill each peach with the cream cheese mixture and top with another peach half. Hold the halves together with toothpicks. Moisten the 4 opposite corners of pastry with warm water, and bring them up over each stuffed peach, pressing firmly together. Top with a tiny round of pastry. Brush with water, sprinkle with sugar and bake about 25 minutes, or till golden-brown, in a hot oven. Remove toothpicks and serve warm with cream or ice-cream.

## CHERRY ORCHARD PIE

Use fresh cherries in season... canned cherries out of season. Line a tart plate with Magic Minute Pastry. Build up the rim and flute it prettily. Drain a large can of cherries (or use 1 lb. of fresh cherries) and mix them with 1-1 cup sugar, 2 level tablespoons flour and 1 dessertspoon lemon juice. Turn the cherries into the pie shell and dot with small pieces of butter. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes, and then reduce heat to moderate and bake another 20-25 minutes — or till cherries are tender. For a wonderful shiny red glaze: Spoon melted red currant jelly over the top of the baked pie.

## YOUR GROCERY ORDER

These are the ingredients you will need to make these delicious pastries. Some of them will be on your pantry shelf already — others may need to go on your next order from the grocer.

Butter. Plain Flour. Canned peaches and cherries. Sugar. Icing Sugar. Vanilla. Golden Syrup. Powdered Milk. Cream or Cottage Cheese. Jams. Strawberry Jelly Crystals. Packaged dessert mixes.

# DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

• The shortie pyjamas illustrated below were chosen for a reader in Darwin.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"WOULD it be possible to post me one of your patterns for a pair of baby-doll pyjamas in size 32in. bust? I would like the pyjamas to have bloomer legs and a top with no sleeves and some lace for a trimming. What do you think would be a suitable material for hot-weather wear?"

The shortie pyjamas you wrote me about are illustrated at right. The lace-trimmed, sleeveless top matched to bloomer pants looks pretty and cool. For the material I suggest a no-iron cotton in deep rose or sapphire-blue — vivid color for lingerie is very new.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"PLEASE will you help me solve a color problem? I have dark auburn hair, and my girl-friend says I should wear only subdued colors. Is this correct?"

I don't agree with your girl-friend's color sense. I consider a girl with your coloring can wear white, violet, and lilac, all shades of green, turquoise, beige, and caramel.

"I HAVE some silk floral print to make up and wear to my sister's wedding if you think it would be correct. The wedding is early afternoon and not very formal. I want something a bit unusual. I take an SSW."

Silk print, made in a jacket costume, would be suitable for an informal afternoon wedding. For the design I suggest a sleeveless dress with a scoop neckline and a knife-pleated slim skirt finished with



DS392.—Shortie pyjamas in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Require 3 1/2 yds. 36in. material and 3yds. lace. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

a harem hemline. Have the jacket waist-length and finished with a largish collar and above-elbow sleeves.

"MY problem is a style for a dressy afternoon frock that I can also wear to the theatre. I will be making the frock in black organza over a silk taffeta slip. I am fair, with shoulder-length hair and blue eyes. I am 23, and a little on the thin side."

A double bertha collar in lieu of sleeves would be a pretty idea for a black organza late-day dress. Have the skirt dome shape and the dress belted in black patent leather. Black patent is new for accessories.

## YOUR BOOKSHELF

### "I Will Not Serve"

Eveline Mahyere (Muller).

A strange book by a French writer (translated by Antonia White), powerful in its hysterical intensity. The emotions of Sylvie, the schoolgirl heroine and narrator (mainly through letters and diary extracts), are so unbalanced — as revealed in her outpourings of love for her mathematics mistress — that they make negative her life and destroy any human relationships. A sad sequel to the story is that the author, soon after writing it, committed suicide. This then is the testimony of a person who is suffering from severe emotional disturbance.

### "Scrapbook for the 'Twenties"

Leslie Baily (Muller).

A collection of anecdotes, comments, news items, and criticisms of the 1920s based on B.B.C. programmes, "Radio Scrapbook," conducted by the author. It shows that, apart from Noel Coward, the Charleston, mad parties, and short skirts, many wonders of the age had their begin-

ning in the 'twenties — air travel, the jet-engine, penicillin, and radio entertainment. It was also a period of troubled politics. Much of the book's interest lies in its fascinating scraps of contemporary comment and many illustrations.

### "A Thousand And One Australians."

Jeanne Heal (Michael Joseph).

The author, a charming and feminine Englishwoman, wrote this book after about four months in Australia. She visited cities and towns as far apart as Cairns and Perth, and her impressions are interesting and well-written. Everything was exciting and fascinating, and every Australian (Old or New) was honest, hard-working, hospitable, and happy. This is nice to know, but one does wish that she had added a few criticisms. For this reason, her remarks about Sydney and Proserpine, both of which she loathed, are the liveliest in the book. A rather flattering picture of Australia with lots of interesting information, especially for non-Australians.



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enjoyment  
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For information consult your travel agent, Shaw Savill Line, Huddart Parker, Union S.S. Co., Qantas or the New Zealand Govt. Tourist Bureau (Sydney or Melbourne).

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The New Zealand Travel Industry—air and shipping lines, hotels and transport—is dedicated to your comfort and enjoyment in New Zealand.

Page 32

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 24, 1960



● Guests at The Hermitage, Mt. Cook, magnificent holiday hotel and tourist heart of New Zealand's South Island, enjoy the morning sunlight against an inspiring background of Alpine scenery.

## NEW ZEALAND HOLIDAYS

● Here, by Ronald McKie, is a 16-page survey of New Zealand. In pictures and stories it shows a country that is a tourist wonderland of lakes, streams, lush farmland, and snow-covered mountains, where Maori and European together have established a new society.

NEW ZEALAND is one of those countries, rare on the holiday maps and brochures of the world, which has everything for the tourist. Its extraordinary variety of climate and scenic beauty is unsurpassed.

In the extreme south of New Zealand's South Island a large yellow sign above a river gorge marks the 45th Parallel—the half-way line, which swings below Tasmania, between the Equator and the South Pole.

Yet, in the extreme north, overlooking the blue, wooded coves of the Bay of Islands, Mt. Bledisloe is 1300 miles almost due east of Sydney.

So that within this span of about 1000 miles you can range from snow mountains, glaciers, and fjords to the semi-tropical rain forests of the far north.

New Zealand has the added holiday advantage of short distances from main cities to tourist centres, a fine road system, and first-class hotels.

South Island has its Milford Sound and even deeper fjords, its blue, mountain-ringed lakes from Tekapo to Te Anau, its high alps dominated by Mt. Cook, its farmland of Canterbury, Otago, and the Nelson district as green as England and as neat as massed bowling greens.

North Island, its scenery less majestic and its fields less English, has the sullen wonder of volcanoes like Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe, and an inland sea, packed with trout, like Lake Taupo, the rumbling, man-harnessed steam bores of Wairakei, the glow-worm caves of Waitomo, and the hot springs and geysers of Rotorua.

North or South in these beautiful islands, where the visitor is always welcome, you can ski, skate, fish, hunt, climb, camp, sail, see thoroughbreds from famous studs race on fine tracks, watch some of the best Rugby football in the world.

New Zealand is one of the few countries where the authorities almost plead with you to hunt deer and chamois.

It is also one of the few countries where the mountaineer will find 17 Alpine peaks, all above 10,000ft., in the South Island.

New Zealand's streams and lakes are packed with trout, and its northland seas are so noted for marlin and makao and other big fish that between March 14 and 23 fishermen from at least 10 countries will compete in an international meet arranged by the New Zealand Big Games Fishing Council.

For that holiday you can take your pick. New Zealand has everything.

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That's my recipe for food I know  
you will enjoy".

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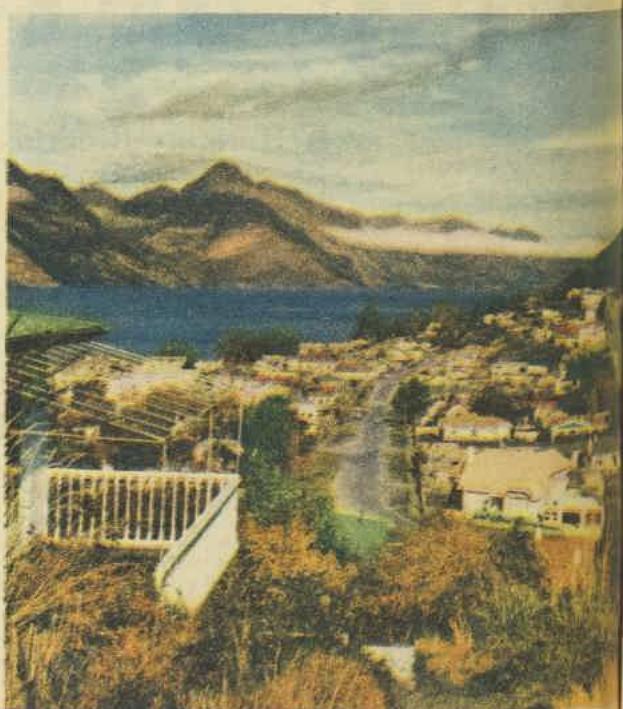
A NEW ZEALAND PRODUCT



● The red speck on the snow is a ski-plane on the 18-mile-long, two-mile-wide Tasman Glacier below Mount Cook (12,349ft.). Landing on the 1000ft.-thick glacier, one of the world's biggest, is an unforgettable experience.

## A tourist's wonderland

● New Zealand is much like a child's lucky-packet; small in size (Australia is thirty times as large), but crammed with variety. Within its 1000-mile span is the world's most concentrated range of superb scenery and tourist attractions. Pictures on these pages show four of the many trips available to the holidaymaker.



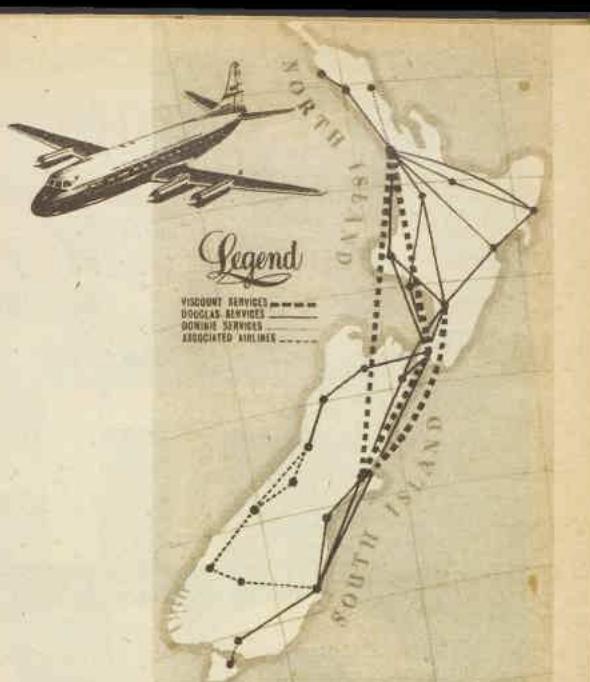
● Queenstown, on South Island, is like a part of Switzerland on the side of mountain-ringed Lake Wakatipu. It is one of the world's most perfect spots for a holiday.



● From the air the many-colored thermal region of Rotorua and its surrounding lakes, mountains, and forests looks like another planet. Tourists can see impressive Maori festivals there.



● Some of New Zealand's finest scenery may be seen from the windows of the fast trans-Alpine railcar that runs between Christchurch, on the Pacific, and Greymouth, on the West Coast.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 24, 1960



• Maori women serve food direct from the hangi.

## A hangi feast

- The old Maori way of life is dying, but the lucky visitor to New Zealand can still see a real hangi.



• John Te Herekiekie Grace, kinsman of cricketer Dr. W. G. Grace, is a descendant of the high priest of the *Arawa* canoe which reached N.Z. from Polynesia in the 14th century.



• Another distinguished Maori aristocrat, Rev. Pakake Heketoro Leonard, a descendant of the captain of the *Arawa* canoe, aged 58, is traditional carver of his tribe.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 24, 1960

BESIDE a road south of Auckland, a dozen bright-eyed Maori children were playing between two brown tents decorated with silver fern leaves.

In the big tent their mothers, in gay skirts and blouses, were laying long tables for the coming feast. But in the small tent, which contained a covered mattress and a-framed photograph of a Maori man propped against a pillow, six old women in black nodded and gossiped.

The hangi or Maori oven — a 5ft. mound of steaming earth over cooking food — was behind the tents. The men gathered there after a mass service when they sang hymns and native laments in Maori.

"You are welcome to share our food," a fat, smiling Maori said, "but I ask that you don't mention our names because this is a religious ceremony in memory of my father whose picture is in that tent and who died on this day a year ago."

Many hours before, these Maoris had prepared the hangi — cleared the ground, built a fire to heat the cooking stones, put on a pig, a sheep, a bag of eels, and a huge wire basket of potatoes, pumpkin, and carrots, covered it all with flour sacks instead of the traditional leaves, sprinkled heavily with water, and covered the lot with earth.

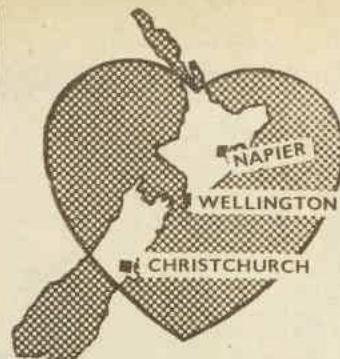
Now they shovelled the smouldering earth, uncovered the steaming food, and carted it away in clothes baskets and tubs to the big tent where the women served it with heaps of boiled watercress.

"Haere mai ("come"), the women called, and the old and the young hurried to their places.

And then, a little impatiently, to the men: "Ka matau nga kai" ("the food is getting cold").

It was, too—but delicious. Then it was time for us to go — the two strangers who had been invited at the roadside to share food from the hangi.

"You pakehas (whites) were welcome," the host said — the host who can't be named.



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*Waterloo Hotel*

New Zealand's most luxurious hotel, in the hub of the transport system, the Waterloo is renowned for its comfort and cuisine, and its facilities for catering for every tourist requirement.

**CHRISTCHURCH**

*Warners Hotel*

In beautiful Cathedral Square, Christchurch . . . the gateway to the South Island, Warners Hotel offers luxury and exclusiveness to the overseas visitor. Hot and cold water and telephone in every room, private bathrooms, and suites available. Central heating and an excellent and varied cuisine.

Reservations may be booked through any Tourist Agency, or by cabling direct to "Breweries," Wellington.

2895

Page 37



Maori woman cooks basket of food in Rotorua's boiling springs.



Tail-less, wing-less Kowhai lays an egg a fifth of her own weight.



Mitre Peak towers a mile above Milford Sound.

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# Food that's different



● The South Island salmon run—  
January-April—is on, and these fisher-  
men at the mouth of a snow-fed Canterbury  
river hope to land a 40-pounder.

● Ask New Zealanders if they have  
a national dish and they'll say  
Pavlovas—meringue, covered with  
fruit and whipped cream.

BUT if you have a more  
sophisticated palate, an urge for something  
more exotic, fresh whitebait or toheroas  
should satisfy you more.

Whitebait are caught, mostly in the rivers of South Island's narrow, rugged West Coast, in nets and traps.

Fresh, they look like wrig-  
gling spun glass. Cooked with  
butter or made into fritters  
(patties on the West Coast)

they taste like something prepared  
in the kitchens of heaven.

Toheroas, New Zealand's famous shellfish delicacy, are found mostly on North Island beaches, and are rigidly protected to prevent extinction.

During the short July-August season people dig for them with a stick or wooden spade (metal is not allowed), and the daily catch limit is 20 each or 50 to a car.

Minced they make delicious fritters or soup. And their flavor? Author Eric Linklater tried when he said: "Imagine the world's finest oysters fed for a year on the choicest asparagus tips."

Also highly recommended: Sweet tender venison, smoked trout soured in butter, smoked pink marlin (very rich, used for savories in the north), grilled mutton bird, Canterbury lamb, crayfish salad.

Afternoon tea in New Zealand is not a snack but a meal. Even on remote country roads you can always find



● Digging for  
toheroas on  
Muriwai Beach,  
North Island, has  
many attractions.

a shop or room where they will serve you strong tea, sandwiches, scones, cakes, and often pikelets with butter and jam—all for 2/-.

A pleasant New Zealand hotel habit is to serve, almost invariably, a dish of dates, ginger, and peanuts at dinner. And if you like cream—there's a large weight-adding bowl on every New Zealand table.



● The big scoop net  
is one method used on  
a river south of Grey-  
mouth, on the West  
Coast, for whitebait.



● This wood-and-wire  
trap, lifted from a river  
near Mussel Point,  
West Coast, contained  
150lb. of whitebait.

SEE NEW ZEALAND  
at your leisure . . .

## MUTUAL DRIVE YOURSELF TOURS

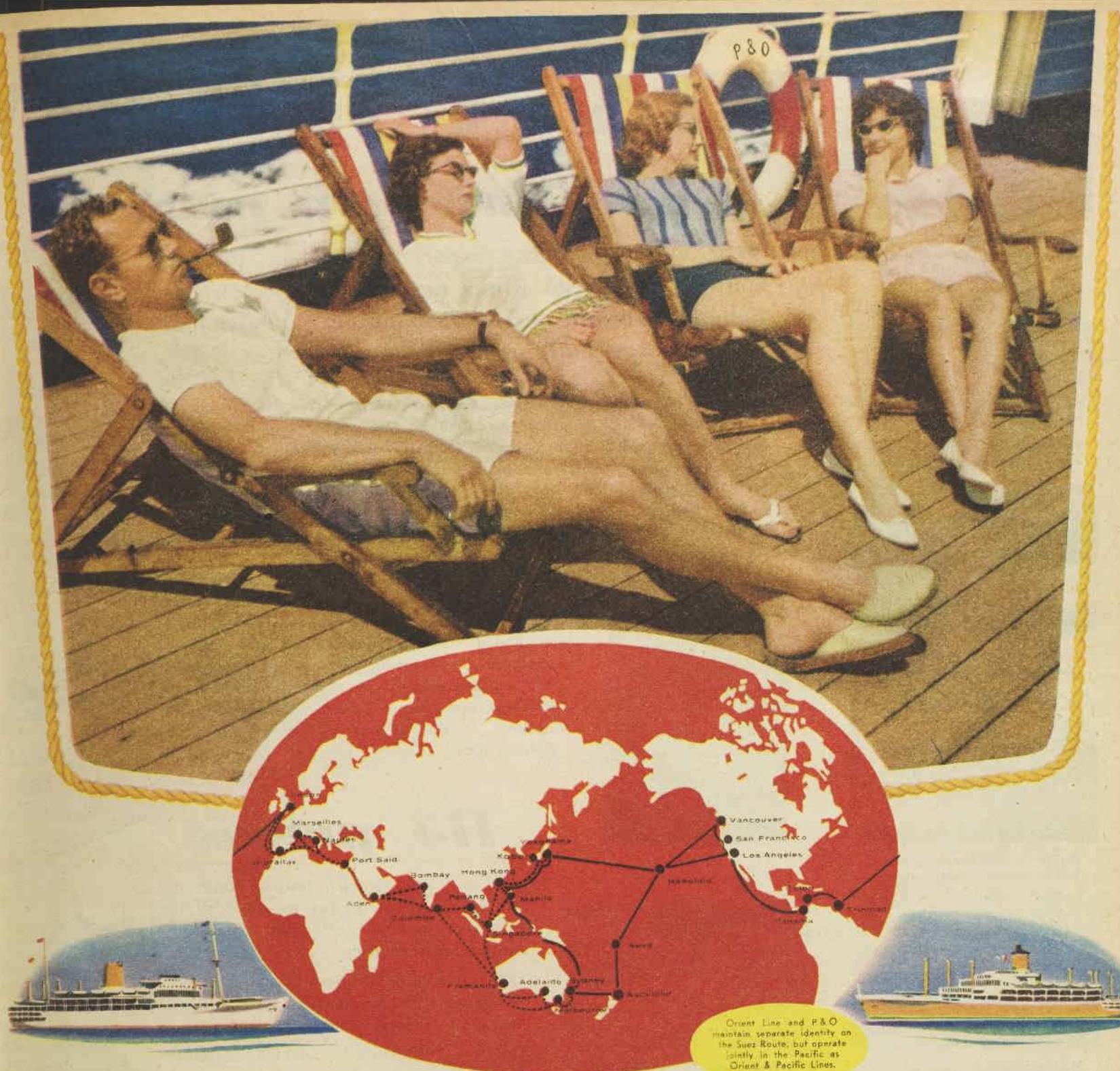
The ideal way to see New Zealand, to enjoy its unique, wonderful scenery—A MUTUAL Drive Yourself Tour. You travel at your leisure, go where you please and when you please with the security of 65 MUTUAL Rental Depots of your service throughout your journey.

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stadium-like arenas. Then, in the cool of an evening brilliant with tropic stars, you may dine lavishly, dance gaily to the ship's orchestra . . . or attend a gala "race-meeting." Between these long, delightful days at sea it's fun to discover new and lovely lands, new customs, new ways of life . . . to shop around world-famous stores or jostling, colourful native markets . . . to try exciting new foods, exotic fruits. With the giant ship as your home — whether briefly on a refreshing short sea holiday or on a wonderful world-wide voyage of relaxation and delight — you'll find at your disposal on board shops and libraries, bars and "taverns," dance areas, lounges and writing rooms, beauty salons, post offices, banks, well-equipped modern hospitals, and children's nurseries and play decks. (\*"Iberia" is to be fully air-conditioned shortly.)

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Milford Sound, one of the world's awe-inspiring sights.



Christchurch, on the Avon, is like a beautiful English city.



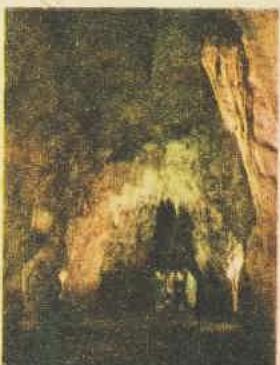
Attractive scenery round Mt. Egmont, at New Plymouth.

# WIN A HOLIDAY

## Plan your own prize

● Be your own travel expert in this new, exciting contest. You could win a magnificent three weeks' holiday in beautiful New Zealand, all expenses paid — and spending money, too!

All you have to do is complete the entry form by marking the places you would most like to visit in New Zealand. The pictures in this Supplement may be used as a guide to your choice. It costs nothing to enter—you need only a pencil. Entrants must nominate (a) choice of transport to and from New Zealand: one way by sea and the other by air; (b) city of entry to New Zealand and city of departure; (c) visits to 10 main tourist centres in order of preference, (not necessarily in order of visiting), and 16 sightseeing trips selected from those centres. Each entrant also must write 25 words on "Why I would like to visit New Zealand." You must nominate one way by sea and one by air. Do not worry about time-tables or method of travel in New Zealand. Indicate your preference by marking the appropriate squares. The winning entries — coupons combined with 25-word statements — will be those which in the opinion of the judges suggest the best N.Z. holiday tour.



The Cathedral, in Waitomo's vast caves.



Oriental Bay in Wellington, the capital of New Zealand.



Mount Douglas, at the head of the great Fox Glacier.



Wairakei, south of Rotorua, is a popular tourist resort.

## 113 prizes

1ST — Three weeks' holiday tour of New Zealand for two people with all expenses paid — and £50 spending money between them.

2ND — Pye 66 de luxe Console Stereo-gram with 4 speakers and 4-speed automatic record changer.

3RD — "Whiteway" electric agitator washing-machine.

4th — Original oil painting of New Zealand landscape by famous New Zealand artist Marcus King.

5th — Light-weight travel robe by Klipper.

6th to 53rd—48 prizes each of 3lb. of New Zealand's celebrated blue-vein cheese.

54th to 83rd—30 prizes each of a TEAL international airline overnight travel-bag.

84th to 113th—30 prizes each of four 1lb. jars of New Zealand's famous Imperial Bee honey.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

February 24, 1960

# Teenagers

WEEKLY



**NEW HAIR-DO'S  
YOU CAN COPY  
pages 6,7**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

# LETTERS

## Why must a girl be dumb?

SO many articles on "How To Get A Man" tell girls not to appear too intelligent or clever in a male's presence or the big he-man will be frightened away. Really? Does this mean that a naturally clever, intelligent, and well-educated girl has to pretend to be virtually a dumb female just to flatter a male's ego? Does she always have to talk about sport, jazz, films, or his pet subject while suppressing her own desire to talk about archaeology or geology if they are her pet subjects? — *Antonia Obramuwa, Merrylands, N.S.W.*



R. GURNEY  
... too much too soon.

## Boring gaiety

RECENTLY I heard someone say: "I wish I could go out every night." This I have tried, and find it quite boring. I ran out of places to go and never looked forward to coming home from work, bathing, and getting "dressed up." It was, in fact, monotonous. Now I go out three nights a week, look forward to these nights, and I enjoy myself.—*R. Gurney (16), North Innaloo, W.A.*

## Girls' dilemma

WHEN a girl's sixteen she's supposed to play the field where boys are concerned, but then she is considered "a flirt"; if she likes two boys in particular and doesn't know which one she likes best, so goes out with them alternately, she's "two timing"; if she goes with just one boy they howl her down with: "But she's too young to go steady." So what on earth's a girl supposed to do? —*Terry and Marg., Bendigo, Vic.*

## Gift of love

LOVE is the most important gift in life. Some say they are in love when they are 15 or 16, and then suddenly find out they love someone else. You would not call that real love. At the age of 18 you could really find love (for a girl) and at 22 (for a boy). I am 15 and have not found real love yet.—*Elvira Meniguz, North Perth, W.A.*

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

**Our pin-up** Sydney's Ray Melton at 21 is a TV, radio, and recording star with a difference—he's also an interior decorator for a hotel-owning brewery. Ray came here from Hongkong as a baby, went to school in Wollongong. He's 5ft. 11in., likes swimming and tennis.

## Work or fun?

HAVING recently left school and started a job, I now pay my mother £2 board each week. My mother thinks I should do some of my washing and ironing on the weekends, but I disagree, as that is the only time I have to go out and enjoy myself. My mother says she would like to go out on the weekends, but I think this is unfair, as I consider that she has had her day. What do other teenagers think? —*"Unjustly Treated," Sydney.*

## Why fight?

WHY is it that brothers and sisters always fight? I am 13 and have a brother of 11, and we never seem to do anything but quarrel.—*Kay Tyson, Launceston, Tas.*

## Freckles

DO boys like girls with freckles? We are two teenage girls (not redheads) who have freckles—not only on our faces, but on our arms, legs, and backs, too. Come on, boys, give us your honest opinions.—*"The Terrible Two," Eurobodalla, N.S.W.*

## Dead end

BOYS and girls who hang around streets and cafes are branded as boggies and wiggies in country towns. But the town's dead and there's nothing else to do. Why don't the police start a youth club or regular dances for the younger teenagers to help get them off the street?—*Lynette Savage, Leeton, N.S.W.*



LYNETTE SAVAGE  
... youth clubs needed.

## Fare problem

IF, when out with a boy, you are about to board a "pay-as-you-enter" bus, how do you know whether or not the boy is going to pay for both? If the boy is well mannered, he will let the girl on first. Should she assume that he will pay? —*Lynne Buckman, Milson's Point, N.S.W.*

## On the scent

DO all boys dislike girls wearing perfume? Whenever I put a small amount on, my escort says: "Phew, what's that?" or "What did you put that stuff on for?" I love wearing perfume.—*"Scented," Adelaide.*

## Kiss refused

I AM 14 and friendly with a boy of 16. We go to the same school, and at the last school social he offered to walk me home. I was grateful for his company, as I am nervous by myself at night. We walked about a foot apart all the way home and chatted cheerfully and easily. When we arrived home, however, he asked if he could kiss me goodnight. I refused, as I think I am too young, and also my parents would not approve. My girl-friends laughed at me, and said that my parents would not know, anyway. Am I a fool?—*"Good Girl," Dalby, Qld.*

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## Lonely idyll

ONE of my best forms of relaxation is fishing. Dressed in old, comfortable clothes, I go to my favorite spot on an old wharf about a mile from where I live. Here I sit above the sparkling blue of the Lane Cove River, while the hungry sea-gulls zoom above me waiting to catch prawns and other scraps which I throw up to them. Along the tree-lined river are many beautiful old homes, while cruising yachts add to the peaceful picture. I must be a lucky fisherwoman, for I have never gone home without at least two fish, and there have been occasions when I have had up to 12. I have only one complaint. None of my friends share my love of fishing.—*"Fishergirl," Lane Cove, N.S.W.*



CAROLYN DWYER  
... ridiculous prejudice.

## No grudge

MANY teenagers today bear a grudge against our wartime enemies, especially the Japanese. I think this is just a ridiculous prejudice. If a German girl whose father was killed by the Allies during World War II can be friendly towards me by corresponding with me, I see no reason for Australian teenagers who were not similarly affected to bear a grudge. —*Carolyn Dwyer, Hunters Hill, N.S.W.*

## All-rounder

I AM a girl who thinks Fabian, Johnny O'Keefe, and Col Joye are fab., likes rock-'n-roll, pink hair, crazy clothes, and jiving to fast music. "Man," you say, "she's a hep-cat." But no, I am also a girl who likes old-time dancing, quiet clothes, opera, and orchestral music. I like the quiet things in life, like a walk by myself in the afternoon or sitting by myself in the shade. I like the sky at sunset, the sound of church bells. I thoroughly enjoy both sides of my nature. Are many others like me?—*Vaila Nicolson, Sydney.*

## An open letter to teenagers

● "What is the younger generation coming to?" is heard so often that the reaction of most teenagers is to dismiss it with "What do adults know? How can they understand how we feel?"

BUT, disloyal as this may seem to fellow teenagers, it does not surprise me that many adults think most teenagers lack both brains and judgment. Just look at teenage idol Fabian Forte, described as "the hottest star in teenage show business."

Who and what is Fabian, the boy teenage girls admire and therefore the boy on whom teenage boys are supposed to model themselves?

He is a 16-year-old boy who admits to being unable to carry a tune without the aid of echo chambers, engineering gimmicks and other boosters.

Yet he expects to make millionaires of himself and his manager by 1960.

What is there about this boy that makes him what he is?

When he visited Sydney I went to his show because I wished to see what there was about a 16-year-old boy to make 19-year-old girls swoon and scream whenever he comes into view.

I found him a clean-cut, darkly handsome, slightly nervous boy, who still seems faintly surprised by his success.

I was not surprised by his lack of voice and musical knowledge because that is obvious just by listening to his records.

I did expect some form of gimmick to cover this lack, but there was nothing except, of course, the ever-present screamers who drowned out most of the show, anyway.

These girls did not appear to know why they were screaming, except that it was the expected thing to do if one was not to be thought "square."

Fabian lacked a gimmick maybe because his whole show is a gimmick.

His manager, Bob Marucci, with money to invest, picked himself a reasonably presentable young man and spent thousands forcing him on the teenage public.

He bought full-page advertisements in American newspapers announcing his discovery. He made a mystery of Fabian's surname; even his

parents were under contract not to disclose it. By sheer perseverance he finally succeeded in making one of Fabian's records a success.

And as soon as Fabian was accepted by one group of teenagers, others followed blindly because it was the thing to do.

There are many other young teenage idols who have been launched in the same way, their main talent being their ability to get into as many newspaper paragraphs as possible.

Fabian himself said: "I know I am not a singer, but I am getting better with lessons. However, they do not want me to get too good. They say it can ruin me if I do."

So when you hear someone refer to teenagers as immature and lacking in judgment, ask yourself if you are doing anything to justify it.

And if you do not think it is justified, ask yourself how the success of someone like Fabian Forte can be explained.

—*Anne Carroll, Caringbah, N.S.W.*

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 24, 1960

***It's going to be a jazz jamboree with a***

# **COOL, COOL BRUBECK BEAT**

● The far-out jazz fans are really flipped, and no wonder! The Dave Brubeck Quartet should soon be beating out its brilliant brand of cool music in Australia. Man, the jazzbos are really jumping with joy — they've got no doubt about it — this quartet is just the best in the whole wide world.

**B**RUBECK and the boys are expected in Sydney mid-March for an eight-day seven-concert tour — for which they'll receive something like a cool (positively frosty) £15,000.

They're due to open in the Sydney Stadium on March 18 and after a two-night stand will jazz on to Adelaide (where they'll appear during the Adelaide Festival), Melbourne, Newcastle, and Brisbane.

The fans might be in frenzy of anticipation, but they won't be carrying on like rock-n-rollers.

Brubeck's music is for listening, not dancing, and the dedicated jazz fans won't even let you talk while it's playing.

These exponents of modern or "progressive" jazz (as distinct from the original New Orleans jazz) have a style all their own—combining the improvisation of early jazz with the harmonies of classical music.

## **Meet the players**

Thirty-nine-year-old Dave leads the quartet at the piano, Paul Desmond plays alto sax, Joe Morello drums, and Gene Wright bass.

Brubeck and Desmond usually alternate playing the main melodic theme while Morello and Wright on the rhythm instruments give with the straight jazz swing.

They'll start to play some tired old "pop" tune, then improvise on the theme until it's almost unrecognisable, using classical counterpoint and modern dissonances.

It is jazz, even if at times it sounds more like Debussy, Stravinsky, or even Bach.

The quartet literally invents the music they're playing and never play the same thing twice. The only "arranged" passages are occasional introductions and endings.

Brubeck says: "Our primary aim . . . is to convey a mood,

**THE QUARTET**, Dave Brubeck at piano, Paul Desmond, alto sax, Gene Wright, double bass, and Joe Morello, drums. Dave specifies that for concerts piano keyboard must be in line with centre of stage, and he must have a piano bench, not a stool.

a feeling which flows back and forth."

This is an intellectual jazzman, whose original and experimental style produces strange and lovely sounds, and whose strict musical standards have broken down many of the old prejudices against jazz.

Raised on a cattle ranch near Ione, California, Dave started to play the piano at the age of four—not because he was a child prodigy but because his mother was a music teacher.

After finishing high school in 1938 he enrolled in the veterinary science faculty at the College of the Pacific, Stockton, Cal. However, after a year he switched from vet science to study music as a major subject.

He paid his way through college playing in local nightclubs — when he wasn't having jam

**By**  
**PATRICIA**  
**O'CONNELL**

sessions with his room-mates — and graduated with his B.A. in 1942.

Till he joined the U.S. Army he studied under Darius Milhaud at Mills College, Oakland, Cal. While he was in the Army he toured the West Coast of America and Europe as a member of an Army jazz band.

Then, when he was discharged in '46, he went right back to study theory and composition under Milhaud.

The French composer guided his choice of career by encouraging his interest in jazz.

"He told me that if I didn't stick to jazz I'd be working out

of my own field and not taking advantage of my American heritage," Brubeck says.

The Dave Brubeck Octet, a youthful, avant-garde jazz group, got going while Dave was still studying under Milhaud.

It interested serious musicians by its experiments in the use of counterpoint, polytonality, polyrhythms, even poetry in jazz.

Many of these experimental ideas were carried over into the Trio, Brubeck's first recorded group.

In '51 the Trio became The Quartet with the addition of Paul Desmond, who'd been one of the original members of the Octet. The manner of presentation and musical development of these various Brubeck groups anticipated many of the current trends in jazz.

By '52 the boys in the Quartet were well on the way to becoming the idols of the West Coast jazz fans and their beat was spreading right across the States.

Their music reached more and more people through the college concert tours, which kicked off in '52, and the summer music festivals throughout America.

Then in 1958, with the blessing of the U.S. State Department, the Quartet played their way through 14 countries, including Poland, Turkey, Afghanistan, and Iran, on a wildly successful four-month concert tour.

Because, although Brubeck and the boys make music that's as modern as America, its appeal is international.



# Life's never dull under the Big Top

● A deafening roar shook the tarpaulin at our backs, but Illa Lepp didn't move a muscle — "They've just moved the lions up on the other side," she explained calmly. When you've been born and bred in the circus like this 18-year-old, you don't notice the mere sound of a fractious lion.

WE were sitting on boxes — just inside Wirths' circus tent — watching preparations for that night's show. The "sawdust and tinsel" life seemed strangely peaceful.

On every performance day, Illa, dressed in a spangled tutu, shins up a rope and high up under the Big Top strikes daring trick poses — dangling head down with her ankle in a loop, or hanging by a wrist at right-angles to the rope.

"I end with a whirling spin to fast music, and a slow 'come down' to a sort of rhumba," she said.

"The act is known as the descent rope."

By Miriam Fowler

As a sideline act, Illa rides elephants.

There are three other girls and four elephants in this act. The girls wear split skirts, spangled vests, and plumed headgear.

"It's not hard," Illa said nonchalantly, "but messy in wet weather. They flap their muddy ears against your legs.

"Only two of us dismount in the ring. I do the 'sit-on-the-foot' with Lena—my elephant—and Pam Mills does the 'carry-around' with Eily."

After swaying trunk to tail

round the ring, 35-year-old Lena lumbers her four tons from the troupe and strikes a sitting position and eight-stone Illa perches on her knee.

When a four-year-old in Europe, Illa began limbering up for her first ring appearance in her parents' act.

"They were a contortion team called 'The Two Frogs,'" she said. "When I turned five we became 'The Three Frogs'."

During her seven "frogging" years—five on the Continent and two in Australia—Illa twined her legs around her neck, rolled into odd-shaped balls, and tied herself in knots.

When Illa left the act, she broke with family tradition. These Estonian Lepps have been contortionists for centuries. But she didn't break the act. "The Three Frogs" became "The Two Frogs" again, and are still performing in the ring.

"It's the aerial acts for me," Illa said, nodding at the top of the tent.

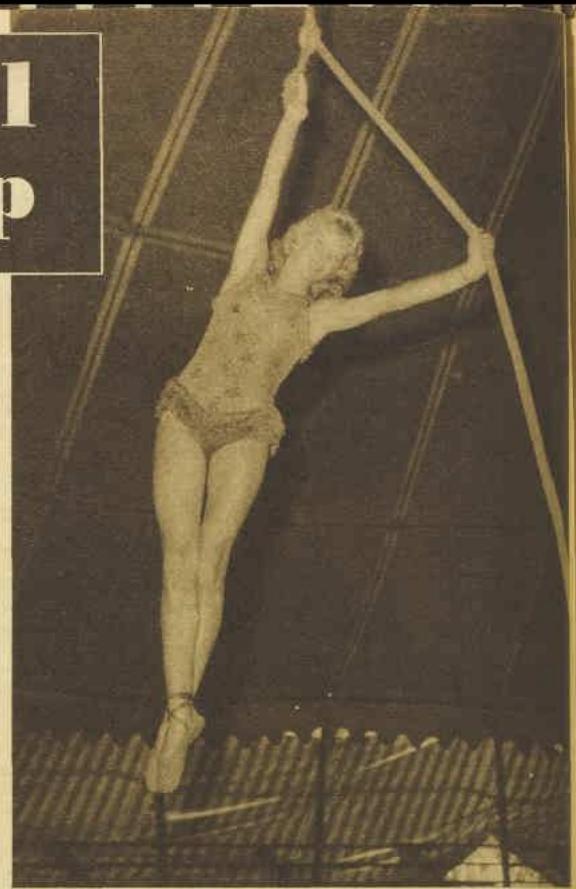
"The higher the better, and the descent rope is my biggest stunt."

"Now I'm practising an aerial 'dental' act with John Meyer—my fiance. We'll put it on when we're married."

Dental acts are the most breath-taking of all above-ground turns. Hanging by the legs from a swing, John grips a "denture" in his mouth with a long pole, swing, and the performing Illa attached.

"It's a terrific strain on his mouth and neck," Illa said. "I hope he doesn't lose his teeth." Fiance John is one of "The

FEATHERS in her hair and spangles on her costume, Illa sits proudly on top of four-ton Lena, her 35-year-old elephant, ready to enter the ring.



CIRCUS GIRL Illa Lepp spends much of her working day near the top of the Big Top. Here she is performing the descent rope dressed in her spangled tu-tu.

Harstons' acrobatic troupe, which came from Denmark five years ago. This five-member team is a family affair, with his parents, uncle, and aunt.

"Here's John now," Illa said, as a red-nosed clown walked towards us from the ring.

"He's been clowning on the side for five years. The head clown told him the do's and don'ts, then put him in the ring to try his luck. He was an immediate success."

Their week is a long one. "Sundays are our only days off," Illa said, "and that means a lot to circus people."

"But in Queensland even Sundays are spent on the move because the distances between stops are so long."

"Usually we travel at night and wake up at our next show site."

Illa has never sat in an ordinary school classroom, as she has always moved with the circus.

"But I didn't escape schooling," she said. "I did correspondence from a Sydney centre, and mother made me do four to five hours' study every day."

And Illa is a proficient shorthand typist. "I type eighty words a minute," she said. "During a break from the circus I once took an office job."

Lions, elephants, camels, gorillas—they don't worry circus artists, but yellow canaries do.

"It's superstition," Illa said. "They bring bad luck."

The circus is full of superstition. Wattle and mouth-organs are unlucky. Some performers refuse to play the piano accordion, others won't wear green, and lion tamers would be horrified if offered a twisted whip handle.

Instead of sleeping on the

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 24, 1960

# Are you a square peg?

By June Page

● Let's talk shop. Not interested? You're really not interested in your job? You're bored and unhappy and fed up with the whole thing?

DON'T blame it on bad luck. More likely, it's downright bad management—not the bad management of your parents, your school, your vocational guidance officer, or the employment agency—YOUR bad management.

After all, your working day fills approximately one-third of each calendar day. It's little short of a crime to waste a third of your only life being miserable. Others don't.

But what can you do about it? It's easy enough to change your job—32,000 teenagers in New South Wales did just that last year. But will they be happy in the next job? Perhaps a change is no solution to your restlessness.

Why are you restless? Is it—honest—deep down that you don't like the idea of working?

Nothing much you can do about that. People SAY they don't like working, but if you are looking for an example of personal happiness and balance, you don't find it in the playboy who skitters from party to party, from country to country, spending his family fortune.

You find it in the young man who's building some career for himself and for the community.

Sounds pretty pompous, doesn't it? And anyway, has all that got anything to do with your boring job answering the switchboard?

## Worthwhile job

It has. Simply because everyone feels keenly the knowledge that they've only been given one life and so they want to make it worth while, primarily worth while for themselves, but there's a feeling, too, that you want to do something which will do good in the world.

O.K. You feel that answering the telephone isn't making your life worth while. Yet, you're perhaps doing a good job, and it's a job which eventually plays an important role in building up the business.

So don't throw it all away and decide to become a hairdresser, because Elizabeth's a hairdresser and she seems to enjoy it.

That "grass in the next paddock is greener" attitude is pretty natural. It's not always

practical, though. Try a little patience.

Perhaps the real reason for your feeling of frustration and restlessness at work has nothing to do with your job at all.

It may be that you're transferring your personal unhappiness and all that teenage upheaval business, lock, stock and grumble, to your job; that the boss, or the type of work, is just a whipping boy for your growing pains.

Medical men claim that this is only natural and that two out of three unsettled teenagers learn to like and even LIVE for their jobs after a couple of years.

## Still restless?

But supposing that that ISN'T why you're unhappy at work. You've got a restless feeling that your job isn't meeting your real abilities—and no matter how far you can progress in it, you feel you could do something else better.

Well then, for heaven's sake, change your job. But to what?

You may be one of those lucky people who can do almost anything successfully, and don't know what you'd be happier doing.

Don't worry. Try everything you'd like to do—provided, of course, that you have the ability to get and hold down the jobs you want to try.

You're young, don't forget, and this is the only chance you'll have to try your hand, to gain experience, to travel, and to revolt against that "being tied down forever" feeling.

By the time you're in your early twenties, odds are that you'll have found a niche for your abilities and the grass in the next paddock will look musty compared with yours.

You usually find that happy workers are those whose jobs fit in with their interests and their type of natural abilities.

For example, the man who spends his leisure hours fixing up a workroom and making gadgets finds that being a turner and fitter during the day is hardly work at all.

The same applies to the concert pianist, the pastrycook, and the interior decorator.

But, you'll argue, these occupations are highly specialised and there is only room for a limited number in the community.



## Or is it just a phase ?

All right, then start a course at night school in the art or craft you're most interested in. But don't change your daytime job until you're absolutely sure that you can stand financially on your own feet in a tough artistic field.

## Importance of £ s. d.

Now money. How important is money in your search for a happy working niche?

It's very important. And one of the greatest causes of dissatisfaction in a job is that you feel your performance is worth more than your salary.

Don't go off at a tangent about this. If you feel you de-

## One of the most important secrets of happiness is to be interested in your job

serve a rise, why not ask the boss?

If your job is worth more, and you are competent, you may get the rise.

If you don't get it, you can then consider whether you can do better in another job.

But think before you leap. Will that extra pound pay more in the long run than your present wage?

People who keep on chopping and changing jobs for the simple £ s. d. find that they lose their chances of promotion to the jobs which carry the big money.

Any new job should be regarded as permanent—until you have to change it for some good reason.

Even girls planning to marry should not consider their jobs just as stop-gaps.

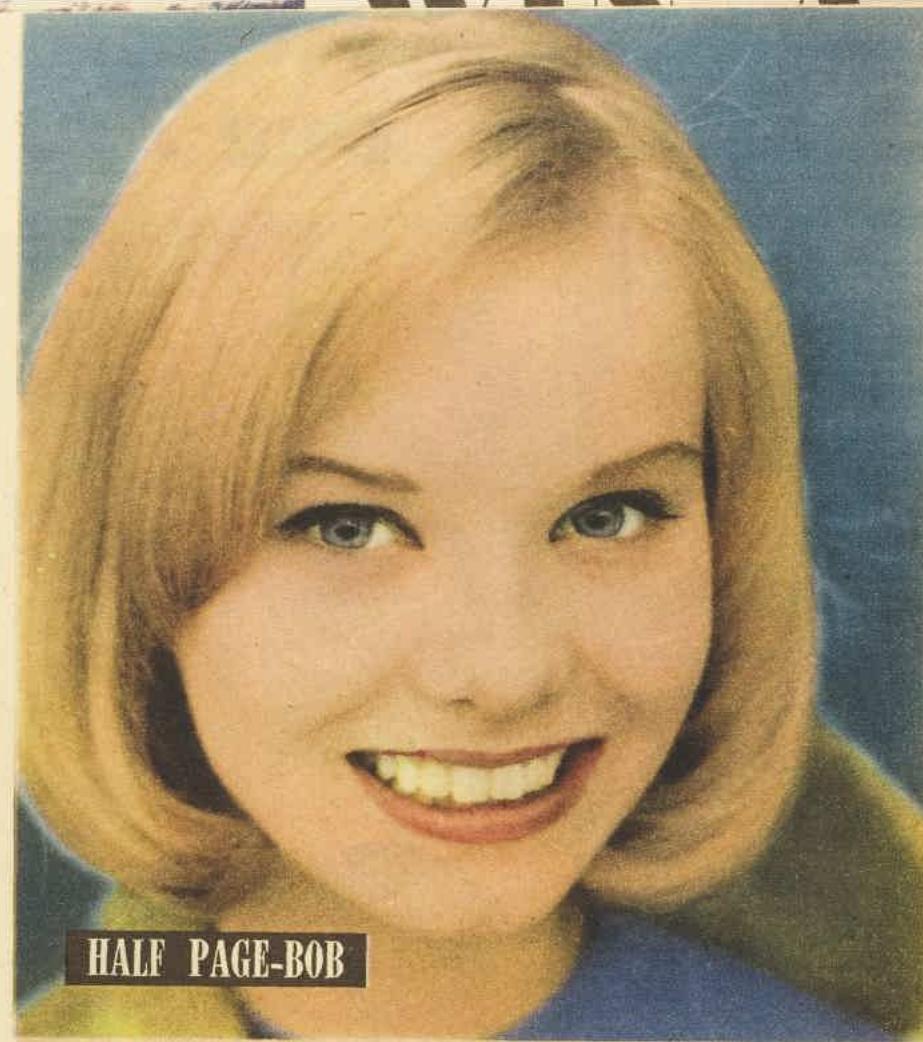
How many girls do you know who took a job—just any old job to earn enough money for

"the bottom drawer" and after four years of working found that the drawer was full, their job lacked interest, and there was no husband in sight?

It would have been better to have equipped themselves with training for an interesting job; to have given the wage-earning business more thought in the first place.

In any case, when girls do marry, most of them keep right on working. It's a good economic proposition—and, if the wife is interested in her work, it all boosts domestic happiness.

The secret of happy work boils down to the interest you have in your job. Men who are millionaires now were interested in their jobs even when they were selling peanuts off a barrow. So interested that they made a fortune out of it.



## HALF PAGE-BOB



**HALF PAGE-BOB** (above) for teen glamor girls curves wide at the sides, puffs at the crown, and has an unusual, high zigzag part.

**SETTING:** part hair high on either side of face and set in four large rollers turned back and under as far as crown of the head (see sketch left). Now drop the rollers a couple of inches down back of head and continue setting down to nape. Set side hair in four large rollers turned down and under as shown.

**COMB OUT:** brush out hair thoroughly and arrange a high part in a zigzag way. With big teeth of comb shape remainder of hair by combing it over the back of the hand. Lift hair over crown slightly for extra puff.



**PILLBOX** featured on our cover (see left) has a high-rising topknot, curved bangs. It goes beautifully with hair about six inches long.

**SETTING:** section top hair. Comb bangs down and make diagonal part at back of them. Wind top hair on three large rollers away from face (see sketch left). Make two large pincurls at temples, away from face. Set sides on three large rollers turning under. Turn back hair under in two rows of three large rollers.

**COMB OUT:** brush hair well and comb back. Make short centre part and section off hair at crown. Arrange in loose knot and pin. Loop hair up softly on either side, secure with pins, and brush back hair up to blend in pillbox effect. Separate bangs into scallops.



## New autumn prettier than



**LOVE-KNOT** (below) is a pretty, puffy style for medium short hair. Ends flip under and the tiny knot poised on the smooth crown is most fetching.

**SETTING:** section a swathe of top hair in two low side partings and fold it across to one side as shown in sketch above. Secure with pins. Set rest of back hair in large rollers to nape. This combs out smoothly. Arrange sides in two big, soft sculpture curls turned towards face. Use clips to secure and hold curls flat.

**COMB OUT:** brush hair thoroughly, comb swathe smoothly across to one side. Section off piece of back hair and arrange in small coil on crown. Brush remaining hair out and under into lines of wide page-boy.

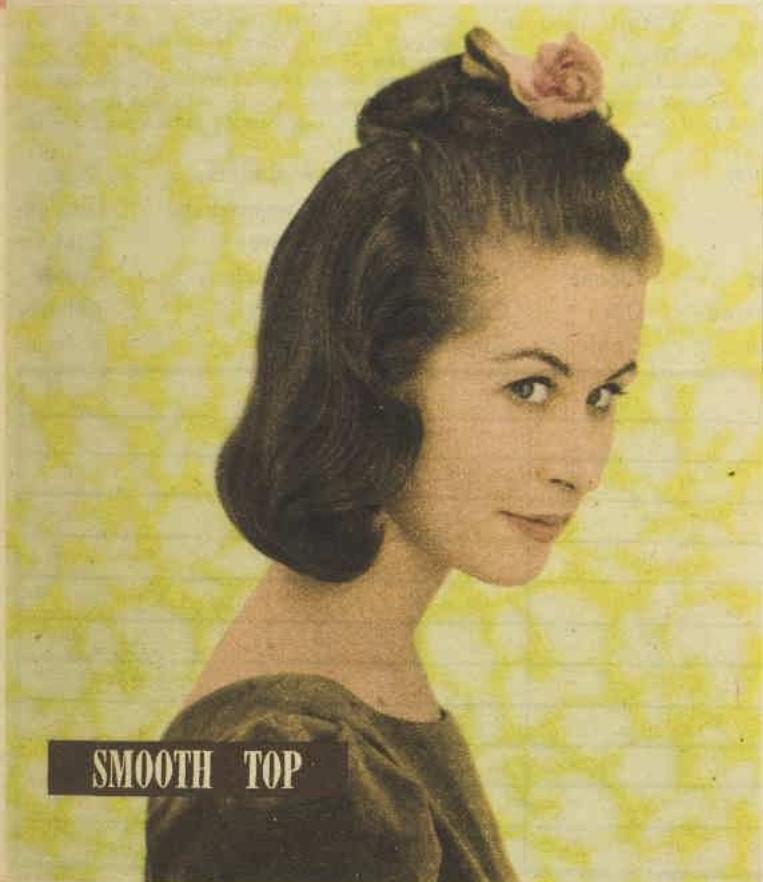


## LOVE-KNOT

# hairdo's never

By CAROLYN EARLE

• Hair that curves the head — that's the way your hair will look again this season and it's very smooth indeed. The five youthful styles pictured here give you a choice of pretty ways to capture the latest headlines, and there are easy how-to instructions for setting and styling.



SMOOTH TOP



SMOOTH TOP (above) is a longish bob with side curves to add softness and a coil on top. Hair is all one length. The rose trim is a pretty party touch.

SETTING: section top hair in two low side partings above temples and secure firmly on crown as shown in sketch above. Set sides in three huge reverse sculpture curls. Alternate direction of these curls. Turn back hair under in large reverse curls.

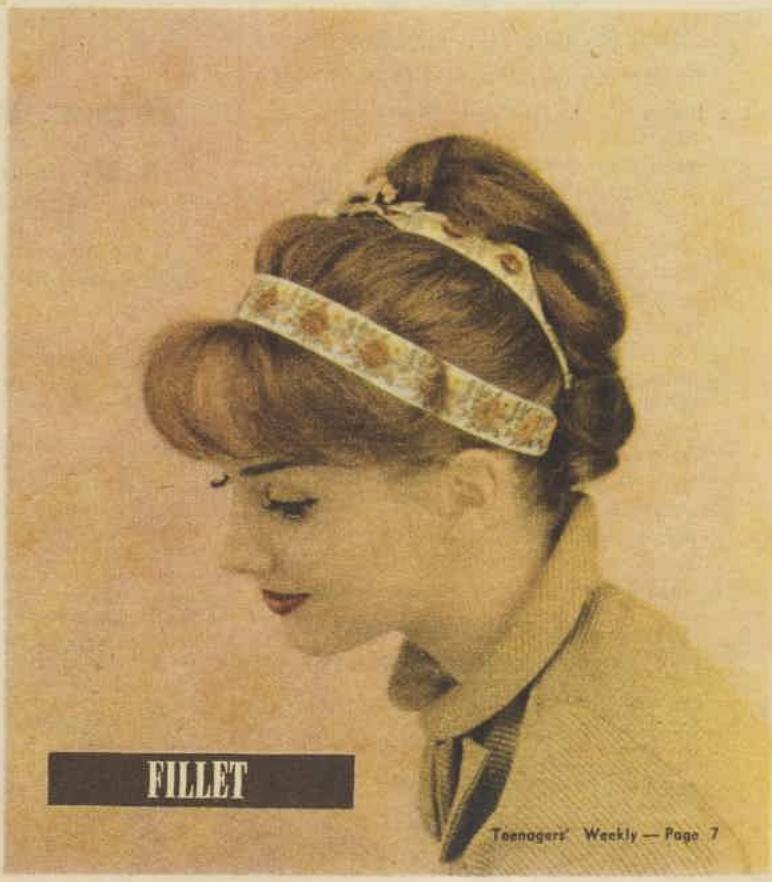
COMB OUT: brush top hair smooth, drape back to crown and twist ends into coil placed in position with hairpins. Brush sides into shape, using comb and fingers to shape waves to your taste. Brush hair-ends round and under. Pin flower firmly into top coil.



FILLET (below) is a charming style for long-haired lasses in which curve-bangs pair with a crown of curls.

SETTING: set fringe in two medium-size rollers turned forward as shown in sketch above left. Panel top hair and set in large rollers over crown and part-way down back of head. Arrange sides and lower-back hair in rows of big flat sculpture curls arranged to meet at centre-back of head (see sketch above right).

COMB OUT: brush side and top hair back to blend at crown, secure with bobby-pins, leaving ends loose. To get maximum fullness, drape the hair and push slightly forward for height. Spread ends out into curls, flip tendrils around ribbon. Comb fringe forward.



## Worth reading

DECLINE AND FALL

by Evelyn Waugh

EVELYN WAUGH, now a rather glum, middle-aged writer, used to be in his youth one of Britain's funniest novelists. He made himself a sudden celebrity with his first book, "Decline and Fall," published about 30 years ago.

Part of it is based on his experiences as a teacher at a small school for boys. Hilarious chapters on school life are followed by some strange adventures of the hero in London society.

For those who like his sophisticated type of farce, other good early Waugh books are "Vile Bodies" and "Scoop."

—Ross Campbell

## Now is the time...



Now is the time for a fabulous fling.  
To dance and sing and really swing

But now is the time that perspiration odour takes over—even though you've just had a bath or shower. Now is the time for you to use a modern deodorant... Mum. Mum Deodorants are the safe, gentle deodorants—the deodorants you can trust. The special ingredient in Mum Deodorants, hexachlorophene, kills the bacteria causing perspiration odour and keeps you protected 24 hours a day.

Mum Deodorants are the most convenient, most effective deodorants you can buy. They're absolutely safe for normal skins and cannot damage the finest fabrics.



Stay up-to-date dainty,  
with Mum

Choose from Mum Cream, 1/9.5/3, Mum Stick, 6/3, and Mum Roll-on, 7/6, at all chemists and quality stores.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Page 8 — Teenagers' Weekly

# FASHION QUIZ

● Of course you're interested in clothes. But—when you read the fashion pages—do you understand the "technical" terms used by fashion writers?

HERE'S a quiz to see if YOU need an haute couture dictionary.

Each of the 36 words printed below refers to a definite part of a dress, or to some aspect of fashion. But they can be grouped in threes—for example

(we'll make it easy) "bertha," "fichu," and "petticoat" are different types of collars. To test your knowledge of their meaning, write each of the 36 words into one or other of the 12 groups in the table.

As well as putting each word into the right section, see if you can mentally describe what it means.

Raglan	Trench	Sun-ray	Accordion	Matadors	Pique
Clutch	Civet	Hobble	Blouson	Cummerbund	Long'ums
Harem	Rib	Ocelot	Peau-de-soie	Boater	Cowl
Box	Moss	Cloche	Dolman	Keyhole	Caftan
Camisole	Worsted	Obi	Cartwheel	Funnel	Kolinsky
Bermudas	Tunic	Cable	Cinch	Bell	Bateau

COATS			
BODICES			
NECKLINES			
MATERIALS			
PANTS			
BELTS			
SKIRTS			
SLEEVES			
PLEATS			
HATS			
FURS			
KNITTING			

Turn to page 11 for the answers

## How to make plump girls slim

● My uncles called me "Plumpy," my sister referred to me as her stunted relative, and yet I was not really fat or short.

I was 5ft. 4in., just over eight stone, with a 36½-26½-36½ figure.

When my friend Kay and I started to dressmake together we found our vital statistics were identical—but Kay looked much slimmer.

What made the difference? Kay had long, slim legs and arms, and a neck like a swan. Her hands and feet were tapering and her shoulders fairly small. Her hair waved softly and never looked untidy.

My hair waves, too, but with a tendency to fuzz.

My arms and legs are short and rounded, my neck, alas, can only be described as thick. My shoulders are broad, my back long, and my ankles would never win a competition. My hands and feet are nearly square.

These are all points that are difficult to alter. Can they be camouflaged?

I found they could and compiled this set of rules.

My hair is now kept fairly short (a trim and thinning every three weeks), and by brushing it across the scalp at the back, I find it hugs my head and the fuzz is eliminated; this horizontal line gives maximum length to my neck from the back.

From the front view, I can lengthen it by careful choice of

By E. M. Nettleton

necklines; no high, round ones, cowls or small collars. The choice is still wide, from the plunge line to a wide boat or square shape, or an off-the-shoulder style, provided that the line takes the eye downwards, not crossways.

A shirt collar is permissible, but yokes are absolutely out.

Arms can look longer if sleeves are non-existent or full-length.

Fashion trends can still be fol-

lowed fairly closely. The waistline can be high, low, or natural. Skirts can be straight, gored, or pleated, but gathers are not allowed in any shape or form.

Diagonal stripes are sometimes possible as long as the general effect is borne in mind.

The uncluttered look is my aim: one piece of jewellery, usually ear-rings, plain court shoes (3½in. heels) at all times. This last does not mean monotony, because the range of colors is so great. Shoes that match a dress add inches to one's height.

Materials are best plain, but printed cottons are of course more serviceable for daily use. The general effect can be maintained if spots and circular designs are shunned and every horizontal line is avoided like the plague.

All accessories must look important without being too large or showy. Now people often say to me, "You are lucky, you have no figure problems!"

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 24, 1960

Louise  
Hunter

## Here's your answer

### This boy won't pay

"I AM 15 and I have been friendly with a 17-year-old boy for 16 months. I like him and I know he likes me, but he persists on being tight with his money. For instance, the other day I asked him to enrol me in the Student Christian Movement at his school. The next day he came home with a badge and said three times that it cost him 2/-. I knew he was hinting, so I kept quiet. He is still harping on his 2/-. This is not the only occasion. I would not ask him to get it for me if he didn't have much money, but he has plenty of money. I like the boy very much, but I don't want a mean boy-friend." "Fed Up," N.S.W.

I don't suppose anyone is ever too young to start practising the way they intend to live—the younger they are, the more expert they become, and anyone with the initiative to set out to perfect a chosen way of life so young should be praised, I suppose. My congratulations on starting your gold-digging role. You really are a horror, and quite shameless, too. Get out of this poor boy's life. He's a wake-up to you.

### Bridesmaids

"I AM to be married soon and I have chosen three of my close girlfriends as bridesmaids. They are all the same height as I am. But my fiance wants to have his sister as one now, and I think she would spoil the effect because she is much shorter than me. She will be only 16, and all the other girls and I are 21. Is it correct to have my future sister-in-law as my bridesmaid?"

"Bridesmaids," S.A.

It is quite correct to have your future sister-in-law as a bridesmaid, but I think what you are trying to say is: "Do I have to have my future sister-in-law as a bridesmaid?"

There is no rule of etiquette which says this is so, but a bride quite often compliments her fiance and his family by asking his sister to be one of her bridesmaids. You can say it is YOUR wedding, but it's just as much the bridegroom's.



### Long time no kiss

"I AM 16 and have been going steady with a boy for 12 months. My problem is that although I know he loves me and takes me out, he has never kissed me, as he is very shy. Would it be forward of me to make the first move, or should I wait and leave it to him?"

"Confused," S.A.

No, I don't think it would be a bit forward. Once you started, he'd take over. Try it.

If you think you are standing as tall as you can at this very moment, try this exercise. Pull in the muscles of your stomach as far as they can go until they feel that they are almost touching your spine. Right? Now be honest: Didn't your shoulders go back and up, and your head, too? Aren't you standing taller? I bet you are. I'm doing the stomach-pulling-in as I type and I'm sitting about an inch taller.

But that's only a sample. A routine of exercises specially designed to make you stand taller would work wonders for you and have the desired effect of seeming to add to your height.

### A crowd of three

"I AM engaged to a boy I love very much, but everywhere we go his mother asks us if we will take his sister, who is 15. We never go anywhere by ourselves. If we go to a show, my fiance has to bring me home first, as he and his sister live on the land with their parents. If my fiance protests to his mother about his sister coming out with us, she becomes very angry. How can we put it to his mother that we would like to go out by ourselves without causing any ill-feeling?"

"Anxious," Vic.

This is entirely a matter for your fiance. If he is a man with a strong character, he will fix it with his mother. If he is weak, he won't, and you will be saddled with his family forever.

If this is so, you have to decide whether or not you can take the situation for the rest of your life. It's a hard one to take. There is hardly a person in the world who has not to assume some family responsibility which spills over into private life, but everyone should have some time completely free from such ties.

The insistence by his family that your fiance always takes his sister out would be intolerable to a strong-minded man, and certainly would be intolerable to the most understanding fiancee.

### Four-year wait

"I HAVE liked a certain boy for about four years and I don't know whether he likes me or not. He has had several girl-friends since then, but hasn't one at present. I am 18 and he is 19. He is in one of the surf clubs and we get together on a Sunday night and have parties at each other's place. Some of the boys say he likes me, but I don't know if that is true. Sometimes he gives hints, but I take them only as jokes. The other week he gave me a lift up to the beach. Could you please advise me?"

"Doubtful," Qld.

I can't give you any advice at all about this boy. But it seems to me that after knowing him four years you should have a fair idea whether or not he likes you. I wouldn't wait around for him any longer.

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE

WHAT'S your plan for Easter, 1960? Bush walks, the last swim of the year, a weekend away, or home entertaining?

Whatever it is, get cracking now and get your clothes ready. Those yards and yards of bright shiny beads are out now, no longer The Most. Take them to pieces and sew them on your Easter sweater, and round the tops of the Bermuda socks that are definitely A Must this autumn.

If it's a home-and-family Easter with a possibility of the crowd dropping in some time, be prepared to serve something at a moment's notice, expertly.

For this—and it's a most impressive thing for the boys in the gang—run up some pikelets. Here's a simple recipe:

First, sour half a cup of milk with a teaspoon of vinegar and stand to one side for 20 minutes. Then take the mixing bowl and put in it 1 cup of self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a pinch of bicarbonate of soda.

Make a well in the centre of all this and add a beaten egg and the sour milk. Then add one tablespoon melted butter. Beat thoroughly with mixer or egg-beater until the mixture is quite smooth.

Drop a teaspoon of the mixture on to a hot greased frying-pan. When bubbles begin to break on the top of the cooking pikelets, turn them over to brown. They take about two minutes to cook.

The pikelet secret that gives you professional, round, well-shaped goodies is to drop them from the point of the teaspoon. Tip them in over the side of the spoon and they'll be all misshapen.

### Engagement gift

"COULD you please advise me if it is etiquette for a girl to give her fiance an engagement gift?"

"Blue Eyes," Vic.

No, but if you feel like it there's nothing to stop you. I'm sure he'll be delighted.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

# TEENA

by  
lida  
tey



**A GUY says  
a-lass and  
a-lack for...**

## MY FARE LADIES!

• Many a girl can send me into a transport — except when she's ON a transport (of the public kind)!

FOR, just as (traditionally) only the brave deserve the fare, only the brave boy deserves to pay it!

Yes, I reckon that some girls on trams, trains, and buses are bigger losses than any departmental deficits.

Here are some of the ways in which these girl-travellers get (black) bookings from me—and I say that without reservations!

Among the fe-mails that DON'T get through on my timetable is *Wider Ida*.

Ida is the lass who always wears a hoop petticoat on peak-hour transport. She usually gets a seat for herself—and her skirt takes up the space beside her that two other people could normally occupy.

And even when Ida stands, so do four or so other passengers—waiting for the next vehicle, because Ida's skirt left no room for them!

At the other extreme, but just as bad as Ida, is *Slim Kim*.

Kim favors tight skirts for her public transport trips—but is that any

better? Not on your workman's weekly!

I'll admit that on a train Kim is no trouble. In fact, she's a far better line than the one the machine runs on.

But on a tram or a bus, oh, brother! The problem she strikes, and causes, is when she tries to mount or dismount from the contraption.

### He's gorgeous!

YOU'RE absolutely gorgeous, Robin. I'm one of those "make-up fiends" you wrote about; my hair does sometimes look like a bird's nest; I'm one of those bathing-suit-never-gets-wet types. But I don't mind you throwing off at us because just about everything you say is quite right. I'm a nurse and part-time model and although I belt that make-up around and wear all kinds of queer hair-do's I've been engaged four times, and was married in January. How's that for a 19-year-old? — Chris, Cheltenham, Vic.

I reckon many a late run for trams and buses could be attributed to girls in tight skirts, who have as much trouble not splitting seams as scientists have splitting atoms!

Getting slightly off the beaten (transport) track, I've also found that girl travellers don't rise to very great heights—even when they're faced with escalators.

The first girl who causes a bottleneck at escalators is *Timid Tess*.

Tess apparently regards an escalator in much the same light as horses did the first motor cars. She shies at 'em.

She takes about 10 minutes to pluck up enough courage to hop on the lazy man's staircase. She who hesitates is lost—and so are the poor blokes milling behind her!

While on escalators (I'm having my ups and downs this week, aren't I?) I'd like to tell the truly moving story of *Shoe City Sue*.

I put my foot down with Sue, too, because, like Tess but for a different reason, she has trouble putting hers down. She has more trouble climbing on to and standing on an escalator than I'd have interviewing Blondin on his tightrope!

High heels are Sue's problem. The cracks in the escalator steps cause

her more pain than the cracks in my column ever will!

So, like Tess, she gums up the works—and the workers!—while she examines each crack to make sure she doesn't put her foot in it!

However, the most upsetting (to a male) aspect of a cutie commuting must be the jazz about boys being supposed to give up their seats to girls.

Standing up for elderly folk (of both sexes by both sexes) or anyone else who might need the seat more is fair enough.

But to have to give it up to a lass who is, according to the girls themselves, a member of the stronger sex, seems an unfair demand to me.

Of course, by writing this column I've freed myself of all the annoyances I've mentioned. For I'll never be game to show my face on a tram, train, or bus again.

Why? Because I know exactly whose side the conductresses and lady ticket collectors will take.

And I'm darned if they're going to punch ME as well as my tickets.

*—Robin Adair*



**BOBBY DARIN** photographed in Times Square, New York, the centre of the city's theatrical district, which Bobby describes as his favorite spot on earth. Bobby, the 23-year-old singer from the Bronx, has come up the hard way to hit the top. His new hit, "Beyond the Sea," backed by the award-winning "Mack The Knife," on a 45, and his latest long-play, "This Is Darin," have just hit the market in Australia. Both are on the London label.

## FASHION QUIZ ANSWERS

● Here are the answers to the Fashion Quiz on page 8. You can work out your rating as a fashion expert from the scoreboard below.

### COATS

**Trench:** Roomy, cut like a man's, usually belted.

**Caftan:** Has slits up the side seams, mostly about a foot deep. A straight-cut coat.

**Clutch:** Any coat with no button fastening — you have to "clutch" the front together.

### BODICES

**Camisole:** Wide oval neckline; sleeveless; fitted.

**Blouson:** Bloused, unfitted, and most effective in a soft material. Not fashionable now.

**Tunic:** Square neckline; sleeveless — like a school tunic (basically, anyway).

### NECKLINES

**Keyhole:** Normal, rather high neckline — but has "key-hole" pieces cut out from the bodice under the neckline edge.

**Bateau:** French for "boat." A (usually) high, rounded oval.

**Cowl:** Oval, and high because an added piece of fabric (cut on the bias) stands up and out.

### MATERIALS

**Worsted:** Finely woven wool with excellent long-wearing quality.

**Pique:** Cotton fabric with a raised-surface finish — that is, stripes or a "waffle" design woven in.

**Peau-de-soie:** Soft, high-quality silk.

### PANTS

**Bermudas:** "Long" shorts, ending just above the knee, and usually worn with long socks.

**Matadors:** Fitted pants ending about 2in. below the knee.

**Long'uns:** Tapered pants, ankle length.

### BELTS

**Obi:** Japanese; wide, wrap-around sash with an exaggerated, flat bow at the back.

**Cinch:** A belt that defines the waistline; "cinches" it in as far as it'll go.

**Cummerbund:** A wide piece

of fabric, usually cut on the bias, that wraps about twice round the waist.

### SKIRTS

**Bell:** The shape is built in, like a bell — fullness does not rely on gathers, pleats.

**Harem:** Full, sometimes gathered from the waist, lined and gathered under at the hem so the hemline is soft, unpressed.

**Hobble:** One of the latest from the Maison Dior. A roomy skirt, but narrowly banded at the hemline so you have to "hobble" to walk.

### SLEEVES

**Raglan:** No conventional armhole; seams extend diagonally from underarm to neckline at the shoulder.

**Dolman:** No set-in sleeve; sleeve is formed by extending shoulder and side seams. It is roomy under the arm; the exaggerated version is called "batwing."

**Funnel:** Set-in sleeve, but not shaped in the arm contour — the same width all along (like a funnel).

### PLEATS

**Box:** Like a school tunic, pleat edges are folded under to meet one another, in pairs.

### SCOREBOARD

12. Very good. You'll probably be a fashion-writer some day — and you KNOW what you're reading about.

8-11. Quite good. You are interested.

4-7. Not good at all. Try.

0-3. Terrible. But then — why worry? You should be able to get a pretty good idea from pictorial fashion.

**Sun-ray:** Flared, pleats are small at the top, wider at the hem — like a sun's rays.

**Accordion:** Flat, all the same size and going in the same direction, knife-edged.

### HATS

**Boater:** Like a schoolboy's summer hat — made of summer straw, with a round, flat-topped crown about 2in. high and a firm, narrow brim.

**Cartwheel:** Crown — shape varies, but the brim is very wide (sometimes floppy) — it's a big hat.

**Cloche:** Typical hat worn in the gay 'twenties; snugly head-fitting, tiny brim, usually of a fairly soft material.

### FURS

**Civet:** Belongs to the cat family. Medium-length hair, and dark blackish-brown with fawn spots.

**Ocelot:** Also belongs to the cat family. The fur is like a leopard's short fur, color ranges from fawnish-brown with dark brown spots to the most expensive bluish-grey.

**Kolinsky:** Belongs to the mink family. It is naturally a fawnish-yellow, but is always dyed medium to dark brown. It has medium-length hair.

### KNITTING

**Moss:** Pearl-one, plain-one stitches in rows of knitting, done alternately. The finished article has a wavy, moss-like finish.

**Rib:** Used on the basques, cuffs, and necklines of knitwear — pearl-one, plain-one stitches in matching rows. It has an elastic finish.

**Cable:** Used for decoration, often on men's sweaters. It is done by using three needles, and manipulating the stitches from the front to the back of the knitting to give a "twisted" look.

## LISTEN HERE —

**Local talent:** A new H.M.V. 45 showcases popular singer Ted Hamilton as both a romantic balladist ("The Things We Did Last Summer") and as a steady rocker ("Pretty Baby"). Two nice choices.

THE Columbia label has a real find with its new young bush - balladist - composer, Lionel Long. His first 45, coupling "The Ballad of Cobb and Co." (good lyrics, lively tune) with the American-folk-styled "The Girl With the Auburn Hair" leaves no doubt that this is a fresh and promising talent.

**Pops:** Johnny Restivo might have been a big disappointment in physique, but put him on disc and he's certainly got something. He sings the current hit ballad "Our Wedding Day" on an R.C.A. 45. Those who like Johnny best with a rocky beat may prefer the flip, "Come Closer." From the same label, for those who want a whole lot more of the boy, there's an LP (his first), "Oh, Johnny." It includes most of the Restivo specials, "I Like Girls," "I Wanna Play House With You," "Our Wedding Day."

U.S. chart-topper ballad "Why," together with the likeable "Swingin' on a Rainbow," is a Frankie Avalon pairing on an H.M.V. 45. "Why's" co-writer, Peter De Angelis, looks after the musical accompaniment.

**Instrumental:** Santo and Johnny needed a beauty if it wasn't to seem an anti-climax after "Sleepwalk." They've got it with "Teardrop," now available on a Parlophone 45, with a good second side in "The Long Walk Home."

DUANE EDDY'S newest, "Bonnie Came Back," his own hot-rod version of the old Scots-flavored ballad, is out on a London 45. "Flip, "Lost Island," has a couple of nice phrases, but doesn't seem to quite make it.

**Sing-song:** People at your place like to sing? Then you'd be doing a good turn (and buying a lot of enjoyment for yourself) by investing in either of the following: "Words and Music With The Ames Brothers," an R.C.A. LP offering this polished vocal quartet, with a bunch of such old favorites as "I Love You Truly," "Mexicali Rose," and the rousing "I've Been Working on the Railroad."

**ANYTHING** Mitch Miller touches is likely to have

just that little extra finish that makes all the difference. "Party Sing Along With Mitch" (Coronet LP), latest in his popular Sing Along series, presents Mitch and The Gang (orchestra, male chorus) in a really delightful selection — some so old they seem almost new: "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," "My Gal Sal," "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie."

**Stereo:** Concert-Disc, the new label catering exclusively for stereo addicts, has some tempting offerings in its first batch of releases. For sheer fireworks, I would recommend "Re-Percussion," a real show-piece using an orchestra of over 100 different percussion instruments, plus piano and strings. Less spectacular, but possibly a more lasting pleasure, is "Symphony of Dance" — Rimsky-Korsakoff's Dance of the Buffoons, Valse Triste, Borodin's Prince Igor dances, the Russian Sailor's Dance from "The Red Poppy," the Minuet from Bizet's L'Arlesienne Suite, and a Glinka overture LP.

MAYBE they didn't get an Oscar, but Sammy Davis Jr. makes his "Academy Award Losers" (Festival LP) sound at least worthy of their nomination. Included in the dozen that didn't make it are "It's Magic," "Blues in the Night," and "I've Heard That Song Before." Orchestra co-directed by Buddy Bregman-Morty Stevens.

**Movie music:** Sinatra 45s are something of a rarity, so let me draw your attention to the Capitol single with Frankie doing two tunes from his new movie, "A Hole In The Head," "All My Tomorrows," a typical Sinatra romantic ballad, and "High Hopes," sung with an enthusiastic group, "A Bunch Of Kids." You get Nelson Riddle, too, plus a longer playing time than on most 45s.

A small boy, Eddie Hodges (who gives Frankie some tough competition in the movie), does "High Hopes" on a Festival 45, backed by a bright rocker, "Don't Dance On Momma's Rug."

**Classic:** Two orchestral treasures, Mozart's lament, lamenting Symphony No. 40 in G Minor and Schubert's emotion-charged Symphony No. 8 in B Minor (the "Unfinished") are temptingly linked on a Deutsche Grammophon LP. The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, under Fritz Lehmann.

with Ainslie Baker

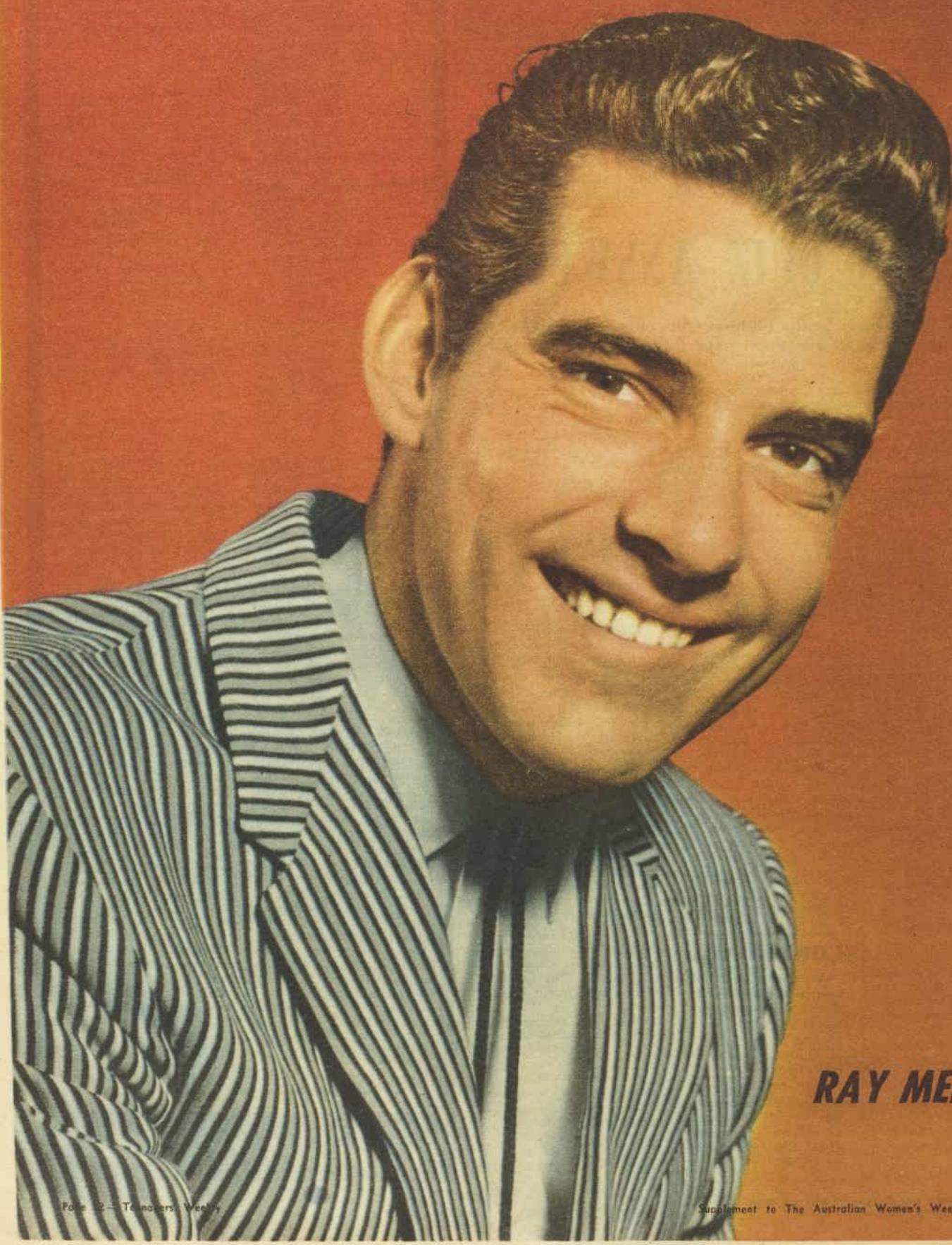


Photo: D. T. Morris / Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 24, 1960

# FOR TWO!

## Read carefully—

Each entrant must write, on a separate sheet of paper, 25 words on "Why I would like to visit New Zealand." The entrant's name and address must be written on this sheet, which should be attached to the entry form. Competitors are urged to read the competition rules printed in full on page 43 BEFORE filling in the entry form.



Queenstown steamers travel Lake Wakatipu.



Dunedin, the "Edinburgh of the South."

## ENTRY FORM

I would travel to New Zealand by AIR/SEA, arriving at AUCKLAND, WELLINGTON, CHRISTCHURCH. (Cross out words not required).

• I would visit the 10 main tourist centres in the order of preference marked (1 to 10 in the red squares). I would take the 16 sightseeing trips indicated (tick 16 white squares of those grouped with your selected 10 red squares).

### AUCKLAND

City Sightseeing .....  
Waitakere Scenic Drive .....  
Head of Harbor Coach Tour .....

### WELLINGTON

City Sightseeing Tour .....  
Hutt Valley-Okatarawa Tour .....  
City Lights Tour .....

### RUSSELL

Cream Launch Trip .....  
Cape Brett Launch Trip .....  
Waitangi Treaty House .....  
Keri Keri Launch Trip .....

### CHRISTCHURCH

Northern Summit Road Tour .....  
Southern Summit Road Tour .....  
Akaroa Day Tour .....

### WAITOMO

Aranui Cave .....  
Waitomo Cave .....  
Ruakuri Cave .....

### FOX GLACIER

Fox Glacier Excursion .....  
Lake Matheson .....  
Franz Josef Glacier Excursion .....  
Bruce Bay .....  
Gillespies Beach .....

### ROTORUA

Whakarewarewa .....  
Fairy Springs .....  
Waimangu Round Trip .....  
Paradise Valley .....  
Rotoiti-Okataina .....  
Tikitere .....  
Lake Rotorua Launch Trip .....

### MT. COOK

Ball Hut and Tasman Glacier .....  
Swing Bridges-Governor's Bush .....  
Flightseeing Tour .....  
Mt. Sebastopol .....

### QUEENSTOWN

Routeburn Valley .....  
Paradise Valley .....  
Skippers Gorge .....  
Kawarau Dam .....  
Bob's Cove .....  
Ben Lomond .....  
Arrowtown .....

### TE ANAU

Glade House .....  
Te Ana-au Caves .....  
South Fiord .....  
Gorge Falls .....  
Manapouri Day Tour .....  
Milford Sound Day Tour .....

### MILFORD SOUND

Milford Sound Cruise .....  
Tutoko Lookout .....  
Arthur Valley-Sutherland Falls .....

### DUNEDIN

Otago Peninsula Tour .....  
Taieri Plains Tour .....  
City Sightseeing Tour .....

I would depart from N.Z. by AIR/SEA from CHRISTCHURCH, AUCKLAND, WELLINGTON.  
(CROSS OUT WORDS NOT REQUIRED)

I AGREE TO ABIDE BY THE RULES ON PAGE 43

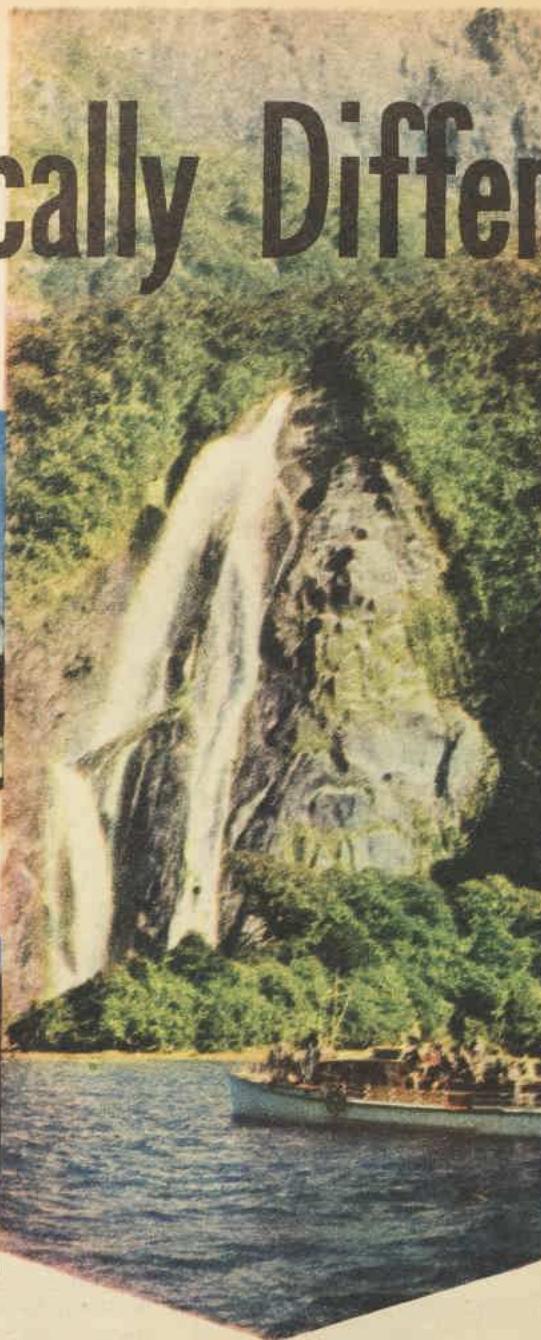
NAME (MR., MRS., MISS)

ADDRESS

STATE

Address entries to "Holiday Contest," Box 3252, G.P.O., Sydney. Closing date March 15, 1960.

# Dramatically Different!



## NEW ZEALAND

offers you a holiday packed with exciting scenic interest plus the luxurious living of fabulous resort hotels!

From its fantastic thermal wonderland to its awe-inspiring mountain vistas and breathtakingly beautiful southern fiords, there is perhaps no other country in the world that can rival New Zealand for wealth and variety of scenic interest, sport and holiday appeal . . . all within the scope of a short vacation. And, strategically placed at main scenic centres, are the magnificent hotels of the Tourist Hotel Corporation . . . offering top service and luxuriously comfortable living to set the seal of enjoyment on the most exciting holiday of your life! For a travel experience you'll never forget, see your nearest N.Z. Government Tourist Office or travel agent.

THE TOURIST HOTEL  
CORPORATION  
OF NEW ZEALAND



NORTH ISLAND: Lake House Waikare-moana: Luxuriant native bush, boating, trout fishing, walks, etc. Waitomo Hotel: Glow-worm caves, bush walks, golf, rest and relaxation. Wairakei Hotel: Thermal wonderland, mineral baths, trout fishing, tennis, golf. Tokaanu Hotel: On Lake Taupo, the fisherman's paradise. Chateau Tongariro: Headquarters for snowsports, chairlifts, sightseeing, summer and winter sports. SOUTH ISLAND: Hermitage Lodge, Mt. Cook: Luxury hotel in Southern Alps, sightseeing trips to famous glaciers, Mt. Cook, 12,349 feet. Eichardt's Hotel: In Queenstown, favourite tourist attraction, launch trips, sports, winter skiing. Te Anau Hotel: Beautiful lake and mountain scenery, Milford Track—the loveliest walk in the world. Milford Hotel: In Fiordland, excursions and launch cruises through some of world's most impressive scenery.



The celebrated Travel Bar  
at Wairakei Hotel.

The Chateau provides an imposing frame  
for nearby Mt. Tongariro.

Glorious mountain views at the  
Hermitage Lodge, Mt. Cook.

The modern swimming-pool at  
Tokaanu Hotel, Lake Taupo.

Mitre Peak from Milford Hotel.

# Look - no propeller!

• A revolutionary kind of speed-boat, powered by a "jet" engine, will be made in Australia soon by the De Havilland Aircraft Company. Of simple construction, jet-boats are ideal as pleasure craft, for water sports, as commercial river buses, and for flood rescue work.

In this article, Ronald McKie, who spent a day in a jet-boat on a New Zealand river, describes the craft.

IT'S my guess that the day of the conventional propeller-driven, rudder-steered small craft could almost be over.

In North Island a twin-jet 21-footer carries 13 people at 25 m.p.h. on pleasure cruises on the Wanganui River, and from Great Mercury Island a farmer does the 70 miles run to Auckland at 30 m.p.h. in his 24ft. jet.

A South Island sheepman, who used to take four hours to ride to one part of his property, now gets there by jet-boat in 15 minutes. And the shepherds of another farmer,

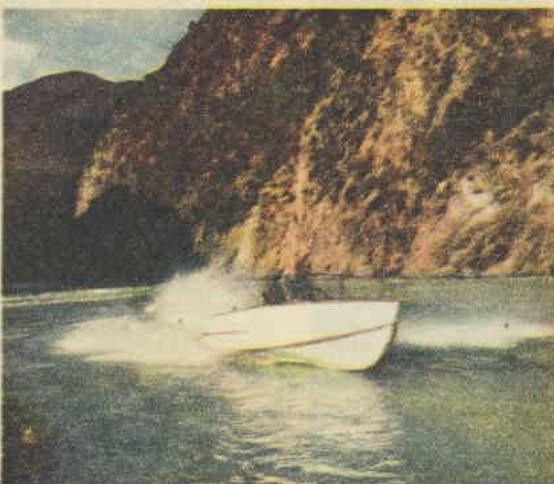
who work miles from the homestead, now get a hot meal every night — by jet-boat.

Jet-boats will go almost anywhere, do almost anything.

I found this out, to my amazement, during the day I spent on the Waimakariri, a broad, swift, shallow river of tangled channels, shingle bars, and flat island of water-worn rock just north of Auckland.

Travelling at up to 40 m.p.h., we roared up six-inch-deep channels, crossed shingle bars on one and a half inches of water, and steered over just-submerged rocks on which water boiled.

No propeller boat could float in much of the water we



Jet-boats ride high on the water at 40 m.p.h.

navigated. No jet-boat, either, for in a shallow channel the engine of one boat cut out at 30 m.p.h. and she was on the bottom within two yards. She had to be pushed into deeper water before we could continue.

The technique of shallow-water jet-boating is to increase speed to get out of trouble. Often, when very shallow water or just-covered shingle barred our progress, we accelerated and hammered into deeper water.

Hammered is right, for jet-boating at speed on a couple of inches of water over a rocky bottom is like sitting on a fast-moving pneumatic drill.

Equally exciting is to turn at speed. A spin of the wheel at 30, 40, or 45 m.p.h., and these boats turn in their own length without capsizing. And if you don't hang on during

these turns you'll go overboard like a dead match.

But the deep gorges of the Waimakariri, where you climb 1000 feet up the rapids in 20 miles, were a real test of the power and stamina of the jet-boats.

The 12ft. all-fibreglass boat I travelled in up the gorges weighed a ton with its four-cylinder car engine, four passengers, and our gear, yet climbed the rapids at 30 m.p.h.

Jet-boats are so strong that rocks hit at speed — and we hit a number just under the surface — don't even scratch them.

The inventor of these amazing craft is a small, untidy, aesthetic-looking man named Bill Hamilton, who used to be a sheep farmer and who now manufactures earth-moving equipment, farm machinery, and many other things.

He is not a trained engineer, but a farmer-inventor with a natural gift for engineering, and an almost uncanny facility for making his ideas work.

Hamilton's boats of wood and fibreglass, or just fibreglass, draw about six inches of water. Over extreme shallows they build up what's called a "hydraulic wedge" of water under the hull and can travel on almost no water at all.

In fact, Hamilton's test drivers claim that all the boats need to operate is a heavy fall of dew.

## The way to go

ONE airline operates from Sydney and Melbourne to Auckland and Christchurch. The trans-Tasman flight takes about three and a half hours.

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## CONTEST RULES

1. Entries must be submitted on the entry form published on page 41.

2. Entries must be enclosed in a sealed envelope and be posted, with the correct value of postage, and affixed, to "Holiday Contest, Box 6252, G.P.O., Sydney," and be delivered in the box before contest closing time.

3. The contest closing time is 5 p.m. on March 15, 1960.

4. Entries received after that time will be disqualified.

5. Competitors may submit as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be on the contest entry form.

6. Entries containing alterations will be disqualified.

7. All entries, whether disqualified or not, shall become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. on receipt.

8. The judges will use their best endeavours to see that each eligible entry is properly considered. The accidental omission to consider any entry and/or error by Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. or its employees shall not invalidate the contest or give rise to any rights in any competitor to take proceedings against that company or any employee of it at law or in equity on any account whatsoever.

9. The result as published in The Australian Women's Weekly shall be final and binding on all competitors. All competitors taking part agree as a condition of entry to accept such result as final and binding.

10. No correspondence will be entered into. No interview will be granted.

11. Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., the New Zealand Tourist Bureau, and their advertising agents are not eligible to enter. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

12. It is a basic condition of the sending in and acceptance of every entry that it is intended and agreed that the conduct of the competition and everything done in connection therewith and all arrangements relating thereto (whether mentioned in the conditions or to be implied) and that every entry and arrangement or agreement entered into or payment made by or under it shall not be attended by or give rise to any legal relationship, rights, duties, or consequences whatsoever or be legally enforceable or the subject of litigation, but all such arrangements, agreements, and transactions are binding in honour only.

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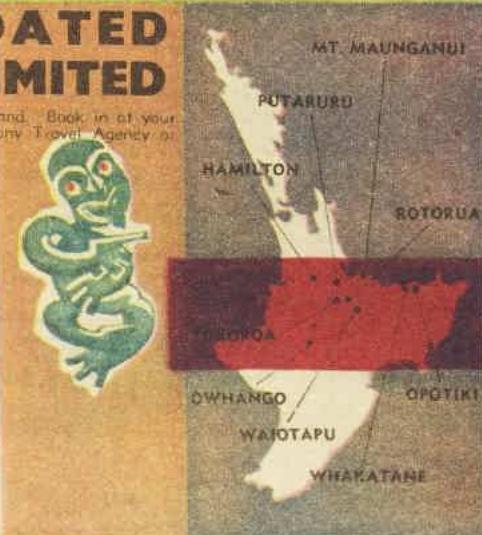


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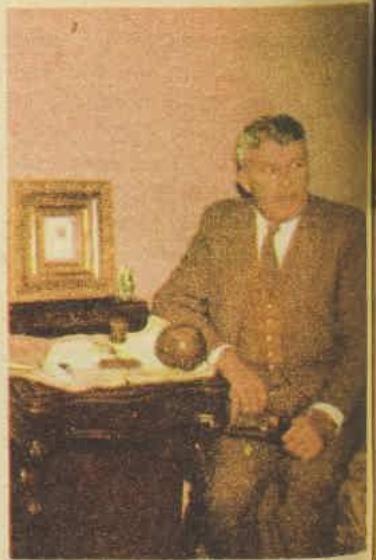


• Harry Ayres, who has been 16 times over Mt. Cook, says: "Mountain climbing is a challenge and a spiritual experience. You forget the world for five minutes."

## You meet such interesting Kiwis



• Margaret McCallum says each of her tame eels looks different. "But I don't give them pet names," she says.



• Robert Nutting with the Bounty relics and a portrait of great-great-grandfather, Admiral William Bligh.

● New Zealand is a country of striking contrasts, and its people are just as varied and interesting. Ronald McKie met some of them in a month's tour.

NEAR South Island's Queenstown, Frederick John ("Popeye") Lucas has his own airfield and his own hotel — the Lower Shotover.

This famous Kiwi bomber pilot, who flew 82 missions over Germany in World War II and later founded his own air company, bought the pub at his wife's suggestion, so that he would always be home early for dinner.

Blue-eyed, humorous "Popeye" is 45, the father of five, and one of New Zealand's greatest characters and airmen. He has spent 6000 hours in the past 10 years flying among the 17 peaks over 10,000ft, and the 250 peaks over 7000ft, in the Southern Alps.

He is about to retire to take up 34,000 acres of sheep land in the mountains he loves and to continue his main hobbies — beer and gold prospecting.

Mountains lead inevitably to two personalities at Mount Cook — Harry Ayres and Duncan Darroch.

Harry Ayres, the Mount Cook Ranger, is 45, thin-faced, steady-eyed. He has been climbing for 30 years and taught his friend Sir Edmund Hillary many tricks about mountains. He went with Hillary to Antarctica and has been called one of the world's greatest ice-climbers.

New Zealand, he says, has at least a dozen climbers as good as Hillary.

Ayres warns Australians thinking of climbing in the Dominion not to attempt any Alpine peak until they have spent at least a season learning the pitfalls of ice-climbing.

Duncan Darroch, small, white-haired, and 72, doesn't climb mountains, but paints them. He has been painting them, particularly Mount Cook, for 36 years.

He lives in a brightly painted, one-room chalet called "Tighnabruach," behind The Hermitage, and his chief hobby, like St. Francis, is feeding birds.

At the top of South Island, near Takaka, west through orchards and tobacco farms from Nelson, a roadsign reads "3 miles The Eels."

That sign leads to greying-haired Miss Margaret McCallum, who, for 30 years, has fed her colony of 25 velvet-black eels in the Anatoki River, near her home.

About 6000 people a year come to watch the eels gather at the snap of her fingers and almost come out of the water to greet her and be fed with steak, mutton, liver, sage, custard, or blancmange from a spoon.

"They're faithful old things," she says, "but they won't eat pork."

Eighty miles from Wellington lives the great-great-grandson of Admiral William Bligh, of the Bounty — Robert Nutting, big, blue-eyed, charming, and an engineer-contractor of Masterton.

He owns four relics of his ancestor's famous 3618-mile voyage in a 23ft. open boat to Timor, forced by the mutiny on the Bounty in 1789.

These are the carved and signed coconut food gourd which Bligh used, the small horn cup with which he measured water and rum, the bullet he used to weigh the mouldy bread, and the crude compass which played such a vital part for Bligh and his men in perhaps the greatest feat of navigation in the history of the sea.

Farther north, on the Wanganui River, near Taumarunui, Jock Erceg, 35, a bachelor, who runs a sheep property with his brother and who is Wanganui Ranger, hunts deer with bow and arrow.

He took up archery because, although a crack shot, he tired of hunting with a rifle.

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DHIF

Page 45

● Jock Erceg, in his long bush shirt and beret beside the Wanganui River, looks like Robin Hood. His arrows seldom miss.

● Painter Duncan Darroch's prize possession is a 10-gallon sombrero a friend sent him from Australia's Northern Territory.

● Crack wartime flyer Popeye Lucas, with the snow-tipped Remarkables behind him, is nicknamed for an obvious reason.

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# FULL STEAM BELOW!

• The Geothermal Project at Wairakei, where underground steam has been harnessed to produce electricity, is one of New Zealand's great achievements.

TEN years ago Wairakei was a pine plantation six miles north of Lake Taupo in Central North Island.

Today, and at a cost of £10,000,000 sterling, its thundering bores pour steam into a huge power station, and electricity generated from that steam is fed into North Island's grid system.

Drilling began at Wairakei in 1950 and success was immediate. Bore after bore came in with such head-splitting screams that engineers couldn't go near without ear-protection. People for miles around were kept awake.

The project was a social menace until silencers—steel funnels up to 30ft. high—were fitted. But even now the bores rumble and shake the air like jets taking off.

Fifty of 70 bores sunk 2000ft. to 4000ft. have been successful, but only a few of them have so far been harnessed for production.

The bores don't directly tap underground steam, but water heated by an area of molten rock, about 8000ft. thick, which begins at 2000ft. underground.

When the drills tap this water, some of it is turned into steam by the tremendous subterranean pressure, and up she comes.

Steam and water and mineral impurities have then to be separated before the steam is further processed and fed to the power station.



• Steam rushes from the huge steel silencers above the geothermal bores of Wairakei.

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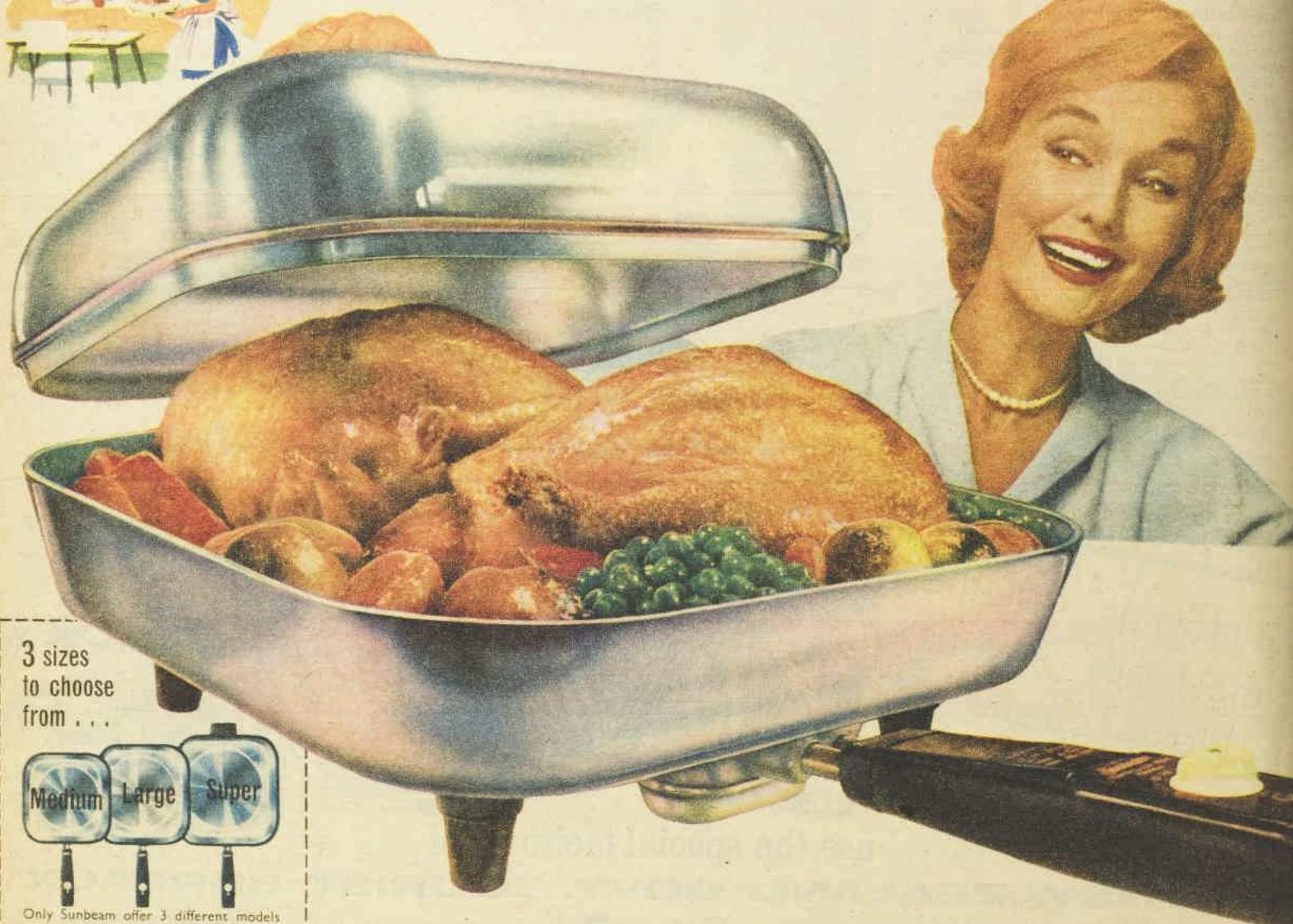
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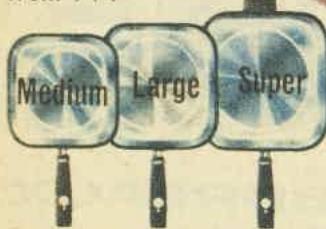
AGENTS THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

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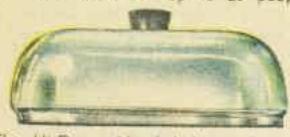
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NEW

## *Sunbeam* SUPER-SIZE FRYPAN

## “Birthday parties can spoil girls”

By Ella Symmington

● *Thank heaven for little girls—but not at birthday parties.*

THEY set out from home looking like shy angels in swirling petticoats. On arriving at the party they turn into grasping little monsters.

For their mothers spoil them by setting too high a standard.

In my opinion birthday parties are too elaborate and too competitive. And mothers are too indulgently polite towards the little bandits who are let loose among their flower beds once a year.

I speak of little girls in the 7-14 age group. After that, I notice, they usually have mixed parties. Their manners improve overnight because there are boys to impress.

For some years I lived in the East, as a serviceman's wife, and I thought these modern elaborate parties were merely a feature of our artificial life there.

I looked forward to returning to Australia, and normality.

I wanted to see again a simple Australian birthday party, with Father holding the tape for races, Mother hiding marbles under the hedges, and Big Brother handing out donkey-tails to blindfolded little darlings.

### “Groaning” table

But, oh, dear, they want all this and a Ritz caterer, too. Perhaps it's a help if you have TV, but we don't have TV. I soon found that things here were worse than in the East. The parties my daughter attends and gives in return are considered incomplete unless they contain:

Barbecue.	Free run of the house.
Cinema show.	Toys.
Outdoor and indoor games.	Prizes.
Non-stop soft-drinks bar.	Individual gift to take home.
Supper.	
Sweets.	
Novelties.	Food to take home.

I called too early for my Little Angel at her first party back home in Australia.

I found a tired and patient mother presiding over a long garden table, groaning with food, and crowded by little girls.

Tired and patient Father was cleaning the barbecue oven.

My daughter waved a couple of expensive hankies at me. Prizes for games. Other people's daughters waved other expensive prizes.

The conversation round the table went thus:

“Haven't gathered up all my things to take home, yet.”

“Mrs. Jones, can I take two pieces, because I have a little brother at home?”

“I have two little brothers. Can I take three pieces?”

In no time at all the scavengers had picked the table bare. Food was wrapped in paper serviettes, and stowed in pockets. Later I learned it was sat on in cars, thrown out of car windows, or pushed into refrigerators until eventually thrown away. It was rarely eaten, but simply despoiled.

“Does this always happen at parties?” I asked my own Little Angel, after seeing the same thing happen twice.

“Oh, yes, Mummy. Be sure you have plenty of food at my party. They always like to take some home.”

So I conformed—and my daughter's party was a more or less exact replica of the other parties.

It was a sort of bring-a-gift-and-take-a-gift bazaar.



As the children left with loaded pockets, I heard various comments:

“Not so many games as at Annabel's party.”

“But the films were quite nice.”

### Her hour of glory

And a query: “By the way, Mrs. Symmington, is transport arranged for all of us?”

I assured the guests that it was, and a flock of airily sophisticated fledglings made for the cars, their bootleg clutched to their bosoms.

My daughter waved them off like royalty farewelling her subjects. Her hour of glory, her triumphant party.

Mother had conformed to style, and she was grateful.

“Thank you for a most beautiful party, Mummy. They all said it was fab.”

But you are only ten, my little love, I said to myself. Where do we go from here?

What does the future demand, if we have all this so early?

Who has the courage to break away from this insidious extravagance which has developed with post-war prosperity?

● *Are birthday parties too lavish? Little girl guests leave home looking like shy angels (writes the author), but they expect gifts, films, prizes—and a Ritz caterer, too.*

And what effect will it have on our daughters if we don't break it up?

Where are those lovely old parties of bygone years?

Wouldn't one cake with the visitor's name iced on to it be enough to take home? Or one slice of birthday cake?

Shouldn't there be a price limit imposed on the gift to be brought to the party? “You are invited, etc., and please don't spend more than two shillings on me.”

As it is now, guests bring along expensive presents; but they demand their money's worth in return.

Am I lacking in patience? Generosity? Looking at all this the wrong way?

Are these perhaps my golden years, which I'll look back on with sighing nostalgia, when my fledgling has grown up and left the nest?

Let me mention that my daughter is a State school girl, and so are all her party pals. Some come from richer homes than ours, some from poorer.

I pity the poorer ones.

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## Experts



This boy has a large black lino tile on the floor to play on—he can draw on it with chalk.

### • Children need "lazy" hours

CAREFULLY planned programmes have their place in a child's life, but much is also learned during "idle" time.

"You always have so many good things for me to do, I never have time for anything!" one child wailed to her bewildered parents.

"Anything" turned out to be "just thinking or looking at things"—nothing much, in the parents' opinion.

For, like many parents, they believed that a planned programme is good for children; it's fun, educational, and, besides, busy youngsters are unlikely to get into difficulties. How true is this?

Certainly lots of planned activity is good for some children. But others may get into trouble simply because they have too many organised things to do.

Such children never learn how to cope with free time.

Every child needs a certain amount of unassigned, unplanned, non-useful, totally free, alone, lazy time—to feel himself as himself. In this world of highly geared living, nothing is more valuable than the ability to be relaxed.

Left alone, a small boy may fiddle idly and endlessly with some old bottle caps.

A useless waste of time? Not at all. "How do they get words on bottle caps? Why are they all the same size? How do they make the edges crooked? I'll start saving them and then I'll be able to make a bottle-cap city," may be the way the child is thinking.

Not every boy with free time will become a great inventor like Thomas Edison.

But the freedom to sit and look and dream does help a child to develop a sense of wonder about the simple marvels of the world.

More important, enough time to be lazy gives him a chance to absorb life's many bewildering experiences.

In this way he can find adventure and beauty in the insignificant—in bottle caps or a dirty stick or a cloud—through his own imagination.

Parents of a nine-year-old—who obviously liked his "lazy" hours and made his own use of them—found these notices on his door at different times:

"Enter At Your Own Risk  
—I'm Doing NOTHING at all!" . . . "Always put off till Tomorrow What you can do Today" . . . "Quiet. Genius is NOT Thinking."

### "Irritable"

These misspelled signs spelled out clearly the need for some time to do "nothing at all."

When a boy or girl is habitually rushed, irritable complains a lot about being too busy, avoids practising for after-school lessons, or lets homework slide in favor of other things, it's time to call a halt to some activities.

And the child who complains bitterly that he has "nothing to do" when he doesn't have some spare time may need fewer, not more, outside amusements.

This youngster may need to learn the thousand and one fascinating things a child can do by himself, rather than have his initiative smothered by other people's plans to keep him busy.

Children need special interests, of course. But in general, one lesson or one group activity, for a total of two or three hours a week, is sufficient for most young children. During vacation it's often good to abandon even these organised activities.

— Shirley Camper

# write about parents' problems

## Amusing the sick child

LL authorities agree that a child who is having a spell of sickness is better faster if he is busy. And that a happy child is a busy child.

ut as he will probably be ed with familiar toys and sks, he will become restless and irritable unless he is ped to amuse himself.

The following suggestions brightening his long day are based upon the use of only available materials.

First of all, your child needs place in which to work etely.

A tray on his lap or a card ole beside his bed are possitivities.

But best of all is something m across his bed—such as a leaf or an ironing-board th the ends inserted in the tted backs of two straight airs.

### un with mirror

Many pleasant activities reire a minimum of activity—dly more than just look-

For example, your youngster ty have fun with a mirror it by turning it to make lases of sunlight all over e room.

He will also enjoy a mag- ying glass, and can examine

familiar objects with it—the pores of his own skin, or a hair, or the pattern of the bed-spread.

A magnet and an assort- ment of objects such as bobby pins, paper clips, plastic and wood will invite quiet play.

Your child can find out for himself what the magnet attracts, and whether or not it works through materials like paper or cloth.

### Pets can help

If your child hasn't a turtle or a couple of goldfish, get his dad to bring one or the other home. Even such tiny pets supply interest and a sense of companionship.

Let your child feed his pet himself—though you had better measure out the amount of food.

Another quiet activity is provided by a record player placed on a bedside table. Selecting records will entertain more than just listening to the radio.

If your child has enough energy to do "art" work, it will be a novelty to him to use colored chalk, particularly if he can experiment with the special effects that are obtained by moistening the paper slightly, or by dipping the chalk in water.

You may suggest that he decorate a paper plate and

cup for Grandma or for a friend.

The child may enjoy making a raw-potato animal, using toothpicks for legs, tail, whiskers, or bristles.

And when he tires of that, he may have fun seeing how many toothpicks he can get into the holes of a tea-strainer.

A potato also can be used for printing.

Cut a potato in half. Help the child to cut a figure in one half, then with an ordinary stamp pad or with vegetable coloring he can stamp his design on paper or cloth.

Paper bags make good homemade masks. If you help him cut out the eyes, he can decorate the face as he likes with crayons or paints and then paste cotton or wool "hair" on the top.

This is fine for scaring the doctor, daddy, or casual visitors.

### Balloons

As your child gets more energetic, he may enjoy having a big balloon tied to the head of his bed.

He can throw it or punch it and then pull it back by himself.

Simple activities for your sick child also will free you from constant demands for attention.

— *Irma Black*



## • Is your child afraid?

IT is easy to understand a child's terror of big dogs if he has been snapped at or bitten. And fears of loud noises, such as a sudden fire siren, are understandable.

But what about three-year-old Tony, who hid trembling behind his mother at the sight of the smallest dog, even though he had never been threatened by an animal?

Or Jane, who was terrified of the dark, of the sound of the toilet flushing, and of the old dresser in the laundry with the big knobs?

The chances are that your child, too, has some odd fears that are not based upon any unpleasant experience at all—fears that puzzle you and that you want to overcome.

Are you in some way responsible?

Not necessarily. Every child meets situations which may arouse his fear.

The birth of a new baby, a tonsillectomy, or a brief domestic crisis when parents are inconsistent or short-tempered all can be disturbing even to a happy child.

His sudden fear of the dark or of a once-loved animal may merely be his way of saying something else in his life has frightened him—his imaginative expression of temporary

insecurity, uncertainty, or worry.

If your child has many such fears, or very intense fears with no apparent cause, however, you will be wise to examine your attitude.

Do you laugh at his impudence one day and sternly reprimand him the next?

If so, your child may become fearful because he really does not know what is going to happen next.

Are you particularly rigid about eating, or manners, or some other daily routine?

### Try to relax

The feeling of not being able to live up to what you expect may make your child afraid of losing your approval and love.

Also, the child who is over-protected and warned against every possible danger will begin to see his world as a frightening place.

In helping your child to become less fearful, your long-range attitude is the most important factor.

If you have been too insistent on high standards, try to relax a bit.

If you have tended towards being a bit too protective, give your child more independence—at the park, in the yard, with small home jobs.

And if you feel that you

have been impulsive and changeable, work towards a more consistent approach.

Simple explanations alone are never enough to banish fears, but if you pat a dog and then explain calmly that it is friendly, it may occasionally help a frightened child.

What your child is really looking for, however, is reassurance without extravagant sympathy, a balance between freedom and control.

The fearful child also wants to know that he will be loved and cared for by his parents even if he is occasionally "bad"; that he will not be asked to do the impossible; and that he will be given time to overcome his fears without shaming or force.

He also needs a chance for vigorous play, which will help him to outgrow his fears.

He may play that he is a lion fiercer than any animal he is likely to meet, or pretend to be the scary thing that haunts him in the dark.

Or he may play that he is a helpless baby who needs your (or a playmate's) constant attention.

What if your child still has many intense and unexplainable fears after you have done your best? It may be wise then to consult a doctor.

— *Irma Black*

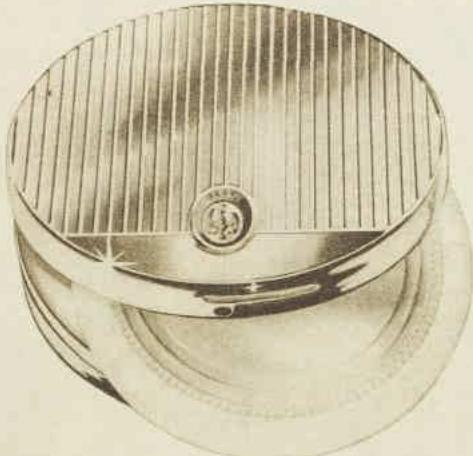


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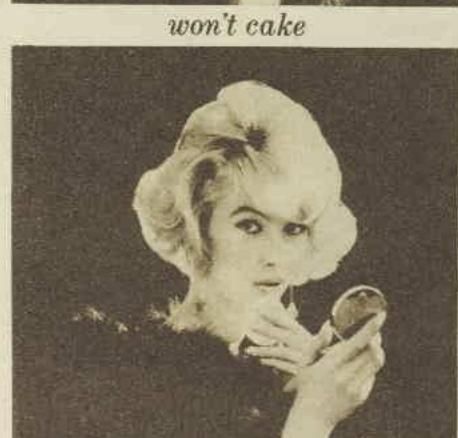
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**19'6** COMPLETE WITH  
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REFILLS 10/3

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 24, 1961

# £2000 'Happiest Day' Contest

• Three competitors—two mothers and a father—win £10 progress prizes this week in our popular contest.

ANOTHER mother receives £5.

The winning letters, selected from hundreds from all states, are published below.

## BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

£10 progress prize to Mrs. Ida A. Butler, Slade Road, Bardwell Park, N.S.W.:

"I can tell you without the slightest hesitation what my happiest day was.

"There was a time when I could have said, 'The day my first baby was born.'

"But then I had six more babies in quick succession, and each time the exquisite joy was repeated.

"Through the years we struggled and strove together. It was hard work, but I was a happy mother with seven happy children.

"Then the depression came and things got harder.

Tragedy struck us through those years, for I was deprived of my husband, and the children were without a father. But we rose above it all.

"Of course, all the time my children were growing up.

"Suddenly, it seemed to me, I was the mother of seven sturdy young Australian citizens.

"Then they began to get married quickly, one after the other, and I was left alone.

"My sixtieth birthday arrived, and I was invited to visit one of my daughters.

"On arrival at her home I found all the family gathered there—a surprise party had been arranged to celebrate my birthday.

"I was escorted to the bottom of the garden, where I discovered a lovely little brick building—a one-roomed flat, 16ft. x 20ft.

"It was comfortably furnished. One end was arranged as a kitchenette, at the other end was a lovely divan bed, and in the middle was a dining-table and chairs, including a comfortable lounge chair, a rocking-chair and a footstool.

"There were also a radio and numerous other things that make for comfort.

"All this was given to me as a birthday present. All the family had contributed to it, and my sons and sons-in-law had done the building.

"This was without doubt my happiest day as a mother.

The little brick building is where I dwell, surrounded by the loving care and thoughtfulness of my precious family. Happiness stretches out and lingers over the years in this little shrine of love."

## "I'M A MOTHER"

£10 progress prize to Mrs. Kathleen Smith, Blackford St., Villawood, N.S.W.:

"All my life I have loved babies. I was in my thirties when I married. Later I was heartbroken when a doctor told me I probably would never have children.

"Imagine the thrill when the following year I had my daughter.

"I thought that would be the happiest day of my life—but the happiest was to follow.

"For a few days later I was filling in the registration paper, when I came to the question, 'Relationship to child.' I wrote, 'Mother.'

"Then, for the first time it dawned on me—I'm a mother!

"I was so excited I called out to the whole ward: 'I'm a mother!'

"I have three children now, and many happy experiences as a mother, but that day stands out clearly as the happiest."

## WASHING MACHINE

£5 to Mrs. C. R. Byles, Little St., Forster:

"I am a mother of ten children. My youngest was born when the oldest was 14, and the ages of the others ranged in between.

"I have some happy days and also some sad ones, but the happiest I can recall is one Christmas Day.

"My birthday is on Christmas Day, and on the happiest one, about 9 o'clock, my hus-

band asked me to go for a stroll.

"I grumbled because I had dinner to attend to.

"To my surprise we went window-shopping at an electrical shop.

"Later he suggested we go home, so naturally I asked what it was all about but he told me nothing.

"About an hour and a half later there was a knock on the door, and a chap with a huge crate asked for my husband.

"They both walked in, unwrapped it, and what should it be but a famous make of washing machine.

"Any mother knowing what amount of washing I would have with 10 children would understand it was my happiest day."

## AWARD TO FATHER

£10 progress prize to Mr. Ron Broomhead, 10 Broughton St., Parramatta:

"Generally I work at the weekends. But being free one Saturday morning, I went down to watch a seven- and eight-year-old team play soccer in the Under 10 C competition.

"Standing next to me were two chaps who were talking enthusiastically about the playing ability of a young red-haired boy.

"Turning to me one said: 'Did you get on to that little red-haired bloke? He's got the makings of a terrific soccer player!'

"It was then I knew my happiest day as a father—the redhead was my son!"

## How to enter

- Write and tell us, in no more than 500 words, about your happiest day as a mother or a father.

THE prizes will be awarded to the letters the judges consider to be the best entries.

Entrants who are mothers can win a first prize of £500, and fathers a first prize of £250.

Progress prizes of £10 will be awarded each week. The entries which win the progress prizes will also be eligible for the £500 and £250 prizes.

Mothers must address entries "Mother's Happiest Day," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Fathers must send entries endorsed "Father's Happiest Day" to the same address.

All entries close on March 7.

The purpose of the contest is to mark, for our readers, the birth of the Queen's third baby.

- Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and allied companies, and members of their families, are not eligible to enter the contest.

- Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges. No correspondence will be entered into about the decision.

- All entries become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.

## THE PRIZES

### FOR MOTHERS

First Prize .....	£500
Second Prize .....	£250
Six prizes of £100 .....	£600
Five prizes of £50 .....	£250
10 progress prizes of £10 .....	£100

### FOR FATHERS

First Prize .....	£250
Five progress prizes of £10 .....	£50

GRAND TOTAL .....	£2000
£5 will be paid for any other entry published.	

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CREAM



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Tact for you in more ways than one

# CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

By

Leila C. Howard

Our

Food and  
Cookery Expert

Everyone loves the  
flavor of chocolate  
in desserts, cakes and biscuits.

THIS selection of popular chocolate dishes includes some old-time favorites and some interesting new ones. All are worthy of a place in your scrapbook of best-loved recipes.

Spoon measurements are level and the standard 8 liquid-ounce cup is used in these recipes.

#### CHOCOLATE CREAM TARTLETS

Chocolate Shells: Four ounces sifted icing sugar, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, 2½ cups rice bubbles, ½ cup coconut, 4oz. solid-type white shortening.

Crush rice bubbles slightly, place in basin with icing sugar, cocoa, and coconut. Melt shortening over low heat (do not overheat), pour over ingredients in basin; mix thoroughly. Press mixture over base and sides of pattycakes or small tart-cases, making a thin layer. Chill in refrigerator until quite firm and set. Prepare filling.

Filling: One pint milk, 2 eggs, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 1 dessertspoon sherry, green shredded coconut.

Blend cornflour with a little of the milk, place in top half of double saucepan with remaining milk, egg-yolks, and sugar. Stir constantly until mixture thickens and coats back of spoon. Remove from heat, add vanilla and sherry, allow to cool. When mixture begins to hold its shape, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, fill into prepared chocolate shells. Sprinkle tops with shredded coconut.

#### CHOCOLATE LATTICE PIE

One tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 egg-yolk, ½ cup milk, 3oz. chocolate, ½ cup thoroughly chilled evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 9-inch baked biscuit or shortcrust pastry-case, whipped cream and grated chocolate to decorate.

Combine gelatine, sugar, and salt in top of double saucepan. Combine egg-yolk and milk, gradually stir into sugar mixture. Add roughly chopped chocolate, stir over boiling water until chocolate is melted and sugar is dissolved. Re-

move from heat; beat well and chill until beginning to thicken. Fold in whipped evaporated milk and sherry. Pour into pastry-case, chill thoroughly. Before serving, cover with whipped cream, decorate with grated chocolate in lattice design.

#### OLD-FASHIONED BROWNIES

Three ounces chocolate, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1½ cups plain flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 3 eggs, 1½ cups sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Melt chocolate over boiling water, add to softened butter, beat well. Beat eggs, gradually add sugar, and continue beating until very light. Add vanilla, walnuts, and cooled chocolate mixture. Work in sifted flour and baking powder. Spread over base of greased slab-tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Cut into finger-lengths, allow to cool in tin.

#### FRUITY FUDGE

Four cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup raisins, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts.

Place sugar, milk, and cocoa in saucepan, bring to boil, and cook until mixture forms a soft ball when a little is dropped into cold water. Remove from heat, add butter, vanilla, raisins, and nuts. Beat constantly until thick, then pour into greased tin. When beginning to set, mark into cubes.

#### RED-DEVIL-FOOD CAKE

Two ounces chocolate, ½ cup water, 1oz. cocoa, 2½ cups self-raising flour, 1½ cups white sugar, ½ cup brown sugar, 1½ teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon ground cloves, 1 cup milk, 6oz. softened butter or substitute, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon red coloring, fresh or mock cream.

Grate chocolate, place in basin with water, heat over hot water until chocolate is melted; set aside, allow to cool. Sift flour, cocoa, bicarbonate of soda, salt, and cloves into basin, add sugars, milk, coloring, butter, and eggs. Beat with electric mixer or rotary beater 2 or 3 minutes. Add

cooled chocolate mixture, beat further 2 minutes or until well mixed. Pour mixture into 2 greased 8in. cake-tins. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Cool. Join with cream, cover with following chocolate mixture.

Chocolate Topping: Three cups sifted icing sugar, 6oz. grated chocolate, 2 eggs, 4oz. butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, walnuts.

Melt chocolate in basin over boiling water, remove from heat, add icing sugar and hot water. Gradually add beaten eggs, vanilla and butter, a spoonful at a time; stand basin in pan of iced water, beat vigorously until thickened. Spread over cake, decorate with walnut halves.

#### PROFITEROLLES AU CHOCOLATE

Two ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. flour, pinch salt, ½ pint water, 3 large eggs, whipped cream, chocolate sauce.

Place butter or substitute in saucepan with water, bring to boil. Remove from heat. Stir flour in all at once, add salt, beat until smooth. Return to heat and continue beating over heat until mixture leaves sides of saucepan. Place mixture into basin, allow to cool slightly, add beaten eggs a little at a time, beating until quite smooth. Drop a teaspoonful at a time on to greased oven-tray. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, and continue baking until pastry is quite dry. Remove from oven, cool. Make hole in base of each, fill with cream. Pile cream puffs into pyramid on round platter and pour chocolate sauce over just before serving.

#### CHOCOLATE CRUNCHIES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 2-3rd cups sugar, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 2 eggs, 2oz. chocolate, 3 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup milk, ½ cup chopped walnuts, sifted icing sugar.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beat well; add chocolate and nuts. Work in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Chill 2 or 3 hours. Shape into small balls, roll in icing sugar. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Loosen with knife, cool on trays.

# Mustard Contest

● This week's £5 progress prize-winning recipes in our £1235 Mustard Contest are below. Entries in this contest are now more than 20,000.

OUR judges are working at top speed judging and testing the entries.

Readers are invited to enter

contest by sending in a pipe or recipes containing a standard household mustard as featured ingredient. The mustard can be used dry or xed according to the contest's own method.

Write your recipe or recipes

early, using a separate sheet

paper for each one. Attach

ur name and address (including State) to each sheet, mark it according to the section in which it is entered, and

id it to:

Mustard Contest, Box 5252,

P.O. Sydney.

## SECTION 1

Meat and other main dishes (hot or cold), ups.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. Moors, Mrs. B. Cooper, 63

ngers Ave., Cremorne,

S.W., for:

PINWHEEL

HAMBURGERS

One and a half pounds

mburger steak, 2-3rds cup

aporated milk, 1 egg, 1/2 cup

adecrums, 1/2 cup chopped

een pepper, 1/2 cup chopped

ion, 1 tablespoon prepared

ustard, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch

pper, 1/2 cup cheese spread,

1 for frying.

Combine all ingredients, except cheese spread. Spread 1 to 12-inch square of waxed paper. Spread meat with cheese. Roll up as for swiss

ese. Roll up as for swiss

roll, seal edges and chill. Cut into 12 one-inch slices and fry in hot oil on both sides. Serve with the following sauce:

**Creamed Mustard Sauce:** One small onion, 1 small clove garlic, 1 apple, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon prepared mustard, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1/2 pint milk, 1 teaspoon chutney.

Chop onion, garlic, and apple and fry lightly in heated butter or substitute, add flour and mustard and cook 3 minutes. Slowly stir in milk and chutney, simmer gently until mixture boils and thickens, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice and reheat, but do not allow to boil. Serve hot.

## SECTION 2

Spreads, savories, and canapes.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Dennis, 10 Bruarong Ave., Frankston, Vic., for:

### PARTY SPECIALS

**Cheese Caraway Biscuits:** One cup flour, 2 teaspoons dry mustard, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup grated tasty cheese, 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 teaspoon paprika, 2 teaspoons caraway seeds, 4oz. butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons water.

Sift flour, mustard, and salt into a basin. Add grated cheese, sauce, paprika, and caraway seeds. Cut in the butter or substitute until the mixture resembles coarse breadcrums. Sprinkle with water and toss lightly with a fork until the mixture forms a ball. Roll out on floured

board and cut into squares or rounds; sprinkle with a little paprika. Bake in a hot oven until brown, about 10 minutes. Serve with mustard cheese dip.

**Mustard Cheese Dip:** One pound cottage cheese, 1/2lb. Danish blue cheese, 3 tablespoons prepared mustard, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1/2 pint milk, 1 teaspoon chutney.

Cream cottage cheese in a bowl, add finely grated blue cheese and all remaining ingredients. Stir well until blended. Spoon into serving bowl and garnish with a ring of chopped chives. Chill.

### SECTION 3

Pickles, relishes, sauces, dressings, mixed mustard.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Overton, Somerville, Vic., for:

### BEETS VINAIGRETTE

Three-quarters cup vinegar, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup sugar, 2 teaspoons dry mustard, 1/2 teaspoon caraway seeds, 2 1/2 cups cooked beetroot, 1 onion (chopped).

Heat the vinegar and water until nearly boiling. Blend salt, sugar, and mustard with a little extra water. Add to heated vinegar mixture and stir until boiling. Sprinkle caraway seeds over sliced beetroot and onion and pour heated vinegar mixture over. Cover and place in refrigerator to marinate overnight. Serve well chilled with salads.



WHOLE BAKED FISH filled with an unusual cucumber mixture wins £5. See recipe below.

## Reader's recipe

● A recipe for cooking a whole fish with the choice of two fillings wins the £5 prize for a Victorian reader in our regular cookery contest.

ALL spoon measurements are level.

### SERBIAN FISH

One whole snapper about 3 to 4lb., 1 lemon, salt, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup chopped well-drained cucumber, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 1 small onion, pinch pepper, pinch paprika, 1lb. potatoes, 1lb. tomatoes, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk.

Wash and clean fish thoroughly, remove eyes and trim fins. Rub inside with cut lemon, sprinkle with salt. Combine breadcrumbs with cucumber and onion, season with salt, pepper, and paprika; add beaten eggs and butter, mix well. Fill into fish, secure opening with small skewers or coarse thread. Place in

greased baking dish, arrange peeled sliced potatoes (which have been par-boiled) around fish. Cover with a piece of greased aluminium foil or brown paper. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes. Add quartered tomatoes to dish and pour half the cream mixed with juice of 1/2 lemon over fish. Return to oven and bake further 20 minutes. Just before serving add balance of cream, mix well. Serve hot.

Alternative Stuffing: Quarter pound bacon rashers (rinds removed), 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 egg.

Combine chopped bacon, breadcrumbs, parsley, salt and pepper, bind with beaten egg.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Westmorland, 7 Marion Street, Dandenong, Vic.

## VARICOSE VEINS?

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### "VANIX"

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Start the Weekend well  
with

## WEEKEND

1/- from your Newsagent.

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the new *pre-cooked* weaning food  
... in powder form

Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal is specially made as a weaning food for babies. It is pre-cooked rice in powder form, containing vitamins and minerals to provide easily assimilated nourishment essential for your baby's strength and growth. This new baby food has proved most popular in the United Kingdom and is recommended by Infant Welfare Centres there. Now, for the first time, Australian babies can enjoy it, too.

**FOR STURDY GROWTH AND CONTENTED FEEDING**

When your baby is ready for weaning, an all-milk diet ceases to be satisfying, and this

is the time to introduce Baby Rice Cereal. Babies love the delicious creamy flavour of this nourishing new baby cereal, which provides, in easily digestible form, the variety needed during the weaning period.

### READY IN AN INSTANT

Baby Rice Cereal is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk.

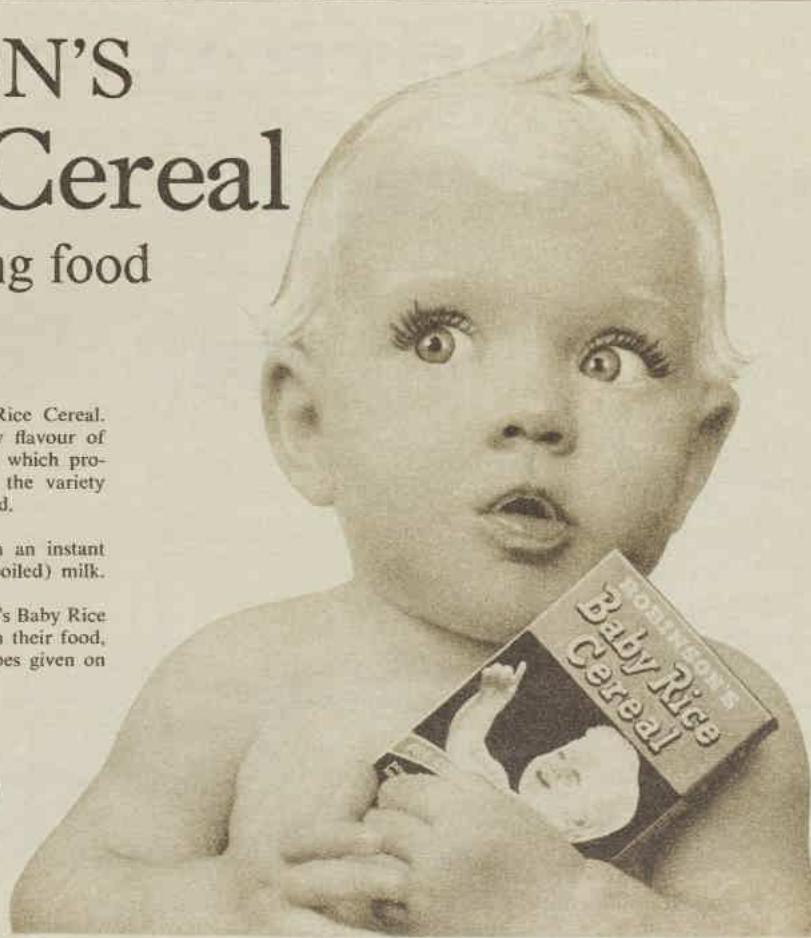
### TODDLERS, TOO!

Toddlers, too, thrive on Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal. They love it sprinkled on their food, or made up into the special recipes given on the pack.

# ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

By the makers of Robinson's Patent Groats and Barley

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Send for a free trial sample to Reckitt & Colman (Aust.) Ltd., Box 2515, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.





● Home of Mr. and Mrs. John K. Ayers, of Adelaide, who removed verandahs that originally obscured the clean, simple lines of the house.

## AUSTRALIAN

# HOMES



● French windows in the main bedroom lead to a small balcony. The bedhead was an old gilt mirror which Mrs. Ayers took to pieces and reassembled. Walls of the room are covered with Chinese rice-paper.

Page 56

ONE of the showplaces of South Australia is the lovely old home of Mr. and Mrs. John K. Ayers, at St. George in the foothills of Adelaide. Built in 1849, "Highfield," framed in huge, old gum trees, was originally part of a 130-acre property allotted in 1839, and which remained in the possession of one family for three generations.

The large estate has since been sub-divided into building blocks in which new homes are being built.

Mr. and Mrs. Ayers—she has loved "Highfield" since she was a small girl—bought the house three years ago. They moved in this year after extensive alterations had been made, and the house built up and strengthened from its foundations.

The main outlines and rooms of the building remain the same as they were more than 100 years ago.

Upstairs are bedrooms for the Ayers and their children, John, 11, and Jane, 11. On the ground floor are drawing-room, living-room, dining-room, kitchen, pantry; in the basement, a bar, two sitting-rooms—one for Jane—informal entertaining room, and games-cum-sewing-room.

The house has been exquisitely furnished, with minute attention to every detail. Mrs. Ayers searched in Adelaide, Sydney, and Melbourne for just the right light fittings, the right wallpaper, and the perfect ornament for every room.

The house is an interior decorator's dream, but it is also a well-lived-in, much-loved home. There are more pictures on page 59.

• Schoolgirl Jane Ayers' sitting-room in the basement is believed to have been a storeroom and bakery. Access to ground level was through the steps in the alcove, but the entrance has been sealed and the steps used as shelves. The bench is bluestone with slate top.



• Oriental influence is evident in the kitchen. Walls are covered with Japanese grass paper, and Chinese ornaments fill the shelves. The surface of the table consists of old Chinese scrolls joined and lacquered for heat resistance. The archway leads to a huge, shelf-lined pantry.

## happy feet happy days

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For promoting the healing of cuts, bruises, burns, insect bites, sunburn, heat rash, get Zam-Buk to-day.

**ZAM-BUK MEDICINAL CREAM**  
is a non-greasy treatment. Rub in as a massage for tired, aching feet and muscular pains.



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★ Gently baked to crisp perfection  
★ Specially shaped to build teeth and gums  
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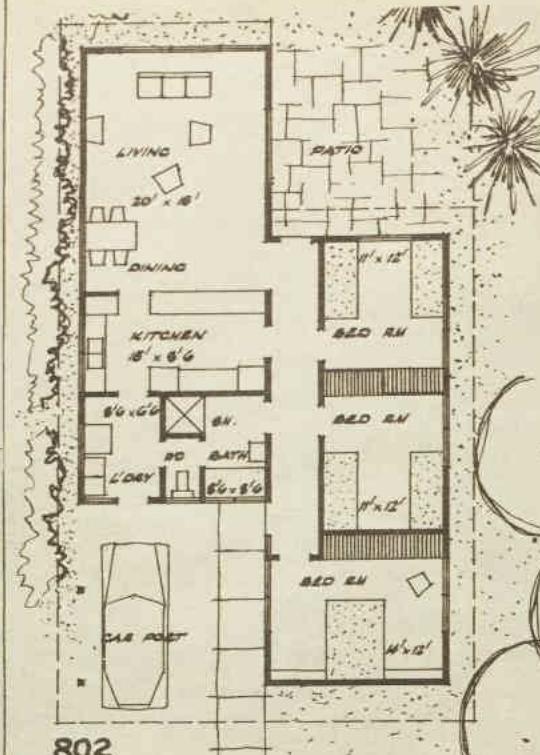
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AT YOUR CHEMIST

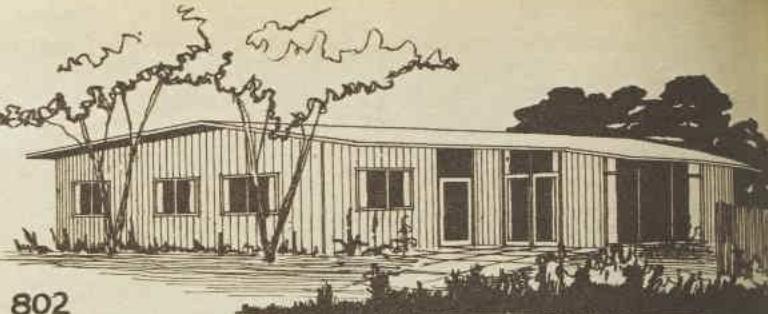


**FLOOR PLAN** of design No. 802 shows compact grouping of rooms. Large bedroom and the carport could be added at a later date if wished.

#### WHERE TO BUY THIS PLAN

PLANS for this house and other standard Home Plans can be bought for £10/10/- from any of our Home Planning Centres, which are situated in the following stores:

CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns' (by appointment).  
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.  
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.  
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium (by appointment).  
ADELAIDE: John Martin's.  
SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'. Please send mail for this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.



802

**PERSPECTIVE SKETCH** of Home Plan No. 802. The house can have flat or pitched roof and would look well in brick, brick-veneer, or timber.

## Adaptable design can have flat or pitched roof

This design, the second in our new series of Home Plans, is by two Melbourne architects.

THE architects, Mr. Kevin Borland and Mr. Geoff Trewenack, are two go-ahead young men who believe in giving houses a personal touch to suit the exact requirements of the families who are to live in them.

This week's plan, No. 802, can be adapted in many ways. The entrance can be from either end, with the living-room at the front of the house or opening on to a patio at the rear, according to the site and the owner's requirements.

Plans for this house and our other standard Home Plans can be bought for £10/10/- from any of our Home Planning Centres.

ning Centres whose addresses are listed in the panel at left below.

These Centres are staffed by fully trained personnel who are equipped to give advice on every aspect of home planning and building.

In the Home Plan featured on this page our architects have concentrated on grouping the services in one compact area. There is a separate laundry and toilet with an entrance directly from the laundry or through the bathroom.

The kitchen can be arranged in a number of ways to satisfy each family's individual requirements. There could be an open servery to the living-room, or, alternatively, the sink could be placed where the servery is marked on the plan at left, and a snack bar

with stools placed under window.

With three bedrooms the house occupies an area of 116 square yards, but with two bedrooms it would occupy only 108 square yards.

The roof could be flat or pitched.

Approximate prices are as follows:

Price for the 10-square yard bedroom unit without carport and with minimum finish is £3250—maximum finish £3750.

For the 11.6-square yard bedroom unit without carport and with minimum finish the price is approximately £3500—maximum finish and including carport is £4500.

Your local Home Planning Centre will supply you with more exact figures for your site.

**Make car cleaning easy with KLEENEX TISSUES - FOR - MEN**  
...stay strong when wet, wipe like a cloth!



Wipe and polish car windscreens with absorbent Kleenex tissues-for-Men. They stay strong when wet... wipe like a cloth! Lint-free Kleenex leaves no fluff on glass surfaces.



Rear vision mirror... These new wet-strength tissues wipe, clean, dust, polish anything! Always keep a box within easy reach of the driver's seat.



Use Kleenex tissues-for-Men for wiping the oil dip-stick. Remember—this new Kleenex tissue has extra wet-strength.



Kleenex tissues-for-Men are big, strong enough to cope with a man-size cold. Soft... soothing to tender noses. Lint-free... so important whatever your allergy.



2-, 3/9 sizes  
—the only tissues that pop up one at a time!

**Every car needs**

**WET STRENGTH KLEENEX TISSUES**

Page 58

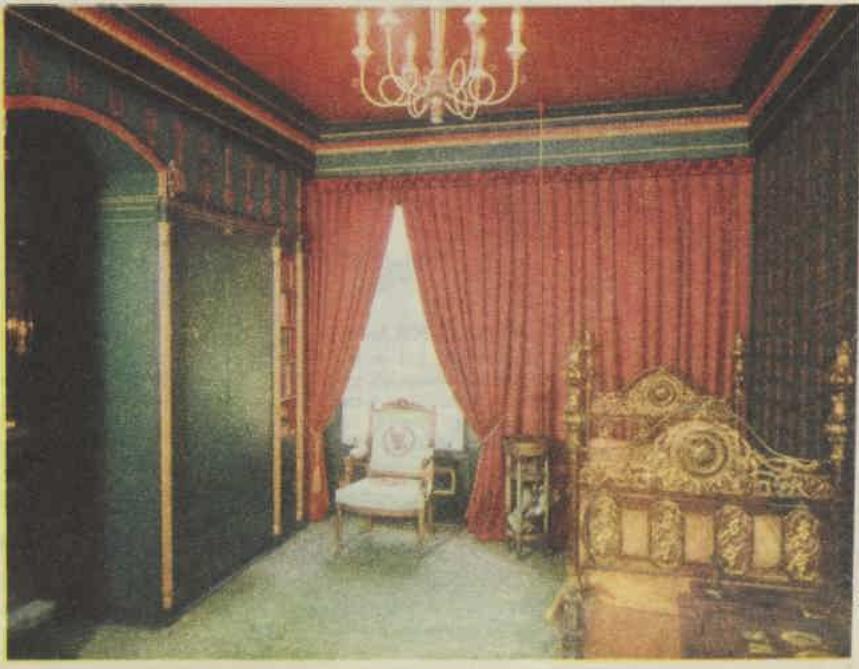
\*Registered Trade Mark.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 24, 1960

• A black wrought-iron spiral staircase leads from a courtyard to the bedroom of young John Ayers. Mrs. Ayers bought the staircase from an Adelaide junk yard. Apricot marble and iron furniture picks up the color scheme of the house exterior.



• Italian four-poster bed in Mr. Ayers' bedroom is made of brass and ormolu. The archway leads to the main bathroom, one wall of which is almost completely lined with illuminated mirrors.



AUSTRALIAN

# HOMES

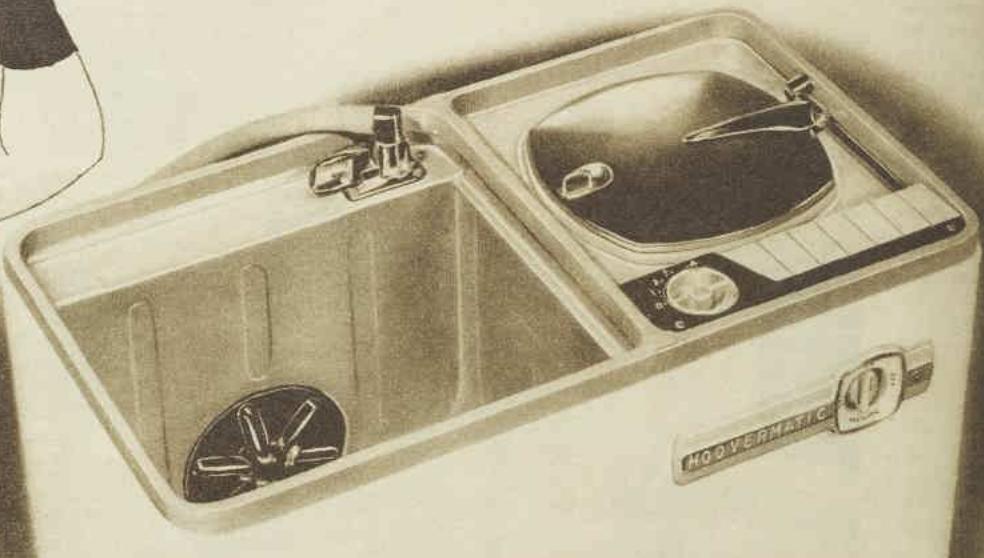
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MAKE ANY TEST... ANY COMPARISON

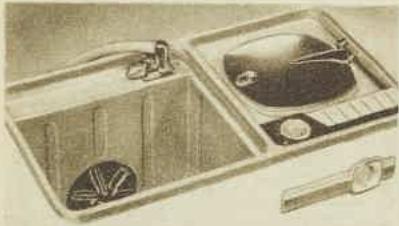
# HOOVERMATIC

REG'D. TRADE MARK

## GIVES YOU MORE!

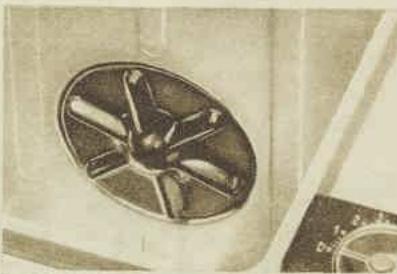


### Only Hoovermatic has the eight important features to give you the quickest, cleanest wash of all



#### TWIN TUBS FOR TWICE THE SPEED

With Hoovermatic's simultaneous action, one load is rinsed and spin-dried while the next is being washed. Sudsy water from the spinner is automatically returned to the washing compartment. No tedious emptying and filling of tubs.



#### BOILING ACTION WASH

Test laundries have proved no other washing method washes as clean as Hoover's boiling action. Hoover's unique pulsator sends swift currents of sudsy water swirling through the clothes, lifting out every particle of dirt.



#### DOUBLE-RINSE AND SPIN-DRY

Every load is rinsed twice leaving clothes clean, suds-free. Then they're spun so dry that some fabrics are almost ready to iron. (Even blankets come out light and fluffy!) Hoovermatic's spin-drying has never broken a button yet!



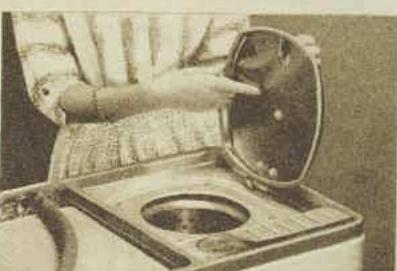
#### 12 LB. WASH IN MACHINE AT ONCE

No other washing machine matches Hoovermatic for speed. While 6 lbs. of clothes are being washed, another 6 lbs. are being rinsed and spin-dried. In just 4 minutes a full load of whites in 1 minute for woollens — is sparkling clean.



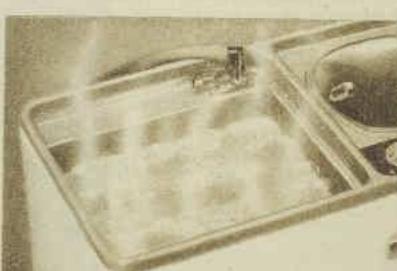
#### AUTOMATIC TIMER

Simply set Hoovermatic's automatic timer and, whatever the load, your washing period is perfectly controlled. Never any needless over-washing. The timer switches off the washing action at just the right moment.



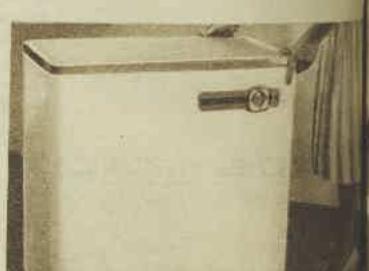
#### SAFETY LID FOR SPIN TUB

Spin-rinsing and drying starts the moment you close Hoovermatic's safety lid — automatically bringing spinning to a stop in 3 seconds from the moment it's opened. So convenient — so safe for curious little fingers too!



#### HOOVERMATIC WITH HEATER

Heater model features high efficiency element safely concealed in the bottom of the washing compartment. Makes water as hot as you want it — even boils! Heater model Hoovermatic costs just 7 guineas extra.



#### SUPERB FINISH: NO COSTLY INSTALLATION

From its stainless steel tub right down to its special non-chafe flex Hoovermatic is superbly finished. No bolting down or plumbing — on free-gliding castors it slips comfortably into the smallest bathroom or laundry.



FINE APPLIANCES - AROUND THE HOUSE, AROUND THE WORLD

"Every dog's that." Not by a long shot, and I didn't care to think of Fido merely a dog, because you know he's a good deal like Kiss and make up."

"I will not." "You're breaking his heart." "I don't care if I am." "But what's a little mud on dress?"

"Mother, that dress was on to me last year on my fifth birthday by Miss Quillercape. Out of all the girls Oh-Ho Hill, Miss Quillercape gave only me a dress."

"What did she give the other girls on their birthdays? Little rings. Little Spanish fans, little bracelets and necklaces Indian beads. Little handchiefs. But when it was my fifth birthday she gave me that dress, admiring by Miss Quillercape self, with a darling white lace."

"The dress will be as good new just as soon as Margie comes on Thursday and does laundry."

"My plan was to walk up to Miss Quillercape's as soon as I got home — in the dress she gave me, as I promised I would."

Mrs. Hamilcar stopped reading the galleys of her husband's third novel in order to have a good look at her daughter, for the truth were told — and they shouldn't it be? — she was aious of Miss Quillercape, a old woman of seventy who'd captured the affection and admiration of every little girl Oh-Ho Hill.

"As you promised you will?" Mrs. Hamilcar said.

## Continuing . . . FOR LOVE OF DAISY

from page 17

"Yes, Mother. Miss Quillercape and I are the best friends we have ever had or ever will. Why, there is no place in the whole world like her house, and no lady like Miss Quillercape."

"Well, now I begin to understand why you're so annoyed with Fido. Perhaps we ought to have him destroyed."

"Mother, I wish you wouldn't be so insensitive and — well, vulgar!"

"I'm a little hurt." Mrs. Hamilcar said, "and when I'm hurt I always a little insensitive and vulgar."

"Why should you be hurt? I haven't blamed you. I've blamed Fido."

"I'm a little hurt that somebody else — another woman, at that — could mean so much to you. Why, you haven't even given me a hug since the bus let you off at the corner fifteen minutes ago."

"I didn't get a chance," Daisy said. "Wasn't Fido all over me with his big, stupid, muddy paws?"

"Well?" Mrs. Hamilcar said.

"Well, what?" "Well, what's the matter with right now?"

"Golly," Daisy said, "sometimes I'm absolutely impossible. Just get me a little mad and I think I wouldn't recognise my own mother." She ran to her mother, and they hugged and kissed.

"But I'm still mad at Fido," she said. "And I want a cat." "Look in your closet for a

nice dress and go on up the hill to Miss Quillercape's."

"I will not."

"Why not?" "I couldn't pay her a visit unless I had on the dress she gave me."

"Oh, she wouldn't notice, of course. She'd be thrilled to see me, and we'd have hot chocolate and Scotch scones and butter and jam, and we'd talk about everything under the sun, but it wouldn't be the same, and I'd know. I'd know, and I'd die of shame because she'd know I knew, and neither of us would speak of it."

"We're both ladies that way all the time, and the strain of it would be more than I could bear, that's all. After two long, unbearable weeks at that goody-goody camp."

"Well, we can talk about the camp later. One thing at a time, and first things first. You promised Miss Quillercape to visit her the minute you got home from camp?"

"Yes."

"Wearing the dress she gave you?"

"That wasn't part of the promise, but, of course, I myself had planned it that way, as an expression of my gratitude and appreciation. That's why I put the dress on at camp this morning and went to so much trouble to keep it clean all the way home — three hours of weary travel!"

Mrs. Hamilcar got up suddenly and went to the washing machine just beyond the kitchen, her daughter walking behind her. Fido lying in front of the fireplace where Mrs. Hamilcar had ordered him to lie, and stay!

He had followed the conversation with anxiety and fascination, waiting desperately for the hardness to leave Daisy's voice — his Daisy, his wonderful Daisy, his beautiful Daisy, his Daisy who had been gone from Oh-Ho Hill for so long.

His Daisy he had searched for everywhere, coming suddenly upon all manner of creatures, day and night, creatures he had never before even known existed.

That garter snake that tumbled away, in and out of the tall grass, in a kind of frantic running he couldn't understand, but just had to see more of, until the poor snake was exhausted and couldn't run any more and just stopped and waited for the worst, which Fido was astonished to discover the poor fellow expected, since all Fido had been after was to study that kind of running.

He went up close and looked into the little eyes, and then at the colors — why, the poor fellow was beautiful, that's what he was.

And all the little girls he'd found, instead of Daisy — the dozens he had seen from a distance and had hoped and prayed would turn out to be Daisy, but never were, some of them running into houses and hiding, others urging him on and then stroking his head and talking to him, and even asking him in to meet their people.

Well, now, here was Daisy home at last — from the other end of the world, most likely.

After great trials and tribulations, great dangers, great escapes, so naturally he'd been beside himself with surprise and gratitude to heaven for bringing Daisy safely home. How was he to have remembered that his feet were muddy at a time like that?

He wanted to get up and follow them. He wanted to, but he didn't. He just stayed

where his best friend in the world of adults had ordered him to stay. He just stayed and waited, and tried to go on hearing them, waiting for the hardness to leave Daisy's voice.

Mrs. Hamilcar lifted the lid of the washing machine and brought out Daisy's muddled dress, but, of course, Fido didn't see it happen, didn't, in fact, know what was happening, or why, and that was what was so difficult.

Well, now, when were they going to start talking again? He heard water running out of a tap into a sink, but still no talk. He heard the sound of soap being rubbed into cloth, and then he heard sloshing, but still no talk. What were they up to?

At last Daisy spoke: "What are you doing, Mother?"

"What am I doing?" Fido heard Mrs. Hamilcar say. Her voice was gentle and kind; but then it always was. It always had a touch of merry laughter in it, too, but that touch wasn't in it now. Something was going on. Something more. Something different.

"I'm trying," Fido heard Mrs. Hamilcar say, "to be your friend."

"Oh, Mother, you're my mother. Mothers don't have to be friends, too."

"Yes, they do," Mrs. Hamilcar said. "I almost think I'd rather be your friend than your mother."

"You know, you're just about all your father and I have that we really care about. You are all of our kids. All the daughters we were going to have, and all the sons, too. We swore there were going to be six of each. All young husbands and wives swear the same thing, I suppose, but I think Morley really meant it, and I know I did."

"Well, things happen, and one of them happened to me, of all people. And so that was all for us — you. Well, you're nine now, and we know we aren't going to have very much more of you! What little time we have left I want us to be — well, friends. Forever."

"Mother," Fido heard Daisy say, "am I going to die, or are you?"

"Neither of us," Mrs. Hamilcar laughed, "except the little I die every time I notice how much you've grown — which I'm always thrilled to notice, too."

"Mother, what are you doing? Just tell me that, please."

"I'm laundering the dress Miss Quillercape gave you on your eighth birthday. After I launder it I'm going to iron it. Then you're going to put it on and walk up the hill and keep your promise."

"But why, Mother?"

"Because I love you. Because I love your father. Because I love Miss Quillercape. Because I love everybody you know. Because I love Fido."

Fido almost sat up at the mention of his name, but not quite. This was a time for lying still, for listening, for waiting, for watching — if they'd only come back into the living-room so he could watch, though.

"I'm sorry I said all those awful things about Fido."

"I knew you would be."

"I don't want a cat at all."

"You can have a cat, too, if you want one."

"Cat?" Fido thought. "Just bring a cat into this house and —" But he cut the thought short. Suppose they did? Suppose they actually brought a cat into the house? Any kind of a cat. Not necessarily the kind he couldn't even bear to see. Any kind at all.

They'd expect him to get

along, of course. They'd expect him even to like the cat — or at any rate to pretend to — and he'd probably try, because of love of Daisy, but it would be criminal.

Fido prayed. "Please," he said, "please help them to decide they don't want a cat at all. I'm not saying cats aren't all right. They probably are, but I don't like to have them around. I don't hate them, maybe."

"I've actually had them walk right up to my nose, and it's been fairly frightening, on the whole. I don't know whether they think they're dogs or I'm a cat, and I don't like not knowing about a thing like that."

"Please help them to decide for themselves that we don't want a cat around here. There's not one mouse in the whole house. Amen."

As if in answer to the prayer, Fido heard Daisy say, "But I don't want a cat. I just said I did because I was angry."

Fido breathed easier. "Cats and dogs get along fine these days," Mrs. Hamilcar said.

"Oh, no," Fido groaned. "Please don't say that, Mrs. Hamilcar. Please don't believe that. Believe me, they don't get along at all. Even when it looks as if they do, they don't. And it's always the dog who has to do the hard work. The cat never tries to meet the dog half-way."

"A cat is always a cat. But a dog, he tries to keep peace

a matter of fact, I can't have them around."

"Triple bravo, Mrs. Hamilcar!"

Fido relaxed and listened. They talked about everything, and the laughter came back into Mrs. Hamilcar's voice, and the love into Daisy's. Fido fell asleep.

He woke up when Mrs. Hamilcar called out from the kitchen. "Stay right where you are, Fido. Don't even stand."

Fido half opened his eyes. He saw them come out of the kitchen into the living-room, and they were good to see. Good to smell, too. The good old Hamilcar smell of health, harmony, humor, and love.

Daisy was in the new dress again, and she looked quite different. Bigger, brighter, and wiser.

"Don't move, Fido," Mrs. Hamilcar said; "just look." Fido opened his eyes wider, as if to ask. "Like this?"

"Daisy's going to call on Miss Quillercape, as she promised she would."

"Fido," Daisy said, "I apologize for being so mean. Will you walk with me to Miss Quillercape's, please?"

"Will I?" Fido thought, and almost leaped to his feet. He managed to stay put, though, waiting for the good word to come from Mrs. Hamilcar.

"Do you really want him to tag along?" Mrs. Hamilcar said.

"Mother," Daisy said, "I haven't seen poor old Fido in two long weeks. Of course I want him to come along."

"All right, Fido," Mrs. Hamilcar said. "Up, now—but take it easy."

Fido sat up slowly, and waited. Daisy went to him. She knelt and looked into his eyes. She smiled, and then she put her face alongside his, and then she kissed him.

But Fido didn't stir. Oh, it wasn't that he wasn't gone, away out there, in heaven itself. It was just that he didn't want to make any more blunders for some time to come.

Daisy stood up, embraced Mrs. Hamilcar, and then she said, "You're my best friend, mamma. My very best friend. Good-bye, I'm going to visit Miss Quillercape now. Come on, Fido."

Daisy walked to the front door. Fido walked slowly and carefully behind her, aware for the first time in years that he had four feet—or was it five?

Daisy walked out of the house, and Fido followed. Daisy turned and Fido turned. Mrs. Hamilcar stood in the doorway. Daisy waved, and Fido watched. Mrs. Hamilcar smiled, and then all of a sudden Fido saw tears in her eyes.

Now, what the devil were they for? Would he ever understand people? He stood as if stuck in soft tar. He wanted to hurry to Mrs. Hamilcar, but he wasn't sure he should.

Then he heard Daisy say, "All right, Fido, run! Run ahead!" Fido turned quickly. He was about to bound off when he just had to have another look at Mrs. Hamilcar. Some of the tears were rolling down her cheeks now. Now, what should a dog do about a thing like that?

"Go on, Fido," Mrs. Hamilcar said. "Run! Run ahead!" And there was actually merriment laughter in her voice.

"I don't get it," Fido thought.

He turned quickly and bounded away. As he ran he heard them both laugh gaily. He would have laughed, too, if he weren't sure there must be still something more to people than he had ever before noticed. What the devil was it? Probably something human.

"Double bravo, Daisy!"

"Well," Mrs. Hamilcar said, "I don't like cats, either. As

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## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

JUDITH — A feminine summer dress with a full skirt and lace and ribbon bodice trim. Material is a woven check in lemon, green, tan, pink, blue, black, and red, all with white checks. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 79/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 84/6. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 53/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 56/9. Postage 3/9 extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on Page 71. Fashion frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 107 Pitt Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 24, 1960

# Fresh Idea...



Pour on Carnation  
for the best dessert  
you ever tasted!



You'll love the way creaming with CARNATION brings out that delicious, fruity flavour. Pure, fresh, "double-rich" CARNATION is so rich it actually whips! No wonder it gives desserts such a smooth, rich, luxury taste — a taste you can't get any other way.

And it's so simple — just punch and pour straight from the can. Try creaming your desserts this new, easy way with convenient economical CARNATION. It's the quickest way there is to turn a dessert into a treat.



## Save

Creaming with CARNATION is real economy—costs you less than half the price of ordinary cream.

# Carnation Milk

FROM CONTENTED COWS — SO RICH, IT EVEN WHIPS

## Continuing . . . THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

from page 21

or the appearance of this new intruder. And the guy had popped from nowhere like a jack-in-the-box.

"Then let his sister collect him; she brought him."

Darth's lower jaw churned. "Give me my son."

The drummer laughed flatly. "How do I know he's your son? He sure don't look like you, pal. His good luck." Darth stepped close to the drummer, glaring; and the drummer smiled back, blandly, confidently. It was the sort of look that threw Darth off.

David was disgruntled because there was no boom-boom, and he did not like the sudden forest of male legs that obscured his view. Dropping to all fours, he scuttled backwards down the steps, crawled under the curtain.

Sally emerged from the restroom, swept him into her arms, and started back to the booth.

Mr. Fremont allowed himself to be relieved of coat, hat, scarf. "I'll speak to Cordier right now," he thought. "Oh, he knew I was coming around, and I was. But as well do it graciously, um the gun before the committer ballot Monday."

He glanced up, saw the winkle of rhinestone heels as Mrs. Benton raced up the stairs to some remote telephone. Edmund Cordier looked up from the chess table in the library. Sixtyish, white-haired, he was the only one of the crew on first-name terms with the rather formidable Mr. Fremont. "Ah, there you are, sirs. Benton here has set me a problem, knowing I'm well flattered with five different varieties of wine. You're invited to assist."

But Mr. Fremont's glance was on the younger man. "Benton, your wife won't tell you, I will. She hasn't been able to reach the baby-sitter to night and she's worried. I believe she's telephoning."

"Thank you, sir. Will you be good enough to take over or me?" Foss wheeled airily rough, but he vanished almost quickly.

Mr. Fremont moved a pawn, considered the board with satisfaction. After a moment he said casually, "We may as well give Benton a try at the greed fee. The contract's tight enough so he can be kicked if he doesn't come through."

Cordier was equally casual. "Nice of you, Jules. I think I'll come through all right."

"Tell you the truth, I was afraid Mrs. Benton might now you off. She's not a very warm person—except in her own home, of course."

"It's a very suitable place to be warm," Mr. Fremont retorted dryly. "As long as a man's domestic set-up doesn't interfere with his work I fail to see why his wife's personality is anyone's business." They were both staring at the board. Ten minutes passed and then the older man said, "They've been a long time."

"Who?"

"The Bentons, of course, they're trying to get hold of a baby-sitter. What an expression! I suppose it means nurse or nannie. Then why not say so?"

"I believe it's not quite the same thing. The baby-sitter seldom a nurse. She's generally a young and untrained person between the ages of twelve and twenty."

"Then what does she do?"

Edmund Cordier pondered, said flatly: "She sits with the baby . . . And it's your move, State."

Darth's arm fanned the air, thrusting away Tom's cigarette smoke. Perhaps it had really troubled his throat, for he

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"It's not such a terrible hour for youngsters in their late teens," Mrs. Benton acknowledged, "particularly Friday night. But it's simply inexcusable to keep a small child up this hour—and I can't imagine why they'd have a child with them." She added wisely, "I'll bet it's not the Ramseys who are worried. It's the child's parents. You wait and see."

He reminded her, "It's Mrs. Ramsey who's had the heart attack."

She brushed that aside. "I can't see why they have a child at age with them at this hour."

"Baby-sitting on wheels," he mused. And then could have bitten his tongue. Fortunately, the car had just drawn up to the house. Her husband could see over now. But as he followed her up the steps he decided to stay at least long enough to know that she was relieved of her worry.

Absently, Mr. Fremont allowed himself to be relieved of coat, hat, scarf. "I'll speak to Cordier right now," he thought. "Oh, he knew I was coming around, and I was. But as well do it graciously, um the gun before the committer ballot Monday."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 24, 1960

Mr. Darth's tone had a first chilly edge of authority.

"The lobby is conspicuous, and police officers look in every so often when it's late. I've already given the manager a tall story," he lied, "but you can't expect me to try it on the police. If you want to pay up and slide out the side door down by the band platform, okay. I'll stick with you until you're across the line. But if you're going to hang around the lobby, yakking, telephoning—with the baby sticking out like a sore thumb—well, no thanks!"

Sally looked at him proudly. "I'm not afraid to call my mother or the gas company from here! And I'm not afraid of any 'h' ole policeman, either."

Jeff was proud of Sally's pride. Still, she was only sixteen. She didn't know newspapers, she didn't know gossip. The words "police blotter" meant nothing to her.

But for the first time it occurred to him that there might be Benton acquaintances around—and the lobby was brightly lighted. If someone recognised David . . . well, the Bentons wouldn't appreciate being ribbed about it; not at a time when ill-natured gossip could hurt.

Mr. Darth's mouth was ironic as he spoke to the girl. "Then I'll be seeing you all in the newspapers."

Jeff said abruptly, "The rest of you get going, by the side door. I'll settle the bill and be right out."

In the parking lot Mr. Darth suggested, "Just wait here by your car. Mine is farther back."

It took Darth only a couple of minutes to loosen the valve on the right rear tyre, to reach into the trunk, and toss a portion of the jack into the underbrush. Tom would not get far. Drivers were taking full advantage of lessened traffic and the generous speed limit. And at this hour none of them would care to stop for a hitchhiking teenager.

He drove up to the group, seized his tophat and hat and tossed them into the back of the Eldorado. He gave Tom a soothing admonition about the brakes, watched him drive away. That apparent solicitude was for himself. He didn't want Tom to have an accident that would stop other drivers, bring road patrols on the scene.

When Jeff joined them Darth was leaning into the driver's seat, inspecting the dashboard admiringly.

"Sure."

"Then here's a thought. You take my car and get back to the Benton house fast as you can. Wait there for us. And if the Bentons have already showed up they'll know everything is all right." He frowned judicially. "I just can't figure why you haven't had a call from the gas company, at least. Reason why I'm going to go to you other kids—you're not very convincing as a couple with a small baby. Miss Gould is too young. But if I'm along an officer wouldn't think twice about us—even at this hour."

It was certainly a generous offer. Jeff was ashamed that something inside him was still grudging. That something had to find expression.

"Okay, we'll leave. But I don't get the drugstore idea. Easier to phone from the lobby on the way out—if there's a phone that's free. And if there isn't I'll tackle the desk girl. Or the proprietor, for that matter." He smiled across at Darth. "Then if you still want to chaperon us across the State line, why that would be very good of you, sir."

To page 68

# Robin

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# Robin

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Page 63

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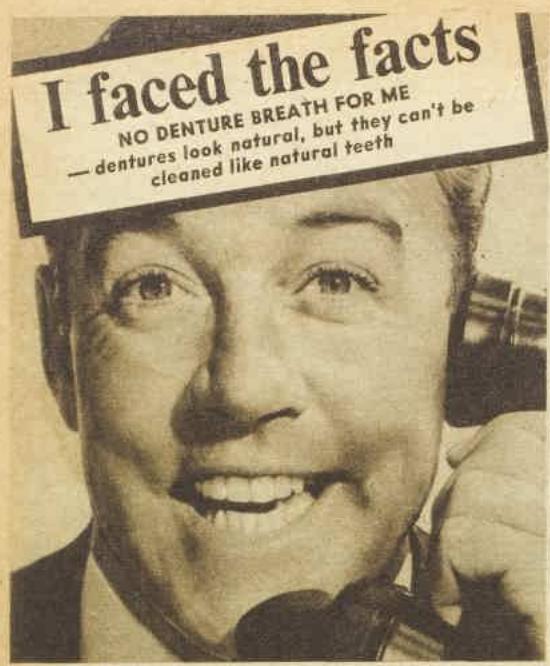
★ "Home From The Hill" teams veteran Robert Mitchum with two new young actors, George Peppard and George Hamilton.



FORMER child star Luana Patten in a scene with George Peppard, the tall and fair former Broadway and TV actor who plays Rafe, Mitchum's unacknowledged son. (M.G.M.)



GEORGE HAMILTON, 26-year-old Hollywood newcomer, as Theron, heir and favored son of wild-living Mitchum, whose wife in the film drama is played by Eleanor Parker.



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★★★ **MY UNCLE**  
French comedy, starring Jacques Tati. Subtitles. In color. Savoy, Sydney.

**A**SATIRE of modern life, this delightful French film tells the story of two worlds. One is a mere push-button existence, the other is gay, do-it-yourself living.

Mr. Hulot (Jacques Tati, producer, director, writer, and star) is a whimsical bohemian-sophisticate. Living in a ramshackle apartment, he spends his time in the market-place with flower-sellers, barrow-men, and street-sweepers.

In sharp contrast, his sister and brother-in-law, M. and Mme Arpel (Jean-Pierre Zola and Adrienne Servantie) favor an ultra-mechanised mansion.

Equipped with buttons, lights, and buzzers, their year 2000-type home operates by remote control. And Mr. Arpel's hose factory has a similar uncanny, out-of-space atmosphere. Big brother watches the workers.

To their young son Gerard (Alain Bocourt) clockwork routine spells boredom.

Once away from the sterile trappings, Gerard joins in rough games with the street children and stuffs himself with sweets.

Jealous of Gerard's obvious preference for his uncle's way of life, Mr. Arpel decides to remedy the situation by offering Tati a job.

And Mme. Arpel sets about finding a "proper" home and a wife like herself for her brother. She organises an elaborate luncheon to introduce him to what she considers an eligible neighbor.

The party becomes a farce, with Tati making one social blunder after another. At his job the results are equally disastrous.

*In a word . . . WHIMSICAL.*

## New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent  
★ Average

★★ Above Average  
No star—Poor

★★★ **MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT**

Drama, with Kim Novak, Fredric March. Gala Theatre, Sydney.

**P**ACKED with emotion, this is a masterful portrayal of the problems in an affair between two people whose ages differ greatly.

The lovers are a middle-aged widower (Fredric March) and his young clerk (Kim Novak).

In his self-made clothing-factory business, March is capable and authoritative. In private life he is aimless.

Novak is an unhappy divorcee who both wants and dreads the return of her easy-come easy-go former husband. She's crying out for affection.

March falls in love with the determination of a man who realises that love is life. But his family opposes the match.

His spinster sister is afraid of losing her home, and his married daughter is jealous of her father's affection.

Kim is plagued with doubts and worries — until now she has never known real love. Her indifferent mother suddenly becomes conscious of her role and urges Kim to break away. Her cynical girlfriend scorns the affair.

*In a word . . . ABSORBING.*

*In a word . . . LIVELY.*

★★★ **A HOLE IN THE HEAD**

Comedy, with Frank Sinatra, Edward G. Robinson, Eleanor Parker, and Carolyn Jones. In Color. Regent, Sydney.

**H**ERE is a bright collection of millionaires, deadbeats, neurotics, hangers-on, and dreamers playing hard and fast at Miami, Florida.

Sinatra, a fun-loving but dollarless widower, is one of the dreamers.

Trying to raise his young son, Ally (Eddie Hodges), on sheer wit, he's got "high hopes" of cracking the big time.

His brother Mario (Edward G. Robinson), a down-to-earth small-time businessman, flies to Florida with his wife, Sophie (Thelma Ritter), to rescue Ally and be touched for a loan by Sinatra.

But Ally doesn't want to be rescued. He'd rather stay with Dad and eat hot dogs.

The dozens of sentimental scenes derived from this touching attachment are tear-jerkers. Bring your handkerchief.

Sinatra's girl-friend Shirl (Carolyn Jones), a bongo-drum-playing neurotic, provides plenty of comic relief, but his second interest, red-haired Mrs. Rogers (Eleanor Parker) is a colorless character.

*In a word . . . WINNER.*

★★★ **THE MOUSE THAT ROARED**  
British comedy, with Peter Sellers and Jean Seberg. In color. Lyceum, Sydney.

**A** SCINTILLATING satire on American defence and foreign-aid programmes, this delightful film shows that even the greatest have their Achilles heel.

Peter Sellers plays three entirely different personalities with masterly brilliance.

The Duchy of Grand Fenwick, the smallest country in the world, is ruled by the hereditary Grand Duchess (Peter Sellers), advised by the hereditary Prime Minister (Peter Sellers), and protected by the hereditary Field Marshal (Peter Sellers).

Fenwick's sole export is the rare wine Pinot Grand Fenwick — rare because of the single vat in production.

When a cheaper Californian imitation is launched, Fenwick's economy is threatened.

As Prime Minister, Seller decides to attack America, he defeated, supplied with new roads, hot-dog machines, and U.S. trade.

As Grand Duchess he agrees to the plan, provided no one gets hurt. As Field-Marshal, he sails for America with an army of 20 archers.

They arrive in New York during an air-raid drill and find the city deserted.

When they walk into a physics laboratory containing the Q-bomb, the world's most destructive weapon, Sellers yields to temptation, captures the bomb, its inventor, and his daughter Helen (Jean Seberg).

In her first comedy role, Jean Seberg is the perfect foil for Sellers.

*In a word . . . WINNER.*

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# Johnny: An eye for the girls

by NAN MUSGROVE

● Johnny Cassavetes, that intense, sophisticated suave private eye of TV, Johnny Staccato, holds that there is no such thing as an average girl.

"ALL girls are different," Johnny said the other day. "Each one has to be treated with an individual flourish. If they're treated this way, they prove to be really wonderful trouble."

Some "really wonderful trouble," an Australian girl, wrote to me recently about Johnny. Here's her letter:

"Is John Cassavetes anything like his screen self? I rather think he might be.

"One thing that perplexes me is that he's so little. During the rough-house scenes I wince every time anyone hits him, because I'm sure one fair-sized thump would send him to hospital for weeks.

"And what about when he hits anyone? Wiry and all though he is, he just doesn't have the weight to hang a haymaker on anyone. I'm surprised the writers of the series don't square off by pretending he's a judo or ju-jitsu champ.

to leave a stranger alone with a brand-new car—"

"Hey!" Jeff was uncomfortable. "Tom has yours."

"Hardly in the same class," Mr. Darth laughed. "I'll call your gas company myself."

"But I want to talk to my mother—" Sally began. Jeff's elbow in her ribs pinched off the words.

"I'll call your mother, too. What's the number? I have a super memory for numbers." Again, Jeff's elbow; and Sally gave Mr. Darth the number rather sulkily. He stopped the car short of the cluster of stores, drawing it to the margin of the highway. His hand scooped the keys from the ignition as he opened the door. Then he was moving towards the drug-store.

Sally was indignant. "He took the keys!"

"Automatic, when you've been driving a long time."

Jeff stretched, turned, flung an arm along the back of the seat; and, doing so, saw that Mr. Darth's coat and hat had fallen in a heap to the floor behind them. He rescued them, shook out the coat. As he did so a crumpled wad of paper protruded from a pocket of the coat. He started to thrust it back, paused. It looked very familiar, that yellow paper.

He unfolded it beneath the dashboard light — and felt a tremor go through his fingers. He knew it all right: it was the note he and Sally had written and pasted on the Benton door.

Sally's sleepy eyes widened on it. "But, Jeff, didn't you? I saw you put it on the door!"

"You did see me," he added heavily. "But just now it fell out of that guy's topcoat."

"But why should he have it? How did he even know we put it up? We're strangers to him, complete strangers!" Her lips quivered. "What a queer—what an awful thing to

"Another thing: You know he can't even pretend to play the piano. When he's supposed to be doing twinkling things way up in the treble he's solemnly pumping away at a chord or two in the bass."

"You'll think I don't like him. Not true; I do. I think he's cute."

"He's modest. Never rides in a big lush automobile as

"Yes, I like Johnny. I think most women do."

Johnny likes most women, too, and he's had quite a lot to say about them. Here are his findings as "Staccato" about the girls he has met:

**Models:** If you don't have any money, these girls are the best to take out because they're always dieting and hardly ever eat more than it takes a bird to stay alive.

them to dislike their fathers and all men. They want to be deceived by men as their mothers were.

It's easy to strike up a friendship with these girls if you never assume the character of the father. If you do, you're lost. They will never let you escape.

**Socialites:** These dames can best be described as kind but brutal. A little coarseness on the part of the man, mixed with a gentle smile, is almost guaranteed to bring results.

**Nice Young Girls:** This is the type of girl that you must remember to keep away from your friends. She is the type you don't forget. She haunts you until she changes into another type.

**DENNIS the Menace,** that

horror child hero of the new TV series, and his parents

must surely be responsible for

more blood pressure among

viewers than any other show.

I think he's ghastly. Any-

one else who shares my views

will be as pleased as I was to

hear that he was nipped twice

by a chimpanzee the other

day after he teased the animal

during filming.

Dennis retired discomfited,

unfortunately well enough to

go on filming.



JOHN CASSAVETES, popular film star and equally popular TV private eye, relaxes with his wife, Gina Rowlands. As Johnny Staccato, of TV, Johnny is an expert on women.

## TELEVISION PARADE

the other Eyes do. He's always pounding the pavements of New York. When he's in a hurry he takes the underground or a taxi.

"And he never seems to make any money out of his jobs. They're always done for friends for free. Thankless friends, too. Not like (Meet) McGraw's, who're always full of gratitude for favors received.

**Career Girls:** These are the most affectionate girls in town, but also the most selective. They keep their jobs because it gives them freedom of choice in bestowing their affection. The important item to remember about these girls is—you have to admire their work.

**Beatniks:** They're constantly looking for a father symbol because their mothers taught

played guardian once for a while."

"Oh! . . . Well, what's the story?"

"What do you mean, story?" Darth's head jerked.

"I mean the phone calls. What's the story?"

"Oh, those . . . yeah." Darth stammered, disconcerted that he had misinterpreted the question. There had been other such moments of confusion during the evening, but this was the first one that Jeff had noted in Darth's pocket. But, if so, it eluded him.

**JEFF** started for the drugstore with purposeful steps. He would ask Darth to buy an ice-cream cone for Sally while he himself telephoned his parents. That would force Darth to show his hand. If stealing the car was his only object, he would seize the opportunity while Jeff was out in Darth's pocket. But, if so, it eluded him.

"Listen," he said harshly, "I don't know what it's all about, and you're not going to wait to find out! It's a sure bet he's not putting in our telephone calls, anyway, or he wouldn't have swiped this note. But he could be rounding up a few pals. Sally, you take to the woods and hoof it back to Martha's and call the police!"

"I'm not going to leave David!"

"Take him, then, but for heaven's sake get going, Sally!"

"Please come with us, Jeff. Please. Never mind the car."

"It's not the car." He hesitated, tempted, then shook his head. "No, I can stall him for a while, give you good head start. Here, take the flashlight, but don't use it near the road."

The damning seconds flew by. He put his arms around her shoulders, embracing David's bulk, too. He said very gently, "Don't be afraid, Sally. The woods are safe; lots safer than the highway."

Her voice shook on a valiant little chuckle. "Born and bred in the briar patch, Br'er Fox!" Then she moved from his arms. She stepped carefully across the

shallow ditch, and in another moment was only another blur in the darkness.

Jeff thought longingly of Tom's freckled fists, he thought wistfully of the spanner locked in the trunk of the car. Of course—he drew a long breath—of course there might be some rational explanation why that paper had been in Darth's pocket. But, if so, it eluded him.

"And Sally's mother?"

"She was sound asleep, not

worrying at all."

(And that's a likely story, Jeff thought.)

"She knows Sally will have to

wait until the Bentons come

home, if they're not already

there.

"Pete's sake, didn't you ask

the gas company whether they

were back?"

"Afraid I forgot. It doesn't

matter much, does it? That's

why we sent Tom on ahead, so

the Bentons will get the story

as soon as possible."

And I don't know why I let

you send Tom away. Jeff ad-

dressed himself silently as he

pulled a small book from his

pocket. "Speaking of calls,

what's Sally's number?" She's

given it to me several times,

but I always forget."

"Forgotten it myself now."

"How about that super

memory?" Jeff could not resist that.

"Oh, once I've finished with

something I don't clutter up

at Channel 9, ergy at Channe

nel 2.

Channel 9, euiling the mo

say they snapped it up when

they heard it wa

in the market, but don't know why it

was let go. Channel 2 say

nothing.

By listening very carefully,

I gathered that Channel 2's

decision to get rid of "Gas-

light" was not a professional

one, and that hearts are bleed-

ing all over the studios.

The only conclusion I can

come to is that the decision

was arrived at through either

pressure or policy.

It is all very strange, but

the big thing is that tele-

viewers don't suffer.

the brakes on savagely. "I

said, where the hell are they?

She wouldn't walk this far, not

carrying the kid!"

"Keep your shirt on," Jeff advised. "They'll be showing up any minute." He leaned from his window, staring at the side of the road, and hoping by now Sally was far away in the opposite direction.

Darth looked reflectively at the broad shoulders presented to him. It wouldn't do to see the business end of the gun on Ramsey. Whatever the E.I. and the Harris family suspected about the Harris kid, no one was sure. How could they be? No body had been found. But a killing now would make them sure. The Benton family wouldn't play ball.

He knew regrettably that Ramsey would be a much richer prize than the Benton kid. No

forget that. He'd just have to

put Ramsey and the Goold-

duches out of action, grab the

kid, and get rid of the car in

the next town. From then on

well, it had worked be-

fore, hadn't it? Everything

had worked, except losing the

dog.

"We've gone too far, I'm

driving back," he said.

"No, wait! They're coming

down the road the other side—

"Where? I don't see them."

"On your left. She's wait-

ing for that car to pass. Then

See them?"

Darth stared wildly, but the

headlights of the approaching

car blinded him. Jeff leaned

on the door handle and the

door swung ajar. "I'd better

help her across the road," he

said. "She must be ready to

drop, carrying that heavy

baby."

Once he was out of the car,

he thought grimly, he'd do

some hedge-hopping himself.

Even if Darth were armed—

To page 69

Continuing . . .

## THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

from page 68

and he probably was — he might decide it was a better bet to get away with the car instead of blundering after Jeff in the uncertain darkness of the woods.

That hope would never be realised. His word-picture had been too convincing, the performance too good.

Darth pulled the gun and swung the butt with scientific precision against Jeff's skull. The motion was not only precise, it was almost leisurely. The boy fell, half-in, half-out of the car.

Darth slid from the car, ran to the other side. Taking hold of Jeff's shoulders he dragged him into the underbrush. He was panting when he stood up, dishevelled. But the long bulk of the car must have acted as a shield between him and the other youngsters. They couldn't have seen anything.

He stood by the headlights. "Here we are, Miss Gould!"

Only silence answered him. No cars were passing at the moment, though far in the distance new lights were appearing, tiny as far-off stars. Now his eyes adjusted to the night and he could see that the highway was empty. He swore hysterically, and rushing back to the underbrush kicked Jeff's ribs.

"Where'd she go? Where are they?" He knew Jeff couldn't hear. The gestures had been wasteful, except they had vented his own fury.

**H**AD the boy honestly thought he'd seen the others? Or had he been trying to fool Darth? But why would he want to fool him? What could have put him wise to anything? He walked back to the car, eyes still searching, searching. And in that restless search they fell on his folded topcoat. It hadn't been folded before. He felt in both pockets. There was no crumpled wad of paper.

Well, the game wasn't up yet, not by a long shot.

The Gould dame hadn't brought the kid this way, of course. Ramsey would have sent her running back along the highway towards Riverdale. It would be a long time before she came to a house where she could telephone . . .

He wheeled the car around, hesitated, then stepped on the gas. He watched for the spot where he had parked originally, remembering the gnarled old pine. He found it easily enough and stopped the car. Crossing the road he took out his flashlight, hoping to see footprints. He did see something else, more valuable than a footprint: a yellow or white object caught on a twig.

It was a child's yellow mitt.

Exultation flooded him, all the greater for the frustration he had been suffering. It was still his lucky night. They were hiding in here somewhere — or perhaps trying to cut through the woods to shorten the distance that must be travelled. It would be just too bad if he could not move faster and more quietly than a tired and frightened girl who was burdened with a baby.

There was something to do before he tackled the woods. The other side of the highway wasn't forested, just overgrown with scrubby bushes. He backed the car and drove it straight into those bushes.

Now he was back at the gnarled pine and he had lost very little time indeed. He moved into the trees, clicking off the torch whenever he heard an approaching car. Presently even that rare thun-

der was muted, and glancing back he could no longer see the lights of passing traffic. So now he could use the light freely. He no longer had to fear anything behind him.

Peggy looked up as Foss came into the room. She was beyond sparing him now. "I haven't been able to reach Sally once this evening!" And she knew I was going to call between ten-thirty and eleven. She still doesn't answer." She pushed the hair back from her face. Her lipstick was ragged.

"The first time you called she was probably brushing her teeth. And now she's so sound asleep she doesn't hear the phone."

"If she doesn't hear the phone she wouldn't hear Davy!"

He patted her hand and said very matter-of-factly, "She was going to phone her mother before she went to bed. I'll get in touch with Mrs. Gould."

"It's an awful hour but—" her voice quavered, "I simply have to know something."

He found the Gould number in the directory, and it was as though Mrs. Gould had been waiting by the phone she answered so immediately. After his first question or two, Peggy could no longer follow the conversation, for he was monosyllabic. Finally he said, "We'll keep in touch with you, Mrs. Gould. Don't worry." He hung up and turned to his wife.

"There has been a small difficulty," he admitted. "Something went wrong with the furnace, our furnace. There was a gas leakage. Mrs. Gould wasn't quite clear what caused it and it hardly matters now, because it's been fixed. She checked that with the gas company. The thing is—" he hesitated, "well, the youngsters had to take Davy out right away. They had to get out themselves until the house was safe. So they just piled into the car and—"

"What car? Where did they go? Where are they?"

"Mary's," he said blankly. "Mary's. That's the message Sally left with her grandaunt. At least that's all Mrs. Gould can get out of the old girl. Sally's mother has called every Mary she knows without any luck so far. But she trusts Sally thoroughly, and she says the other girl—Dorothy somebody — is very responsible.

"Anyway, if there'd been an accident we'd have heard. The kids are in young Ramsey's car, Mrs. Gould thinks. Well, I've seen the Ramsey youngster's car, and I can tell you right now you could spot it a mile away—What's the matter?"

His wife was staring at him. "The Ramsey car! Why—" She turned so pale that he caught her shoulders, forced her to sit down.

"Mrs. Gould couldn't have heard the broadcast. Foss! Jeff Ramsey's car is missing—it was on the radio! And Mrs. Ramsey is so upset she's had a heart attack or . . . something. But then—the child in the car must be Davy! It couldn't be . . . they said three or four years old!"

Now his own face was almost as pale. "What do you mean?"

She told him, and he seized the telephone again. "No, Foss! Don't call the Ramseys. She's ill and they can't do anything more than we can, anyway."

"I'm calling the police," he

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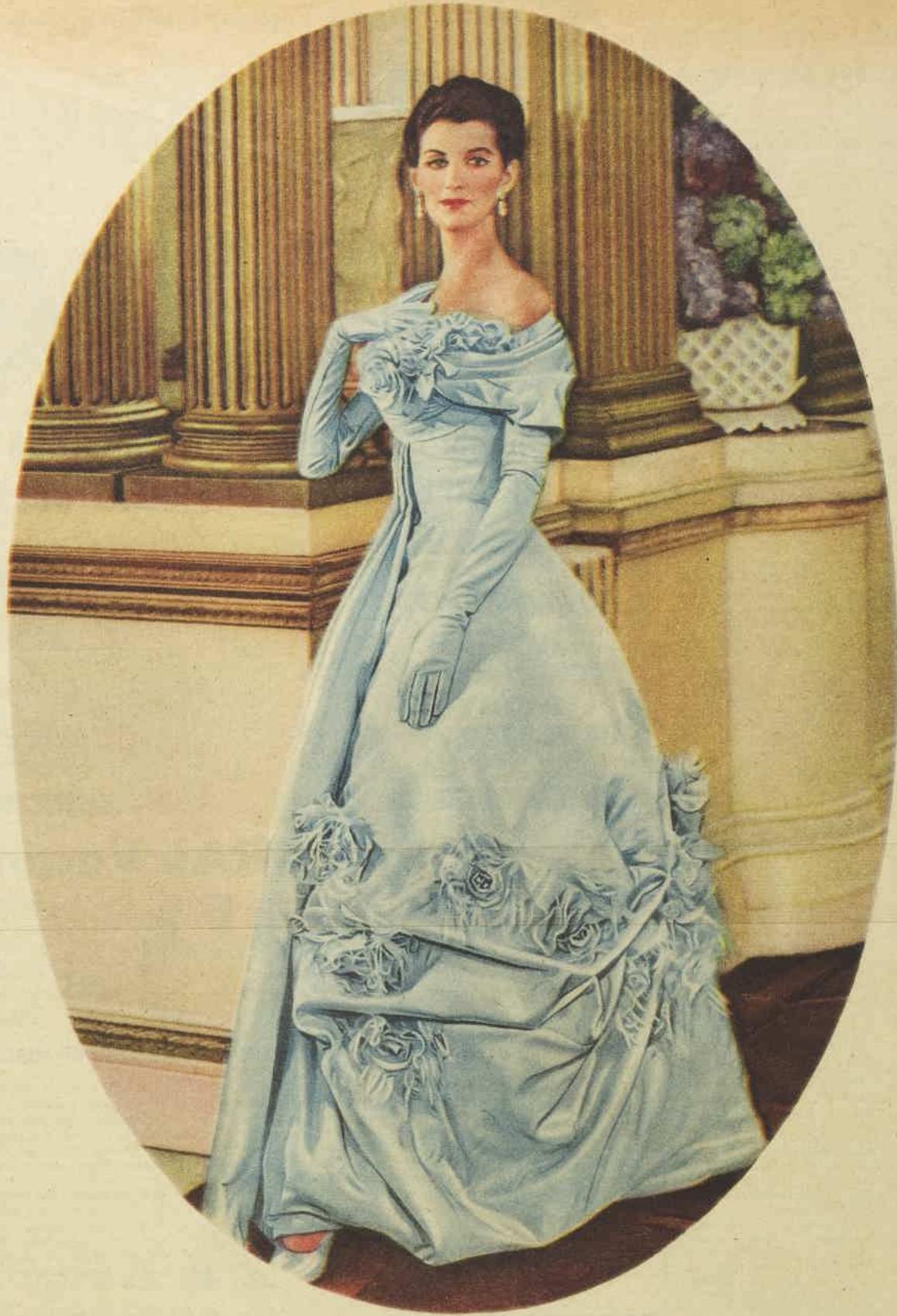
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said grimly. "We're in on this, too!"

A few moments later they were in the downstairs hall making their hurried goodbyes and even more hurried, almost incoherent explanations. Somewhere on the outskirts of the group Mr. Fremont's voice came quietly, authoritatively.

"Mr. Benton, three minutes more can hardly make any difference. I'd like to have this chronology quite clear in my mind."

Foss Benton swung towards him angrily, but something in the old man's set, determined voice came through to him. "Yes, sir. This is how it is—up to now." And found that in the telling his own thoughts clarified.

Mr. Fremont nodded. "Thank you. It would seem that locating this Mary is the crucial point."

Some woman giggled nervously. "Or locating the car," she said. "Well, goodness knows, we have plenty of cars around tonight. Why don't we all go hunting? There are lots of roads and lanes that the police won't be able to cover all at once."

There was a chorus of agreement; but there was an equal chorus of disagreement when Mr. Fremont wished to include himself and his car in the quest. Looking from face to face he did not argue. Turning, he saw that Edmund Cordier had followed him into the library, so it was Cordier who received the bitterness of his comment.

"They're suddenly all very tender of my health! I suppose that means they—know?"

Cordier's reply was instant. "I'm sure they don't know, Jules. After all, it's been over fifty years."

In 1902 a small boy in kilts and curls had disappeared in broad daylight in Central Park. One moment his nurse had watched him chase a rubber ball into the bushes at a little distance. She had turned to continue her conversation with another nurse who shared the same park bench. It was, according to the testimony of a nearby policeman, a conversation of no more than three or four minutes. Then she had risen to follow the child. And had not found him.

He had never been found.

There had been no ransom demand. There had been—nothing. Then or later. A fortune had been spent in the search; the little nurse had grieved herself to death. The child's mother, being of sturdier physical stock, had eventually sought a less approved method of ending a suspense that she could neither endure nor accept.

Cordier said more robustly. "Besides, Jules, this isn't the same thing at all. Don't forget there are several youngsters in the car. The Bentons are thinking in terms of car accidents or breakdowns."

He added, "But it wouldn't be a bad idea to give the Bentons something pleasant to think about. Yours was the only vote I wasn't sure of, Jules. Why don't you give Benton an advance tip? I'm chairman, I'll take the responsibility of explaining to the committee."

Mr. Fremont brightened. "If you're sure—Thank you, Edmund. I will."

He caught Foss just as the latter was entering his car, after checking with the other men the various routes each group would cover. Mr. Fremont glanced into the front seat. Mrs. Benton was huddled in her corner, almost invisible.

"Mr. Benton, I'm going to exercise the prerogative of age. A bit highhanded, but the committee will forgive me. I just want you to know that—the Centre is yours."

Foss' eyes looked at him and through him. Then he remembered his manners. "Thank you, sir, but the committee might be well advised not to announce any decision before

## Continuing . . . THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

from page 69

Monday. Since you've been so kind—and I know I was not your first choice, Mr. Fremont—I may as well say right now that if anything has happened to my son—"

Mr. Fremont patted his arm. "I know, I know. Well, I just wanted to tell you. Perhaps . . ." He shook his head and went to the Rolls. Its familiar interior no longer comforted him.

Mary. Mary . . . Some miles farther along he was a bit shocked to find himself humming under his breath: "Mary and Martha's just gone along for to ring dem charming bells."

A traffic light held them up, and Mr. Fremont, gazing vaguely through his window, saw ahead in the distance a brilliantly illuminated sign. Ah, that was what had suggested the song, no doubt: First, wondering about the mysterious Mary and then seeing those blazing letters. Old people had so many word associations. He smiled to himself. Old people . . .

Miss Harriet Gould! He seized the speaking-tube. "Grant, this Martha's just ahead—what is it? Roadhouse or juke joint or whatever the youngsters call it?"

"Little bit of everything, sir—but most respectable. They serve excellent food and liquors, I understand. There are cabins for transients, too. The proprietor is a Mr. Martha, sir."

"Oh." For a moment Mr. Fremont was oddly disconcerted. The word association had been shattered. Then he said, "Well, that might simplify things," a remark that bewildered Grant. He was still further bewildered at the order: "I should like to stop there, Grant."

"Yes, sir." Doreen greeted Mr. Fremont with small flutterings, but after a second look she swam away, much as a minnow swims from the cold and speculative eye of the carp. She was glad to leave him to Frank.

"Yes, sir. What may we do for you, sir?"

"Are you Mr. Martha?"

"No, sir. I'm the manager, not the proprietor."

The carp's eye fixed Frank. "I wish to speak with Mr. Martha."

"Yes, sir," Frank said. "This way, if you please."

**I**T was a fond legend in financial circles that Mr. Fremont never forgot a name or a face. Actually he did both, with increasing frequency.

His memory remained sharp only as it was associated with those whom he had had to tackle face to face in years long gone by. So when Mr. Martha rose from his desk it was no miracle when Mr. Fremont said genially:

"But surely when we met before your name was not Martha? I believe one of my companies." He tapped his pince-nez impatiently on a dry thumbnail. "Now let me see, we were underwriting a small shipping-line of yours, were we not, Mr. Martha? The details escape me, but wasn't there some difficulty about the registry in connection with one ship? A Panamanian flag . . . there was something about a Panamanian flag. Well, that is done with now. I see you have left the high seas for inland—"

"He almost said 'for inland piracy,' but caught himself in time. "—for an inland venture. More relaxing, no doubt."

"Name's Fremont, in case you've forgotten." He smiled, held out a hand and shook Mr. Martha's limp fingers cordially. "And your name was

dear me, I'm so forgetful—it ended in e-a-n-u, did it not? I'm here seeking some information from you."

Mr. Martha had almost recovered. Now he sprang about, uttering little cries of hope.

Mr. Fremont was hearty. "No, no, no. I've just completed the longest dinner party of my experience. But it is a bit late and I should be in bed—Mr. Martha. May I congratulate you on the change of name? So much easier to remember."

Mr. Fremont finally got a word in edgewise. "Strictly legit." He coughed. "Quite legal, Mr. Fremont."

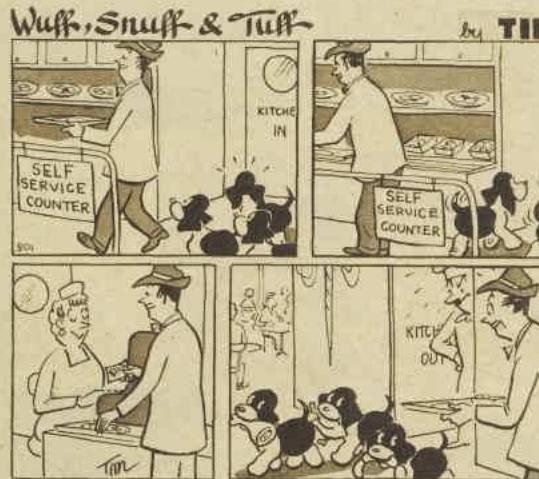
"Of course. But I mustn't detain you at this hour, so let me come right to the point."

His spate of chatter had served its purpose; it had given

careful about the law—very careful. No minors allowed near the bars, without they got an adult with them. So I tell 'em to go up the line to the drugstore. Anyway, the kids say no, they can't go to the drugstore; they're expecting telephone calls here. So I say I can't help that, they can't come in. Then I come back to my office and that's all I know." Mr. Martha added virtuously. "But Doreen—that's my receptionist—she says the baby's father come along a few minutes later. And with an adult with 'em, she's got no right to keep 'em out of the annexe. So that's that."

Mr. Fremont frowned. "The baby's father, Mr. Foss Benton, happens to have been with me the entire evening, up to the last hour or so. But let me see if I have the facts straight: You refused them entrance, due to regulations governing minors.

### FOR THE CHILDREN



him time to study both men. More important, it had given them no time at all to think. He leaned forward in his chair. It was a wild cast, so his voice admitted nothing but complete confidence.

"This evening your delightful roadside was visited by a group of young people in a yellow Eldorado. They were of teen age, except for a small child. Or rather, a baby twenty months old."

"Twenty months, my eye!" Frank blurted indignantly. "He was two-three, walking. And he talked to Kew smart as anything, Kew says."

Only Mr. Fremont's mind settled a foot deeper in the chair.

His body did not stir. "And who is this Kew?"

"The drummer," Frank was subdued now. He had caught the ferocious wrath in Mr. Martha's eye.

Mr. Fremont had caught it, too. He went on smoothly, "Ah, yes, I believe the child is large for his age, but I can assure you he is only twenty months old." He pulled a small notebook from his pocket, scribbled in it with cramped, meticulous fingers. "I should like to speak to Mr. Kew. Now."

"He's gone on an errand for me," Mr. Martha's voice was hoarse. "He's not on the premises at all."

"Dear me, what a busy, busy man you are—errands at such an hour!"

"I can tell you anything you want to know, sir," Mr. Martha forced himself to compose. He had heard that radio broadcast, too. Frank had torn things, all right, but perhaps the damage could be mended.

"It's like this: Sure, these kids come to the place tonight. They want to get in, but I'm

in the door of the annexe. Mr. Fremont surveyed the

scene. A few couples were still moving dreamily on the dance-floor.

"Booth four, you said? Ah, here it is." He glanced down the length of the room. "But I don't see how Mr. Kew could possibly have seen the child from the orchestra platform—not in this light. Let alone have talked to him."

"He didn't," Frank protested. "He didn't see the kid in the booth. This doll—this girl takes the kid to the rest-room, and when she comes out it's in termision. And she asks Kew will he take care of the kid for a minute or two. So Kew says yes, and then the kid's father comes up and says he'll take the kid. And while he's yakking that over with Kew the girl sort of picks up the kid and takes him back to the booth."

"This alleged father, what did he look like?"

"Curly black hair, longish nose sorta crooked to one side—Frank stopped suddenly.

"Yes?" Mr. Fremont encouraged.

An expression of complete despair stole over Frank's face. "Nothin'," he said. "Nothin' I'm just no good describing guy's."

"Don't let it worry you, Miss Doreen, your charming receptionist, has a better eye, no doubt." Mr. Fremont scribbled.

"Curly black hair, longish nose crooked to one side. Yes."

"Well, lookit—she's not going to say the same thing I did! You see, I was thinking about how he looked before he—"

"Before what?" Mr. Fremont prodded gently. "Shall we sit in this booth? Before what?"

Frank slumped into the booth. "Before he changed his face," he said miserably.

Mr. Fremont slipped the little book back into his pocket. "Ah. Perhaps we are getting somewhere now . . . Is there anything you'd care to say that you did not wish to mention in front of your employer?"

"Gee, Mr. Fremont, I never wanted to see that guy with those kids and the baby!" Frank declared passionately. "Mr. Martha didn't, neither. But . . . if we'd said anything we could be crucified!"

After a long moment Mr. Fremont's comment was quiet. "A great many people have been crucified throughout the centuries. Let us not consider ourselves unique. Frank—if I may call you so?" He fell silent again, considering the man opposite.

Presently he said, "So this man with the young people is someone you know?"

"I never knew him, I just knew of him! Knew him by sight, see? And hearing about him."

Mr. Fremont accepted the correction. "You knew of him. He has had his appearance changed, you say. But instinctively you started to describe him as he looked when you first knew—of him."

His voice, which had been gentle, suddenly barked: "Who is he? What's his name?"

"So Marty says, Frank, he says we'll give the Fanner five minutes to get clear of this joint and then you call the cops. He's had a lot of names. Most guys just call him the Fanner. He's got a habit, see? Keeps waving his arm in front of his face like he's pushing away smoke."

"He was trying not to do it tonight, but he forgot a couple times. That's how I knew him—that, and the way he carries one shoulder higher'n the other. But I wouldn't of noticed him if Marty hadn't said something. Marty's quick like that."

"And why did this Fanner wish to change his appearance?"

"Name's Fremont, in case you've forgotten." He smiled, held out a hand and shook Mr. Martha's limp fingers cordially. "And your name was

tated again, but he knew it was too late. And queerly enough, there was some pressing need to unburden himself now. And, anyway, it was too late. He had already opened his big yap—and so had Marty. That orange—ha!

He said flatly: "The Fanner's on the lam for the Harris snatch."

Something in the old boy's face made the hair prickle at the back of Frank's neck. "Well, that's what he is, a snatcher, a kidnapper! I didn't have nothin' to do with it—I'm just telling you!"

The old man's voice was dry. "Ah, yes, I remember. The Harris paid the ransom money, but the child was never returned to them. In fact, no trace of him has been found . . . So the Fanner was here. And in some way or other insinuated himself into this group of young people, among whom was a small child, another—his voice was smothered. "another baby. Yet you and your employer did not notify the police. You did not even make an effort to warn the young people that they were in highly dangerous company . . . Why was that, Frank?"

Frank was silent. "Then I cannot believe you. You and Mr. Martha must have some connection with the Fanner."

Frank exploded. "We wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole! It was just that—well—" He realised that other things would have to come out now, too. "It was just that we got our own reasons for not wanting the coppers around here. We figured they could pick up the Fanner somewhere else. Somewhere along the road away from here."

Mr. Fremont's hand on the table shook a little, then stilled. Anger would do no good at all at this moment. It might, indeed, ruin everything.

"I see. Well, that will have to be a matter between you and the police. The important thing is to find the children. And the Fanner. They expected to receive telephone calls here, but I gather they did not receive any such calls. Did they make any?"

"Tried to, Doreen says. Then they beat it all of a sudden, out the side door. Like the devil was after 'em."

"Unfortunately we know the devil was with them," Mr. Fremont reminded him harshly. "Yes you did nothing whatever about it!"

Frank's conscience was very bad, but at least there was one sin, not upon it, and he was glad to proclaim that innocence.

"I did try, honest I did! When the kids left, I run in to Marty and I tell him, look, we gotta do something. We can't let those kids go away with the Fanner. Well, trying to think what to do—and then we see the Fanner leave the kids by their car and walk away. So he's beating it in his own car and we don't have to do nothing—not about the kids, anyway. They're still in the parking lot, see?"

"So Marty says, Frank, he says we'll give the Fanner five minutes to get clear of this joint and then you call the cops. He's had a lot of names. Most guys just call him the Fanner. He's got a habit, see? Keeps waving his arm in front of his face like he's pushing away smoke."

"He was trying not to do it tonight, but he forgot a couple times. That's how I knew him—that, and the way he carries one shoulder higher'n the other. But I wouldn't of noticed him if Marty hadn't said something. Marty's quick like that."

"And why did this Fanner wish to change his appearance?"

"Name's Fremont, in case you've forgotten." He smiled, held out a hand and shook Mr. Martha's limp fingers cordially. "And your name was

"Not in our lot."

"And did you notify the

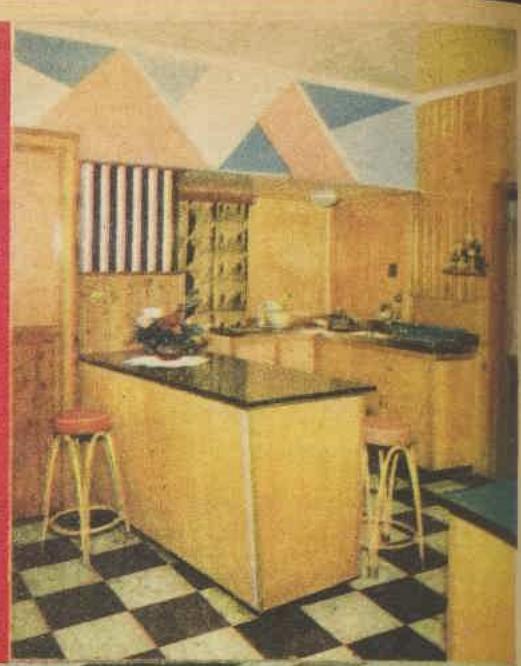
To page 74

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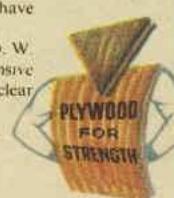
The picture top right, taken in the Clarendon Street, East Brisbane, home of Mr. D. W. Taylor of H. Taylor & Son Pty. Ltd., builders, shows how the intelligent and inexpensive use of modern plywoods can transform an old kitchen. Mr. Taylor has blended clear lacquered and painted plywood, using both striated and plain.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

# Grow mushrooms

- As summer ends commercial mushroom growers are preparing compost, and sowing it with spawn to produce edible fungus, or mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*).

MUSHROOMS can be easily grown in a darkened shed, garage, or under a house that is airy but free from draughts.

In recent years ridgebeds—heaps of compost manure, treated millchips, or chemically treated sawdust—have been much used by backyard mushroom growers as well as commercial gardeners.

The ridgebeds are banked up 2 ft. high, 4 ft. across, and covered with polythene sheeting. They may be of any length.

Black polythene sheeting has been found best. Under this, the spawn, if properly covered and watered with care, will crop for up to 16 weeks or more.

Any gardener who follows the instructions when he buys pure culture spawn can grow mushrooms. He will need several yards of fresh manure—any kind—a soundly constructed shed, plenty of water, a fork for turning over the manure, finely sifted soil for covering the beds, and pure, fresh-culture spawn—which can be bought almost anywhere.

In place of a shed, a level part of the garden, in a well-drained position, can be used for ridgebeds from which heavy crops of large, clean, tasty mushrooms can be produced.

In cellars, dark sheds, and under houses pack composted manure and straw into shallow boxes or trays sown with spawn. Top-dressed with sandy loam and finely granulated peatmoss, they will produce high-quality mushrooms in a few weeks. They will crop for a couple of months with little more than ordinary care.

The boxes, obtainable from spawn-producers, are already planted with spawn and ready for use. They cost about 15/- to £1

## GARDENING

each, according to the distance they have to be transported, and usually produce about eight to ten pounds of mushrooms worth up to ten shillings a pound.

It pays to get first-hand advice from spawn-producers about the preparation of compost, when and how to set out spawn, when to water, and how much to apply. Too much water can make compost useless.

Most mushroom spawn-makers supply directions and ready-prepared compost free to customers.

Mushrooms grown in sheds or under plastic sheeting in ridgebeds will begin to crop from eight to 11 weeks after the spawn has been sown. Trays and boxes, however, will begin cropping in about a fortnight if the temperature—from 58 to 60 deg. F.—is controlled and ventilation is satisfactory.

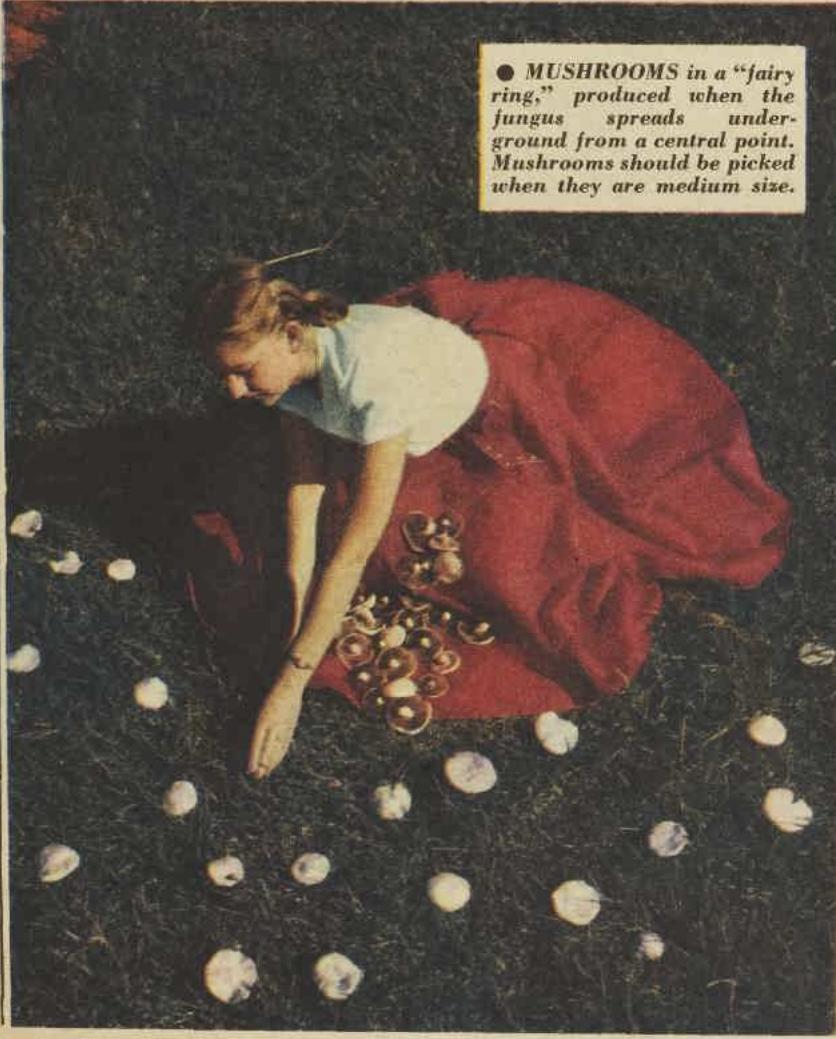
Winter is the best time to grow mushrooms, although they are slower to appear when the weather is cold. The threat of insect pests, however, is greater in summer and diseases are more likely to appear in the beds during humid weather.

Incidentally, the compost at the end of the mushroom season is an excellent top-dressing for the rest of the garden.

It can be used for mixing with potting soils, and is particularly useful for adding to orchid compost in small quantities.

Spent mushroom compost is also valuable as a mulch for shrubs: azaleas, rhododendrons, hydrangeas, and others that are relatively shallow-rooted. It can be used as mulch for strawberry beds. An inch or two of compost helps to keep roots cool and retain moisture if applied to all flowerbeds, vegetables of all kinds, and for topping off potplants that are inclined to dry out during hot weather.

● MUSHROOMS in a "fairy ring," produced when the fungus spreads underground from a central point. Mushrooms should be picked when they are medium size.



Can friends criticise  
your most-noticed room?

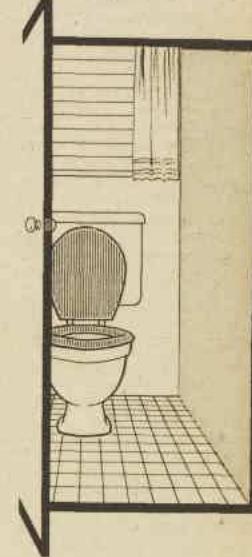


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## Continuing . . . THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

from page 71.

police?" Mr. Fremont's eyes were suspicious pinpoints.

"Yep. Yes, sir. I told 'em the Fanner had been seen on Route 1B tonight."

"Seen with youngsters who had arrived in a yellow Eldorado?"

Frank squirmed. "Well, gee, if I say anything about the Eldorado, then the Fanner can be traced here! Anyway, he's got a car of his own, ain't he? He's got to have a car."

"But you didn't see his car, so you couldn't describe it to the police. They have nothing to go on, except that this man was seen somewhere along 1B. I gather," Mr. Fremont went on, restraining himself with effort, "that you must have hung up the telephone before they could ask any more questions."

He rose. "Well, the children have not returned to their respective homes, the Eldorado has not been seen. You say they made no telephone calls from here. We have nothing at all to go on, except that Mr. Martha suggested they might get sandwiches at the drugstore. They may have made their calls from there. Where is this store?"

"Two-three miles up the line, north."

"Then that is our next stop, Frank."

"Me? I'm not going!" Frank was hasty. "Besides, it closed at one o'clock."

"Then we'll notify the police and they can rouse the proprietor. After that, you and I will search along the road at least as far as the store. And if Mr. Martha has a car, he will assist in that search—"

"He won't do it—"

"And you may tell him," Mr. Fremont ignored the interruption, "that if we should find some trace of the children, the Fanner, or the Eldorado—why then, it is possible that the police might take his willing assistance into consideration—that is, when they come to delve into his personal activities."

"Oh, and we shall need flashlights. The Fanner could not make any drastic move here. Indeed, I can still not imagine how he could have introduced himself into a group of presumably well-bred young people. But there is a possibility that once they were on the road again he may have held them up in some secluded spot. They would recognise him, trust him, if he signalled them to stop along the road. And he may have known they intended to go to the drugstore."

Frank made a last protest. "Why'd they go to the drugstore? What's the sense their going there?"

"I don't know," Mr. Fremont said flatly. "I do know that the drugstore is the only clue we have, of any sort whatsoever. The Fanner may have held them up—he may have forced them to crash their car alongside the road. They may be injured . . ." His voice trailed.

So it was through Mr. Fremont that Jeff was found; and the Eldorado. And it was through Frank and—it must be admitted—Mr. Martha that the police had already discovered Tom trudging roundly towards Riverdale.

No one felt very satisfied, however.

Jeff was unconscious and three rather important people were still missing: a baby, a young girl—and a man already sought as a kidnapper and possible murderer.

Kew missed all that excitement.

A few minutes before Mr. Fremont and Frank appeared in the annexe, Mr. Martha had beckoned Kew frantically from the band platform, and from there to the salad pantry, closed now for the night.

"Listen," he ordered, "I got no time to answer questions, so

don't ask 'em. We're gonna have coppers around the place any minute. Beat it to the icehouse and dump all those bottles down the chute. Get rid of the press and everything else in the cupboard, too."

Kew's sleepy astonishment infuriated the little man. "Get going, pronto! If you don't we'll all be in the jug."

"But I gotta get my coat," Kew whined. "It's cold. I get rheumatics in my hands and I'm no good on the traps."

"Grab a sweater from the kitchen," Mr. Martha said. "And I don't want you short-cutting down the wood path making like ten elephants. Take the jalopy and go by the trucking road. And don't forget to muss up the coat. Anyone shows up asking questions—well, we been having prowlers and you boys are taking turns bunking down there trying to catch 'em."

A few minutes later Kew had parked the car and was moving reluctantly towards the door of the icehouse, very glad indeed of the flashlight he had lifted when the cook wasn't looking. He had no taste for the woods or for the icehouse, either. It was a gloomy affair at best with its one door and its windowless walls. Moreover, a portion of the structure jutted over the pond, a convenient arrangement in former years, halving the drudgery of hauling and storage. But it made for a raw chilliness.

The building did have certain advantages as far as privacy was concerned. Enclosed on two sides by woods, on a third side by the pond, and on the fourth by a long-dissused meadow, it was, in ordinary circumstances, quite safe to use the powerful light bulbs that hung inside. Even so, he unlocked the door with something less than enthusiasm.

Once he had touched the switch blazing lights disclosed an interior more comforting than the woods, even though a kitchen chair, a deal table, and an iron cot comprised the furniture. Only heavy rafters remained of what had been a half-loft, with its accompanying ladder. But Kew knew that the trapdoor which opened into the pond was still intact, though the lid hinges were gone.

He had not speculated as to its original purpose, but Dohey, the pianist, who had once been a country boy, had shown more interest, particularly when he had discovered the short ramp beneath the trapdoor.

"Now that's real smart for a guy musta built this a-huntern years ago," he approved. "Look how he saves himself a lotta work. Kew. Brings his ice sled right under the house, then pulleys the blocks right on to the floor. The side planks was to keep the blocks from sliding off. All of them planks is slimy now, of course, but they look like they've stood up real good."

Marty had approved, too, but only for the ice chute's future potentials. It was then that he had wired the icehouse for electricity, and had transferred certain operations here. Ostensibly, the icehouse was for the use of extra kitchen help should the occasion arise. To date it had not arisen.

Kew missed all that excitement.

A few minutes before Mr. Fremont and Frank appeared in the annexe, Mr. Martha had beckoned Kew frantically from the band platform, and from there to the salad pantry, closed now for the night.

"Listen," he ordered, "I got no time to answer questions, so

enough to discard the cook's sweater.

With considerable effort, he lifted and moved away the huge wooden cover. But the water was not visible after a dry summer. The sawdust that had settled down had swelled and matted. Then, too, over the years, the pond had silted up around the piles, discouraging the lazy current. He lay on his stomach, grunting with the effort, and began poking at the sawdust with the shovel. He gripped the latter nervously, because if it slid from his hands he'd be in a hell of a fix. But presently the tawny mattress below him parted, shifted, then sank lazily.

Kew sighed with relief. At the bottom of the crude ramp the pond water was visible. He only hoped it was still deep enough.

Now another job, heart-breaking as well as back-breaking. He looked mournfully at the cases piled just inside the door. The very best foreign liquors and wines—worth at least three grand, since they

what he could do, he could go a little way up the footpath.

If coppers decided to nose around here they'd come the short-cut from the roadhouse. And it was a noisy path, with twigs and loose pebbles. He would have plenty of notice to run back, put the cover on and shovel the sawdust over it. In the meantime, the cases would be getting good and soaked, perhaps sink of their own accord without further exertion on his part.

He rumpled the blankets on the cot, dented the pillow, and left his open comic book on it. He put on the sweater and walked up the path. Once he looked back, seeing the broad wedge of light from the icehouse door.

Around a bend in the path there was a fallen log that made a reasonably comfortable seat. Of course, he couldn't see the icehouse lights any more; but by the same token, neither could the cops—not unless they decided to poke around down here.

The trees were thinning, and ahead of her Sally could see a shimmering, a lightening of the night. That vague lifting of the darkness must mean that she was near the fields of which



"I didn't expect anybody to come and see me off."

weren't wearing revenue bonnets . . . That reminded him, perhaps he'd better get rid of the press and paper first. Tonight sure meant the end of this line for Marty!

The press went first, sinking at once. The paper showed more reluctance. He watched anxiously, but soon it absorbed, disappeared. Yep, it was the end of the line all right. Oh, sure, Marty had lots of other things up his sleeve, but he'd never bother with roadhouse headaches any more, once the big profit was gone. It was a sad thought, for Kew loved his drum and traps; and there might not be another band.

Now the liquor. He wasn't a drinking man himself, but his mother liked sherry and Marty wouldn't mind if he put a bottle aside. He hid it carefully in a pile of sawdust. It was only when he began dumping the cardboard cases themselves that he ran into real trouble.

The water would glisten at him, then suddenly a case would float back. Presently two or three of them bobbed up and down, blocking the pond water, surging tentatively up the chute.

They were almost four feet below him, and he couldn't get enough purchase to give them a good push. He shrugged. Well, so what is an empty case? It don't prove anything. But Marty wouldn't like it. Perhaps if he kept pushing at them every so often they would sink after a while, when they were waterlogged. His thoughts churned slowly:

broken? It was swelling with tremendous rapidity. She shook David awake. And then, pressing a soft palm against his mouth, turned the light into his eyes.

"Sh. Davy, quiet! It's Sally. Time to wake up."

If she could just get him to the edge of the field . . . Somehow she limped, hopped, tottered to the beginning of the meadow, to where there was a verge of grass and the trees stopped abruptly. She stared wildly across the bare expanse and saw the blessed, steady light. It was shining from the icehouse. Someone must have turned it into a summer place or studio.

She knew that she would never be able to carry Davy across the field, that she wouldn't be able to walk across it herself. She might, if given time, manage it on her hands and knees. She wouldn't be given that time. She would be spotted easily, even if she were crawling. But Davy, with any luck, might be more fortunate—if she could only sell him the proposition.

He had already seen that lighted doorway himself. He pointed to the light and laughed aloud.

"Mummy?" he asked hopefully. "Daddy?"

"Sh." Sally warned, then whispered eagerly, "Yes, Davy's Mummy and Daddy. Davy goes to Mummy and Daddy!"

It was true enough, she told herself defensively, at least in the long-range view. If he reached the light, he would be safe. But he must go alone.

Her hands passed over him swiftly, discovered a missing mitten. She pulled a discarded glove from her pocket—it had made her hold on the flashlight too uncertain—and pulled it over his small hand, stretching it well up towards his elbow. She thought of something else.

"What's your name?" she whispered urgently.

"Davy Ben."

Sally didn't have time to play or coax. She had no pencil, no paper, but she did have her driver's licence. She fumbled it from her wallet and pushed it into the tiny pocket that decorated David's coat. She buttoned the pocket and hoped that he had not learned how to unbutton it.

She put him gently on his hands and knees and pointed to the light. "Davy go see Mummy and Daddy."

Sally watched him go, terrified that he would start walking, almost as terrified that he might suddenly decide to take another nap. But he was out of her hands now, and presently out of her sight. All she could do was to draw pursuit from him. On her own hands and knees and in the opposite direction she struggled along, like the mother partridge that feints a wounded wing in order to distract attention from her chicks.

When she was far enough from Davy she must give some small signal of her presence. She sat up and looked back. The sinister firefly shone infrequently, but it was much nearer now.

Under her breath she whispered, "Please, God, make it he Jeff or the police!" Then she raised her arm, let it fall across the pile of dry leaves. To her ears, it was a small thunder. At the same time she pressed the flashlight switch for an instant.

The man had paused at the edge of the woods, his eyes darting across the meadow, noting the pond and a lighted house.

That house gave him a bad shock.

Sure, Tom had mentioned the pond, rambling on about how he used to go skating there. At the time, Darth hadn't been interested, he had had no reason to be interested. But he had certainly received the vague impression that

nothing lay behind Martha except woods, pond, and empty fields. Now — a lighted house. If the girl and baby hadn't already reached it, they would be heading there.

He doubted if they had reached it.

Then, much nearer to him, he heard a sound. It was unmistakable, the thrash of dry leaves. His chin jutted towards that sound, his ears pulled against rigid muscles. He didn't hear it again—but he did see the faint glow of a flashlight, quickly extinguished.

He moved very silently down to the grass verge, away from the trees and the dead leaves that had betrayed the two he had found. He would take his time and he would take no more chances. Gag the baby, first of all . . . Now he could hear a soft, panting breath. He turned the flashlight full on the girl. She was half-sitting, half-lying on a huge heap of mouldering leaves.

"If you scream, I'll strangle you both," he said.

Sally believed him. Her mouth closed but her body was one loud shriek of terror.

The light moved around and over the heap of leaves. "Where's the kid?"

"Lost. I've lost him."

He was leisurely now. "Oh yeah? Lying won't do you any good, sister. You wouldn't let him out of your sight all evening. Now you've just sort of lost him, just like that!"

Sally whimpered and the whimper was very real. "I didn't mean to lose him! But I fell over a root or something and I've sprained my ankle. I guess it knocked me out, because when I came to—wasn't anywhere around. I don't know where he is!"

"A very convenient ankle. I suppose you and Ramsey didn't go through my pockets, either. Well, let's see this ankle!"

But his sneer faded as the meekly thrust it forward. It was swollen all right, hugely swollen. His fingers went over the puffed flesh without mercy, but they were convinced. She couldn't have moved far with such an ankle, and the baby wasn't too steady on his feet. At the most, he'd have to be in a radius of fifty yards. The hell of it was, Darth thought, he didn't dare call to the kid. He'd just have to take this spot as the centre of a circle and beat around until he'd covered every section.

He sat back on his heels and studied her meditatively. He himself didn't dare call out, but that didn't mean the girl wouldn't scream the minute he left her, at least the minute he was any distance away.

He leaned forward, turned the light upon her face again. "I told you not to scream, didn't I?"

"I haven't. I haven't! I won't!"

"Well, let's see that you don't!" he said pleasantly, and the light went off again as he dropped the torch. At the same moment his right hand found the swollen ankle, gripped it and twisted viciously . . . After a moment he stood up and turned the light on her face. She had blacked out all right.

He moved swiftly, first quartering the woods behind the girl, and presently returning to segments involving the meadow itself.

David was now on a sponge carpet that smelt beautifully. It wasn't so good, though, when you put your nose in it. He sneezed. Still on hands and knees, he scuttled through the open door of the icehouse, and cajoled.

"Mummy, Daddy! Davy!" Mummy and Daddy were hiding. He was used to that, too, and they always showed up after a while. He plunged along, was confronted by a hill

To page 76



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## Continuing . . . THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

from page 74

of sawdust. He burrowed into it. It felt good, it smelt good. The light was good, too, though it was too strong for eyes that had seen nothing but dimness and darkness for a long time. The eyes closed, he fell asleep.

The Fanner had, without any luck, quartered the area he had set himself. Now he was well along the field, and approaching the lighted door. For the first time he recognised the building's odd shape, half-silhouetted as it was against the pale silver of the pond. Icehouse, he said to himself, nothing but an icehouse! No windows, no porches, no nothing—just the door. Still, there was the light. Someone was there, or someone had just left and would return.

Slipping into the shadows, he crawled up to the icehouse door; and concealing himself in the inky shadow behind that door, peered through the crack afforded by the open hinges.

Someone barked here, all right. There was a chair, a table, a rumpled cot with a magazine thrown on it. Nothing else, only a floor mounded irregularly with ancient sawdust. But the place was empty. The baby hadn't got this far.

Sour bitterness rushed into the Fanner's throat. Everything to be planned again—the hard way. Another family, another baby, another section of the country. And he was tired; he had spent a lot of his nerve tonight, he had thrown away much of the protection his new face had given him. Maybe the mob was right, maybe he was crazy.

Then he saw a small mound of sawdust shift, stir. He stood rigid, unbelieving. It was David, lying asleep only a few feet away.

He gathered himself, slid through the door—and leaped towards the baby, uncaring of the small avalanche of sawdust he disturbed. But the avalanche was not so small after all. His heels went down with it. He lurched back wildly, but the heels carried him into an opening in the floor. It was too short for his length, his head struck wood, his legs jack-knifed. As he fell his arms scrabbled against slippery walls.

But he wasn't knocked out, he hadn't landed on a concrete floor, he hadn't broken anything. He was lying on his back.

Almost instantly he was aware that he was supported by something spongy, irregular, floating. Dampness spread around him, tugged at him; in little ripples at first, then lazily, as though it were in no hurry. Well, sawdust was light and clean . . . His arms went up again, seeking handholes on the slimy wooden walls. Immediately, the mattress beneath him turned, sank, threw him to one side.

And this time there was no doubt about it. There was water beneath the sawdust, beneath the irregular shapes that struck gently at shoulder-blades and spine. Beginning to be alarmed, he forced himself to lie quietly, to appraise the situation.

He swayed back and forth in his curious bed for a few minutes, and told himself not to panic. After all, the floor was only four feet or so above him. Not even vertically above, or he was at the bottom of a wooden incline. It was only a matter of getting a handhold, somehow, somewhere.

Of course, it must be the pond itself somewhere under him, though it wouldn't be deep here—too near shore. But what was holding him up? Very cautiously and slowly he worked a hand down through the moist mattress. Boxes, cardboard boxes! They were already soggy.

He forced himself to think, coldly, carefully. There were two ways to get out—up or down, though there was prob-

ably no necessity to consider the latter. Very cautiously, his hands went to the single broad planks that railed the chute. The planks were thick with slime, it was like trying to grasp something that was covered with heavy oil.

If he could only get his coat off he could stretch a sleeve across each rail and achieve a good grip. Then it would only be a matter of inching himself upwards. He was wary enough as he tried to ease his left arm from the jacket sleeve. Almost instantly he ceased the attempt, and lay there trembling. The precarious bed beneath him had sagged.

And now at last he had to consider that bed, and what lay beneath it. If the trapdoor had only been built to receive debris from the icehouse above, why this slanting chute—this ramp? That last word gave him a clue, and he pondered, much as Kew had done; and with none of Kew's experience but with more than Kew's intelligence, came to the same conclusion: ice-blocks had been brought in this way. And where ice had come in, he could get out! Only ten or twelve feet of the icehouse was built over the water; he could certainly swim under the surface for that distance. Out to the open pond.

That quick elation faded. A dry summer . . . all this debris below him . . . What if he should find himself trapped in an airless darkness, in a jungle of submerged rubbish from which there was no exit?

Dankly cold as it was down here, even colder sweat started on his forehead.

The mattress shifted, the sawdust still fell silently. And now it was no longer as easy to blow it away from eyes and nose. Suddenly, and he didn't know why, horror seized him. Against his own determination he heard himself crying hoarsely, "Davy, Davy. Come here!"

The cry was muffled on the last word. The tiny hills of dust on his cheeks had been dislodged by that cry, had slid into his open mouth. He spat.

A foolish thing to do, anyway, calling to a baby. What help could he be? Still, he listened intently. The round pale eyes glared upwards. Even to see the kid would be a sort of—well, a sort of contact with the world up there.

But David did not wake. He was exhausted.

Kew heard the sirens and interpreted them correctly: an ambulance and an escorting patrol on the highway above him. And then a sudden frenzy of traffic converging from everywhere.

He dashed back into the icehouse, picking up the heavy wooden lid as he went towards the chute. He staggered under its weight, let it fall. It hadn't fallen quite into place, he saw, but it was good enough. He began kicking a layer of sawdust over it, and doing so covered David.

Kew was completely bewildered. How and why the kid had popped up Kew couldn't figure, and he didn't have time to figure it.

He carried the child outdoors, set him on his feet. "Stay right there," he ordered. He rushed back, rescued the bottle of sherry, switched off the light. He didn't lock the door. Marty might want to get in. With David under one arm and the bottle under the other he hurried to the car.

He bounced and bumped along the overgrown old trail and presently they reached the black top, a secondary road little used except by nearby farmers.

At this point he could relax a bit. He stopped the car. "What's your name, kid?"

"Davy Ben."

"Where do you live?"

"Boom-boom," Davy said slyly. Well, that was hardly information, though Kew couldn't help feeling flattered. The kid had remembered him. Maybe he had a dog tag around his neck or wrist. No, no dog tag. And only one pocket. It looked very flat. Nevertheless, he opened it—and pulled out a driver's licence. Sarah M. Gould, 25 Orchard Street, Riverdale. Hair brown, eyes hazel, etc. That was the girl the kid had been with, all right; his sister, most likely.

Well, at least he could return the kid, but he'd have to call Marty first, Riverdale was as near as any place, so he wouldn't be going out of his

location. Many a more intelligent man might have missed the farm, with its one glimmering window. Kew did not. He drove the car in, rang the doorbell violently. No one answered.

Still, there was that light on the ground floor, so he rapped on the window. A very old lady stood up and came across the floor very slowly. She pushed the window up; and stared at him with the largest black eyes he had ever seen.

"I'm returning the little boy, ma'am," he said respectfully. "If you'll just wait there a minute while I get him."

When he came back with David, she was still standing there silently. He held out the baby, but her arms made no move to take the child. "You got to take him," he urged in a small panic. "It's Sarah Gould's baby—I mean her baby brother."

She came to life then and



held out her arms. "Any child of Sarah's is most welcome."

"Better put him on the bed, ma'am." He watched nervously, and sighed with relief when the old arms had laid the heavy burden on the bed. She straightened, came back to him.

"If you'll excuse me, night air does not agree with my throat. A singer who no longer sings, you know—always some minor indisposition."

"No, wait, ma'am, I'd like to give you something."

**K**EW offered her the bottle, feeling immensely disloyal as he did so. But his mother didn't know one sherry from another, and there was something about this old dame.

She smiled then. "Why, that's most kind of you, my good man. Unfortunately, my niece is a teetotaller—she was a Manderson, you know. Still, someone might enjoy it. Thank you." Then suddenly the window was closed in his face, the blind drawn.

Miss Harriet left the sherry on the table, and, walking back to the bed, stood considering the child. Her memory was so poor lately, she couldn't recall which grand-nephew or great-grand-nephew this was. Sarah or Sally would tell her. She did not feel equal to undressing the boy, but at least she could remove his shoes. As she tugged at one of them, David's eyes opened.

"Hi, doll," he said gravely, and was asleep again. Miss Harriet stood with the shoes in her hand.

"Doll." She hadn't heard that sedate, old-fashioned endearment since Mother died in 1870. And now at last her eyelids released those tears, gently and happily . . . It had been one of her bad evenings, she acknowledged, though the details were already vague. But now she had been forgiven, and she would ring the number left near the phone.

Mr. Fremont stood staring down at the depression that

still held the imprint of Jefferson Ramsey's long body. The police surgeon had been encouraging.

"He'll get worse cracks than that on the football field. He'll be out of the concussion in an hour or two. It's the rib that will keep him off the squad this season. A very nasty kick."

It had been almost like finding Jules. No, that was ridiculous. If Jules still lived, he would be in his paunchy, prosperous fifties or a seedy derelict or something in between. Still, it was pleasant to imagine that Jules would have looked much like this at nineteen or twenty . . .

A State trooper touched his arm. "Sorry, Mr. Fremont, but the photographers want a clear field." He led the old man back to the Rolls.

Mr. Fremont did not want to go home and he didn't want to enter Martha's again. The last time he had glanced into the lounge, the Bentons and Mrs. Gould had been sitting there, facing each other, but not talking. And he had thought perhaps misery likes company, but grief does not. Grief vaunteth itself, is puffed up, will not be comforted. Just so his wife had sat, allowing him to touch her hand, but averting her face.

Refusing to let him share her grief for fear its purity might be sullied.

But then, as he had watched, Mrs. Benton had risen, had walked over to Mrs. Gould and put her arms around her. The two heads had leaned together, silently, tearlessly. Mr. Fremont had turned away. You see, Edith—my lovely, loving, selfish Edith? We, too, could have learned to live with grief. But so his wife had sat, allowing him to touch her hand, but averting her face.

Some trivial puzzle had been joggling his mind, perhaps because he was so reluctant to go home.

He said to Frank, Marty's manager, suddenly, "This Kew, I still haven't seen him. Where is he? He saw the Fanner, talked to him. What was this errand Mr. Martha spoke of? Surely he'd be back by now?"

"He's down to the icehouse—something Marty wanted him to do there."

"Then let us go to this icehouse before the lieutenant calls you in for questioning."

But Kew's car wasn't there and the icehouse was dark, though the door was unlocked. Frank switched on the lights. Nothing, nobody. But as they stood there uncertainly there was a sound from the dim field beyond them. Three flashlights almost simultaneously sought that area. Something moved out there, paused, and crawled forward. And again the something called out weakly.

"Stay here, sir," Grant advised Mr. Fremont. "Come on, Frank."

When the two men returned they were carrying Sally. Her eyes were closed, her face pinched, her breathing shallow. They walked on to the car, Grant commenting to his employer over his shoulder: "Her ankle's hurt bad, Mr. Fremont. Looks like shock, too. We better get her to Martha's quick and let the ambulance take over. She said a Mr. Dart is following her."

"That's one of the Fanner's names," Frank put in.

"—and so she sent the baby on this way. Alone. And when we told her he hasn't been found yet she fainted."

"Poor child. Put her in the back, Grant—with Frank to see that she doesn't roll off the seat."

"Plenty of room for you in front, sir."

Mr. Fremont was thoughtful. "No. If the baby is still in this vicinity . . . I think I'll wait until the police get here."

Grant started the motor.

"You won't go wandering

around in the dark, sir? Fanner could be hiding there somewhere."

"I'll stay right here in icehouse," Mr. Fremont ceded. "Besides, the police should be here in five minutes if you'll only hurry."

When the car left, he waded into the icehouse and began poking around. There wasn't much besides the meagre furnishings: a comic book, a shovel. Then he found a glove. It was a woman's glove, with knitted fingers and leather palm. Miss Gould had been wearing a red suit—she had never reached the house. The glove could be something or nothing, dropped it on the floor.

It was then that he heard the cautious scrabbling noise. It was coming from the spot near the shovel. He walked towards that spot and listened. The sound was very distant now, but hollow, as though reverberated in a tunnel. Mr. Fremont was of a generation that had known natural ice and icehouses. He began to push rather than scoop the snow dust away.

His face fell when he saw the wooden lid. It was not fully closed. Baby could possibly have fallen down this chute and then replaced the lid. But the sounds were even more audible. The heavy wooden cover was beyond his physical power to lift, but he thrust the shovel beneath the open corner and pried the lid aside, a foot or so.

He knelt and turned the flashlight into that dark aperture. And found himself looking into Murder's face.

Murder was helpless now, in a mere yard or so it was helpless. Elbows braced against the two walls, the Fanner was tortuously inching himself upward; slipping, inching again. His shoulders and upper arm were carrying the whole strain; cords stood out in the powerful neck. But it was a losing battle.

Then there was the roar of a car coming down the pond road; and on the wood path the crash of many running feet.

And so, although the Fanner would live months after the body of the Harris child was found, his days and dreams were already accomplished. It is doubtful if he had ever considered the night. But he would have time to do so.

Arms around each other, the Bentons stood looking into the crib where Davy slept in a most unlikely position, small rump high, hands cradling his ears.

"I'm dead for sleep but I hate to leave him even a minute," Peggy whispered.

Foss said, suddenly and defiantly, "Well, why do we? We can break the rules once for gosh sakes—and that boy of ours is big enough for five."

"Well . . . but don't wake him up."

"He won't open an eye for ten hours." Leaning down, he neatly slid his arms under Davy, and carrying him from the nursery deposited him in the exact middle of the king-size bed in the master chamber.

When Davy awoke, he was pleased but not too surprised to find himself lying between his mother and father. So many unusual things had been happening lately. This was a rare treat, and he enjoyed it for at least fifteen seconds before discovering the flaw that always accompanies any pleasure: Mummy's and Daddy's hands were clasped firmly across his chest. When he tried to unclasp those hands, their possessors stirred and murmured—but the hands only tightened.

He considered the problem briefly, then, flattening himself, slid from under the parental

To page 79

Fashion Patterns and  
Needlework Notions may be  
obtained immediately from  
Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd.,  
649 Harris Street, Ultimo,  
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should address orders to Box  
66-D, G.P.O. Hobart. New  
Zealand readers send orders  
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C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

# Fashion PATTERNS

F5678.—Matron's frock has a slightly gathered skirt, which is slim over the hips and with a lap-over bodice. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 54in. material. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5677.—Matron's frock has slightly flared skirt and draped bodice. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 54in. material. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5623.—Sophisticated sheath dress with a difference is gathered at the waist, has wide neckline and 3/4-length sleeves. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5676.—Beautiful wedding gown has lace top with a draped satin tie. Skirt is flared with fullness to the back. Requires 11 yds. 36in. material and 3 yds. 36in. lace. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 8/6.

F5678



F5682

F5632.—Smart sheath frock for a working girl has big collar and double-breasted bodice. Requires 2 7/8 yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5623

F5632

F5676

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 218—SUMMER FROCK  
Full-skirted summer frock has wide neckline and buckled tie under the bust. Available cut out ready to sew in spotted poplin in swiss-blue with white spots and red with white spots or white with red spots and white with swiss-blue spots. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 37 1/2; 36 and 38in. bust 41 1/2. Postage 2/3 extra.

No. 219—CHILD'S BRUNCH COAT  
Pretty lace-trimmed brunch coat is lace at the back and ties in front. Available cut out ready to sew in a soft grey cotton with strawberry motifs. Colors are grey with blue, grey with pink and grey with lilac. For a 4 to 5-year-old 22 1/2"; 6 to 7-year-old 27 1/2"; 8 to 9-year-old 29 1/2"; 10 to 11-year-old 30 1/2"; and 12-year-old 32 1/2". Postage 2/6 extra.

No. 221—LITTLE GIRL'S  
NIGHTGOWN  
Cute nightgown has tiny  
puff sleeves and lace-  
trimmed bodice. Available  
cut out ready to sew in a  
crisp plisse in pink, blue  
and white. Sizes 2 to 4  
years 25 1/2"; 5 to 8 years  
27 1/2". Postage 2/9 extra.



221

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 24, 1960

## BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F5582.—Little girl's cool pinny requires 1 1/2 to 1 3/8 yds. 36in. material. Sizes 1 to 4 years. Price 3/-.

# AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD  
for week beginning February 22

## ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21—APRIL 19

\* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a quiet chapter.

## TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21—MAY 19

\* Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in group activities.

## GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21—JUNE 19

\* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in your occupation.

## CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22—JULY 20

\* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck on a journey.

## LEO The Lion

JULY 23—AUGUST 21

\* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a bonus.

## VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 21

\* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in co-operation.

## LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 22

\* Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a busy schedule.

## SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

\* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in love.

## SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20

\* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, mauve. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck on your doorstep.

## CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19

\* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a communication.

## AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 18

\* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, red. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a budget.

## PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 18

\* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in new cycle.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.

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## JACKY'S DIARY

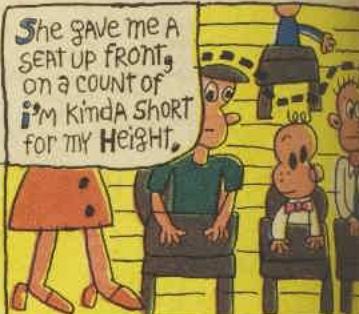
BY JACKY MENDELSON  
Age 32½



OUR OLD TEACHER MUST OF GOT PROMOTED  
CAUSE WE GOT A BRAND NEW ONE. HER NAME  
IS MISS ARTHUR, WHICH IS A MAN'S NAME.  
BUT ANYHOW SHE'S A LADY.



She gave me a  
seat up front,  
on a count of  
I'M KINDA SHORT  
FOR MY HEIGHT.



There's some more new kids  
in my class. This time their  
names are Melvin, Leslie,  
& Herbie.



One of the new kids turned out to be a girl  
after he took off his snow-suit.



MISS ARTHUR POINTED ME THE WINDOW  
MONITOR. WHICH MEANS I GOTTA OPEN  
UP THEM IN THE MORNING & SHUT UP AT  
NIGHT.



P.S.:

Also she gave us some arithmetic home-work to bring in on Monday, which is this:

if a man can chop down 3 trees in a hour, how  
much hours would it take him to chop down  
TWENTY-FOUR TREES?

So I gotta go out in the park &  
start in chopping before it gets dark.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUB



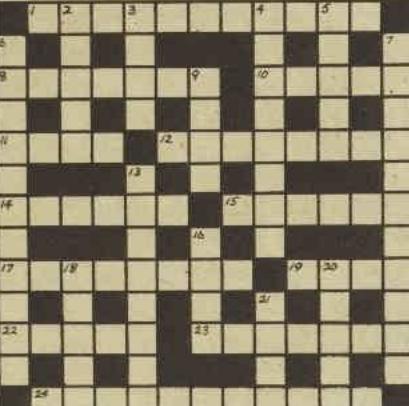
# Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and PRINCESS NARDA have stepped in to help the Chief of Police solve the case of the strange Horse Thief. The police find the stories of the victims unbelievable. The



BUT MANDRAKE SUDDENLY MOVES ALONGSIDE THE MYSTERIOUS HORSE THIEF--

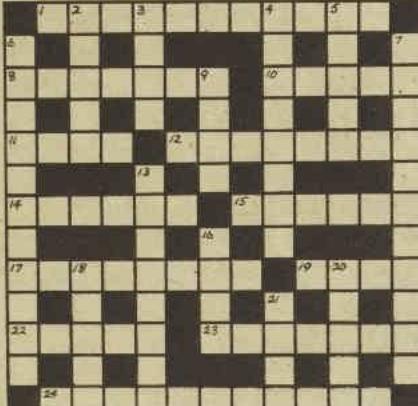
victims claim to have been held up by a masked, riderless horse with a gun strapped to its foreleg. Mandrake and Princess Narda have been walking the streets of the city for many nights waiting for the Horse Thief. NOW READ ON:



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

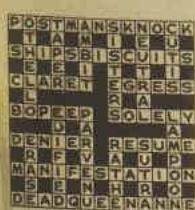
- Untouchable flower (3-3, 5).
- Air a leg (Anagr., 7).
- School essay on a given subject with an edge in the centre (5).
- They are lawful observers of royalties (4).
- A stupid fellow coming from an old Greek State (8).
- Burning red ant (6).
- Twang a goitre (6).
- A port indeed lost brightness (8).
- A door, a yard or a stormer (4).
- Leg in the fire burning on the hearth (3).
- Succor her in it (7).
- Instrument used with 99 (11).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- Therefore tea causes disease of rye (5).
- Add to it and it will be smaller (4).
- Distant detachments of an army to stop us (8).
- Stimulant resin just a little longer than a mile (5).
- Tools worth 2/3 (5, 3, 3).
- Ten are in car (Anagr., 11).
- Soon with a Roman "not" (4).
- Unbecoming and the second half is worth only a very small coin (8).
- Founder of a Jewish tribe (4).
- Rag to a slang (5).
- Just lifted from ground in weighing in a journey (5).
- In the fashion, yet most of it is in the speech of a drunkard (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

## Continuing . . . THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

from page 76

bar and sat up, eyes alert for the new day.

His night was already shredding away from him, like snowflakes on spring grass. He remembered many fathers and a Sally who was very nice, even though she kept bumping him into things. He remembered crawling a long way towards a light.

And that was all he remembered. All, at least, until he spotted his mother's handbag, tossed on the chaise-longue under the south window.

Its embroidery glittered handsomely in the sunlight. He could not know that it was new, velvet, made in France. But the handles, the general shape were reminiscent. He remembered brilliant-colored water in a washbowl—and being dragged away from all that prettiness.

He clambered from the bed and walked to the chaise-longue. Somehow, his hands were distrustful of the floor, though he had forgotten why: stubby grass, sudden pebbles

In the bathroom, he managed the tub faucet very nicely, but the results were disappointing. Mummy's handbag didn't make pretty colors, and after

lighted. "Well, you can't have it now, son. Later, perhaps?" He turned to Peggy. "Expense items: one haberdashery, one evening dress, one French handbag. But he's walking and talking, so what the hell?" He tossed his son into the air and David screamed back at him in a burst of laughter. "Hell, hell!"

Peggy's voice had a definite edge of chilliness. "So you wanted him to grow up, Foss. Now you'll have to grow up. No more swearing in front of him."

Her husband's other arm went around her. "You're jealous."

After a moment she said, "Yes, I suppose I am." That was one of the loveliest things about Peggy, he thought. Anyone can confess the spectacular, dramatic sins, but it takes a big person to admit the petty ones. She pulled on a dressing-gown.

"Come on, Davy, and we'll have brisket and cherul."

Peggy hesitated at the door. "Now that it's settled about your having the Municipal Centre job, would it be all right

parents, perfume, had to remain, too, and Mrs. Ramsey chattered on.

"Your aunt was simply wonderful, wasn't she? Imagine her calling the police! And she was so sweet, they said, offering them sherry as though they were paying a social call. But after all, she was a famous opera singer once and I suppose one never loses the bohemian touch. Still, it's amazing. I mean—well, she's nearly a hundred, isn't she?"

"Her best is very good," the other woman said uncompromisingly, and suddenly realised that it was quite true. She glanced down at Mrs. Ramsey and thought: Why, she's no younger than I am, forty if she's a day. And my figure is a lot better. Her heart softened.

"You must have tea with us some time and meet her," she said graciously.

The nurse pushed the wheelchair into Jeff's room, warned: "Only two minutes—not a second more." And departed.

"Hi, foolish," Jeff said.

"Hi, disgusting."

"You certainly are a mess." His one visible eye looked ironically at her propped-up leg in its huge plaster cast. "I'm fussy about gams. You expect me to take anything like that out dancing? At Groton?"

Sally was demure. "Sorry, but it runs in the family."

He turned his face from her, looked out the window. His voice was muffled. "No, it doesn't. Sally. No one in your family ever ran." But when he looked back, his mouth was smiling, teasing. "I kissed you. Remember?"

"Sure—when I had another man in my arms!" Her nose lifted airily.

Jeff briefly glimpsed a vista in which he would always be on the wrong side of any argument. The vista was appealing, in a not too showy way.

"Don't worry," Sally was saying gently. "I'll have this ankle ready for your next big dance. And I adore Groton, Jeff."

Just like that. She had been away ahead of him all the time . . . But she had that funny quality that left you breathless. So that even as the nurse sent her wheelchair spinning from the room you were frightened that you might never see her again.

All right, take your time about growing up, my love. But when that time is ripe we will belong to each other. You know that, too. And through the generations there will be many Sarahs and Jeffersons and Thomas' and Dorotheas. Because we are taller and stronger than our parents. And perhaps braver.

Wait for me, my darling. Wait for me.

Only Kew was still left in suspense. Some cop had swiped his comic book, and since that issue had long vanished from the stands he would never know what had happened to the heroine. As a matter of fact, he did the police an injustice. Mr. Fremont had appropriated the magazine as a small souvenir of a strenuous evening.

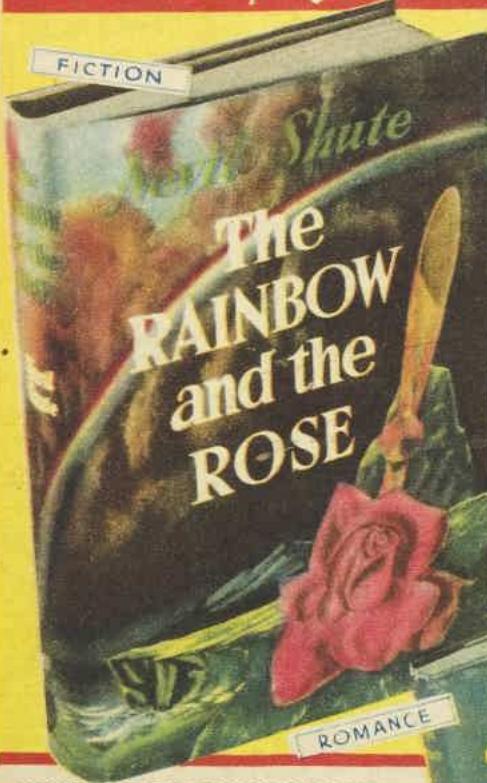
Curiously enough, the magazine went into a drawer that held the picture of a three-year-old wearing kilts and curls. Or perhaps it was not curious. In a sense, little Jules Fremont had been found, too. For when any child is rescued, surely a thousand lost ones sleep more quietly in their anonymous beds.

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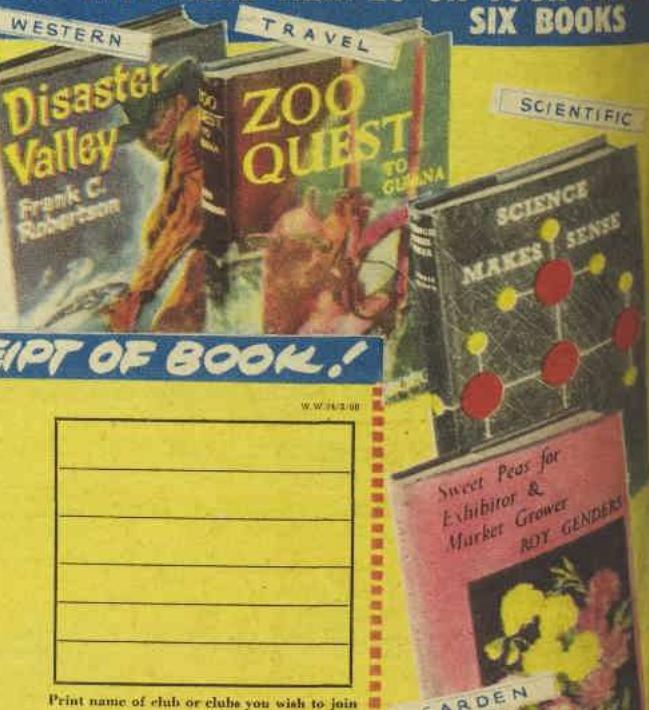
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